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SELECTIONS

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EMBRACING

THE MOST INTERESTING PAPERS

BY

ADDISON, STEELE, AND OTHERS.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

NEW-YORK:

HARPER & BROTHERS, 82 CLIFF-STREET.

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## PUBLISHERS' ADVERTISEMENT.

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No one at all familiar with English literature but must have read with delight those elegant and instructive essays published early in the last century under the name of the Spectator. These papers, of which the celebrated Addison was the principal contributor, were intended to reprove the vices, ridicule the follies, and correct the errors of the times, and were eminently successful. Nor shall we be surprised at this, distinguished as these essays are for justness of reflection, force of reasoning, appositeness of illustration, and a purity and beauty of style which rank them among the very finest productions of modern literature. In every page of these beautiful essays we see recommended "amiable manners, manly, liberal sentiments, benevolent affections, and rational piety." "Our object," say the authors of this selection, "has been, by a judicious selection, and omitting the papers which have only a temporary adaptation, to render more universal the circulation of such an invaluable work of morality. We have

assiduously retained those essays which so powerfully enforce the duties of social life, and unfold the causes of misconduct and distress; but particularly those which insist on the necessity of piety towards the Supreme Being, which awfully display his attributes, and prove the comforting and glorious hope of immortality."

This edition is published at the suggestion of a distinguished scholar and divine of our own country, and has been also revised by him.

H. & B.

*New-York, October, 1839.*

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THE LIFE  
OF  
JOSEPH ADDISON.

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JOSEPH ADDISON, the son of the Rev. LAUNCELOT ADDISON, Rector of Milton, near Ambersbury, in Wiltshire, was born at that place, May 1, 1662; and, appearing weak and unlikely to live, he was christened the same day. His father, a man of talents, virtue, and religion, sowed early in his youthful mind the seeds of that probity and benevolence, that rational Christianity, which afterward came to such maturity. When Addison had completed his eleventh year, his father, being made Dean of Litchfield, naturally carried his family to his new residence, and placed him for some time under Mr. SHAW, master of the school in the city to which he removed. Of this part of ADDISON's life we know nothing but the story of a *barring out*,\* which our author, at the early age of twelve, planned and conducted with such superior wisdom

\* Such is a practice which, about fifty years ago, prevailed in many schools. The boys, after having long obeyed, resolved, at the approach of the holydays, to command. They then took possession of the school, barricaded the doors to prevent the entrance of the rulers, and, not contented with the victory without the triumph, from the windows breathed defiance against the preceptor. The master, on his side, was, or pretended to be, very vigilant against this exclusion. The greatness of the difficulty enhanced the pleasure of success.

and courage, that he was successful in that difficult enterprise. The fortress was seized; and Mr. SHAW, the governor, excluded.

From Litchfield, ADDISON was removed to the Charter-house, where he pursued his juvenile studies under the care of Dr. Ellis; and where he contracted that intimacy with Sir RICHARD STEELE, which lasted as long as they lived, and which their joint literary labours have so effectually recorded and transmitted to posterity.

At the early age of fifteen, our author was entered into Queen's College, in Oxford, where, having so many models to imitate and competitors to excel, he diligently pursued the knowledge there most highly valued; I mean classical learning. A still more powerful cause certainly concurred in attaching him to the Greek and Roman writers. There was evidently in his mind a natural congeniality with the most elegant and pleasing of ancient authors. We see in his writings much of that elegance, unaffected good sense, simplified philosophy, and sound morality, which distinguish the writers of antiquity. When he was seventeen years of age, some Latin verses he had composed fell by accident into the hands of Dr. LANCASTER, and gained him his patronage. By his recommendation he was elected as a demy, or scholar, into Magdalen College.\* Here he continued to cultivate poetry and criticism, and grew first eminent by his Latin compositions, which are harmonious, pure, and elegant; and seem to have had much of his fondness.†

\* He took the degree of Master of Arts, Feb. 14, 1693.

† The Latin poems of Addison handed down to us are eight in number: Peace restored to Europe through William III. Description of a Barometer. A Battle between the Pigmies and the Cranes. On the Resurrection, from a painting in one of the Chapels. A Bowling Green. An Ode to Dr. Haines, a physician and poet. The Dancing Puppets; and an Ode to Dr. Burnet, author of the Theory of the Earth.



Like MILTON, ADDISON devoted only a part of his time to Latin verses while he was a young man. Both probably considered them as exercises for youth, but not as employment for manhood. He was in his twenty-second year when he showed his power of English poetry, by some verses addressed to DRYDEN, which procured him the applause of that celebrated writer. Soon after, he published a translation of the greater part\* of the fourth Georgic upon Bees, on which DRYDEN bestowed very great praise; and said, alluding to the subject of the poem, *After ADDISON's bees, my latter swarm is hardly worth the hiving*. About the same time, he composed the arguments prefixed to the several books of DRYDEN's Virgil; and produced an Essay on the Georgics,† which is a specimen of extensive learning, and of acuteness in criticism. The ensuing year he published a set of verses, containing a character of the principal English poets; and inscribed it to the noted Dr. Sacheverell, with whom Addison lived in a strict intimacy, though few characters could be more different than those of these two writers: Sacheverell being a man of talents hardly reaching mediocrity, though confident and assuming: Addison a writer of eminent genius, but diffident and modest. A portion of the poem is devoted to the exaggerated praise of MONTAGU, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, to whom CONGREVE had introduced him: ADDISON was then learning the trade of a courtier, and subjoined Montagu, as a poetical name, to those of COWLEY and DRYDEN. In the close of the poem, he insinuates a design he had formed of going into orders, to which he had been strongly solicited by his father: but the influence of Mr. MONTAGU concur-

\* The only Episode of Aristæus is omitted.

† That Essay is prefixed to them as a Preface to Dryden's translation.

ring with his natural modesty, he was diverted from his original design.

The following year\* he wrote a poem to King WILLIAM, with a preface to Lord SOMERS, whose patronage he gained by the poem, which is entitled to considerable praise, being highly poetical in its descriptions and animated in its sentiments, which issue from a breast warm with a love of liberty, and zealous for the happiness of mankind.

Through his noble patron, Lord SOMERS, ADDISON, having yet no public employment, obtained† from the king a pension of 300*l.* a year, that he might be enabled to travel. He stayed a year at Bloix, probably to learn the French language; and then proceeded on his journey to Italy, which he surveyed with the eye of a poet. While he was travelling at leisure, he was far from being idle; for he not only collected his just remarks on the country, but found also time to write his dialogue on Medals, and four acts of Cato. From Italy he wrote a letter to Lord HALIFAX, which is justly considered as the most elegant, if not the most sublime, of his poetical productions. The description of a country, beautiful in its climate, rich in its soil; where the finest arts concur with bounteous nature in administering delight, yet doomed to distress and misery from the prevalence of despotism, affords to the poet a favourable opportunity of celebrating freedom, with praises forcible without exaggeration, and animated without extravagance. The liberty he recommends and celebrates is that moderate, well-regulated kind, the certain source of solid and permanent happiness; not that unrestrained license which fanciful visionaries only conceive, or hot-headed enthusiasts alone can desire, and which is infallibly productive of anarchy and misery.

After two years of travel, ADDISON found it neces-

\* In 1695.

† In 1695.

sary to hasten home, being distressed by indigence, and compelled to become the tutor to a travelling squire ; for, his friends being out of the ministry, his pension had been discontinued, and his hopes of rising were for a time blasted. He, soon after his return to England, published his travels, which abound in useful information and judicious reflections ; and whose two great objects were the recommendation of the classic writers, and the promotion of sentiments of rational liberty.

For upward of two years our author remained at home, without any opportunity of exerting his genius, or of obtaining any reward for what he had done, his old patrons being out of power. The meanness of his appearance gave testimony of the difficulties to which he was then reduced. But he remained not long neglected or useless. The victory at Blenheim afforded him an occasion for the display of his poetical talents, in the poem entitled *The Campaign*, which celebrates the wisdom, foresight, vigour, activity, and courage of Marlborough ; and records the two great actions of Shellenberg and Blenheim, both with historical accuracy and poetic animation. He was immediately rewarded by the treasurer GODOLPHIN, who appointed him to succeed the celebrated Mr. LOCKE as commissioner of appeals.

In the following year he attended Lord HALIFAX to Hanover ; and, the year after, was chosen under secretary of state, first to Sir Charles HEDGES, and in a few months more to the Earl of SUNDERLAND.

At this time there prevailed a general taste for Italian operas ; but the musical pieces in that language were then, as at present, equally distinguished for the deficiency of sense and the fineness of sound ; ADDISON, importuned by persons of taste and distinction, undertook to compose in our own language a musical drama which might combine intellect with harmony ; and he wrote the opera of *Rosamond*, one

of the most pleasing of our author's poetical compositions. Its fable is agreeable and interesting; its thoughts are just and energetic; its sentiments natural, and often tender; its versification easy and harmonious. *Rosamond*, however, did not succeed on the stage, because the music was not Italian; it was either hissed or neglected. Conscious that it merited a better fate, and trusting that the readers would do him more justice, he published it, with an inscription to the Duchess of MARLBOROUGH, a noble lady, but without skill or pretensions to skill in poetry or literature. The dedication, however, is not to be wondered at: for dedications, in general, must be considered as solicitations of patronage rather than of advice; as expressions of respect or gratitude rather than as acknowledgments of critical abilities.

When the Marquis of WHARTON was appointed lord lieutenant of Ireland,\* ADDISON attended him as his secretary, and was made keeper of the records in Birmingham's Tower, with a salary of 300*l.* a year.† When he was in office, he made a law to himself, SWIFT informs us, never to remit his regular fees out of civility to his friends. "For," said he, "I may have a hundred friends; and if my fee be two guineas, I shall, by relinquishing my right, lose two hundred guineas, and no friend gain more than two. There is, therefore, no proportion between the good imparted and the evil suffered."

STEELE began to publish his *Tattler*‡ while ADDISON was in Ireland. He discovered the author from an observation on VIRGIL, which he himself had com-

\* In 1709.

† Queen Anne, to whom Addison had been recommended by the Duchess of Marlborough, entertained a very high opinion of our author, and, as a mark of her favour and esteem, augmented the salary annexed to the place of keeper of the records.

‡ The *Tattler* appeared for the first time, April 12, 1709, and concluded January 2, 1711.

municated to his friend; and this discovery led him to afford STEELE assistance, which contributed considerably to support the reputation of that periodical work.\* Such was the superiority of ADDISON'S writing, that Sir RICHARD said, "that he himself fared like a distressed prince, who called a powerful neighbour to his aid, and was undone by his auxiliary."

Two months after the end of the *Tattler* succeeded the *Spectator*;† a series of essays of the same kind, but written with less levity, upon a more regular plan, and published daily. Such an undertaking showed that the writers did not distrust their own copiousness of materials or facility of composition, and their performance justified their confidence. They found, however, in their progress, many auxiliaries. The *Spectator*, in one of the first papers, exhibited the political tenets of its authors; but they soon took a resolution of courting general approbation by general topics: such as literature, morality, and familiar life. To this practice they adhered, with very few deviations. Before the *Tattler* and *Spectator* (if the writers for the theatre be excepted), England had no masters of common life. No writers had yet undertaken to reform either the savageness of neglect or the impertinence of civility; to teach when to speak or to be silent; how to refuse or how to comply. We wanted not books to teach us our more important duties, and to settle opinions in philosophy or politics; but an *arbiter elegantiarum*, a judge of propriety, was yet wanting, who

\* Among the *Tattlers* of Addison, the most celebrated are: The distinguishing Characters of Men and Women; The Distress of the new Writers; The Inventory of the Playhouse; The Description of the Thermometer; The Discourses on the Immortality of the Soul, and the glorious prospect of another life.

† The first paper appeared March 1, 1711, and was continued daily to December 8, 1712.



should survey the track of daily conversation, and free it from thorns and prickles, which tease the passer, though they do not wound him. For this purpose nothing is so proper as the frequent publication of short papers, which we read not as study, but amusement. Thus the busy may find time, and the idle may find patience. The *Tattlers* and *Spectators*, published at a time when two parties, loud, restless, and violent, were agitating the nation, supplied to minds heated with political contest cooler and more inoffensive reflections; they had a perceptible influence upon the conversation of that time, and taught the lively and the gay to unite merriment with decency; they reduced the unsettled practice of daily intercourse to propriety and politeness; and taught, with great justness of argument and dignity of language, the most important duties and sublime truths.

The year which followed the conclusion of the *Spectator* was the grand climacteric of ADDISON'S reputation; the tragedy of *Cato*, which, of all his works, has brought him the greatest praise, came upon the stage. The whole nation was at that time on fire with faction. The Whigs applauded every line of the play in which liberty was mentioned, as a satire on the Tories; and the Tories echoed every clap, to show that the satire was unfelt.\* The play, unquestionably the noblest production of ADDISON'S genius, supported thus by the emulation of factious praise, was acted thirty-five nights without intermission. Neighbouring nations have bestowed no less applause on this work than our own. It was translated frequently into the French language, and underwent both Italian and German versions. It has been, not unjustly, determined by the public opinion,

\* The story of Bolingbroke is well known; he called Booth to his box and gave him fifty guineas for defending the cause of liberty against a perpetual dictator.

that *Cato* is rather a poem in dialogue than a drama; rather a succession of just sentiments in elegant language, than a representation of natural affections, or of any state probable or possible in human life. A composition which faction, rank, and literature concurred in praising, could not escape censure; from a regard to truth, if the applause were unjust; or, if just, from envy and malignity. Influenced by this last motive, the most strenuous impugner of *Cato's* merit was DENNIS, that professed critic, that searcher after faults, and heedless observer of excellences. He arraigned it for neglect of poetical justice; his critique, however, abounds in quaint witicism and vulgar merriment, which convey no high idea of the satirist's taste and refinement. POPE, who at this time professed great friendship for ADDISON, and who resembled the critic in irritability and resentment, seized this opportunity of paying his court to our author, and, at the same time, of vilifying his sworn adversary; and he wrote a very severe but humorous piece, entitled *A Narrative of the Madness of JOHN DENNIS*. Our author himself never answered the critique of DENNIS; and, conscious of the real motive of POPE's attack, sent notice to that modern Zoilus, that he was sorry for all the personalities with which POPE had treated him.

Soon after the appearance of *Cato* on the stage, another daily paper was published, nearly on the plan of the *Spectator*, entitled *The Guardian*. STEELE was the editor. ADDISON gave considerable assistance, though not so regularly as in the *Spectator*.\* Those essays are written in the same strain of humour and serious observation. ADDISON all this time was not an indifferent spectator of public affairs. He wrote as different exigences required. He published, in 1707, *The present State of the War*;

\* All the papers by Addison were distinguished in the *Spectator* by the letters C. L. I. O.; in the *Guardian* they were known by a hand.

the *Trial of Count Tariff*; and a few papers, entitled *The Whig Examiner*, written with poignant humour. They show that, though Addison's wit was generally gentle and delicate, he could be severe. During the last years of Queen Anne, our author was in no public employment; but when, on the death of the queen, the house of Hanover took possession of the throne, it was reasonable to expect that his zeal would be suitably rewarded. Before the arrival of King GEORGE he was made secretary to the regency: and was required by his office to send notice to Hanover that the queen was dead, and that the throne was vacant. To do that would not have been difficult to any man but Addison, who was so overwhelmed with the greatness of the event, and so distracted by the choice of expression, that the lords of the regency, who could not wait for the niceties of criticism, were obliged to employ a Mr. SOUTHWELL, a clerk in the house, who had just taste and knowledge enough to qualify him for a writing-desk. He stated the fact, as he was ordered, in the ordinary perspicuity of business, and valued himself for having done what was too hard for Addison. Copious and elegant as the style of our author was, yet, from the idea he had formed of excellence, joined with the most modest opinion of his own compositions, he on some occasions could not write in such a manner as to give himself satisfaction.

It was proposed, on the accession and arrival of GEORGE I., to make ADDISON secretary of state; this he himself strenuously declined: but he accepted a second time the post of secretary to the lord lieutenant of Ireland, then Lord SUNDERLAND. The earl was soon removed, and ADDISON appointed one of the lords of trade. His political employment diverted him from executing a design which he had formed of composing an English dictionary; a circumstance which the literary world would have had cause to regret, had not the composition of such a



work called forth the deep learning and acute judgment of a JOHNSON.

During the rebellion,\* our author commenced a periodical work in support of the established government, entitled *The Freeholder*,† whose intention is to show the folly and wickedness of rebellion. He, with strong arguments and exquisite humour, addresses himself to the various classes of the disaffected, and exhibits to them the absurdity of imagining that the pupil of priests and a tyrant was the person most fitted to govern a free country.

Soon after the conclusion of the *Freeholder*, ADDISON married the Countess Dowager of WARWICK, whom it is said he had first known by being tutor of her son, and whom he had solicited by a very long and anxious courtship. She is said to have discovered his passion, and to have amused herself with it. His advances, at first very timorous, grew bolder as his reputation and influence increased. At last he ventured to solicit her with more confidence, and he prevailed. He derived little happiness from this marriage; for it never found them nor made them equal. She always remembered her own rank, and treated him as her inferior. The native lustre of genius was not, in the eyes of the pride of birth, adequate to the adventitious glare of ancestry.

Mr. ADDISON is an instance that brilliant genius, elegant learning, and a complete knowledge of politics, accompanied even with unsullied virtue, do not qualify a man for being a statesman. Elevated to a high station, and made secretary of state, he was universally found unequal to the duties of his place. From his excessive modesty, he could not speak in the House of Commons; and, therefore, was useless to the defence of his friends and of the

\* In 1715.

† It consisted of fifty-five papers, and continued twice a week, from December, 1715, to June in the following year.

government. In his office he wanted despatch, an essential ingredient in the transaction of numerous affairs. He could not, JOHNSON tells us, issue an order without losing his time in quest of fine expressions. What he gained in rank, he lost in credit. His health, already impaired by an asthma, suffered greatly from the fatigue of affairs. He was forced at last to solicit leave to relinquish his employment; was permitted to resign, and gratified with a pension of 1500*l.* a year.

From politics ADDISON returned to his literary avocations. He devoted his leisure to writing a Treatise on the Evidences of the Christian Religion; and had only performed one half of his design when an untimely death put a period to his labours, of which part was published after his decease.

ADDISON, however, did not conclude his life in peaceful studies, but relapsed, when near his end, to a political question. A controversy was agitated with great vehemence between those friends of long continuance, relating to the *Peerage Bill*, which was to fix the number of peers. STEEL, in his *Plebeian*, alarmed the nation on this subversion of the ancient establishment. ADDISON answered, under the title of the *Old Whig*. STEELE replied by a second *Plebeian*, without any personality. The *Old Whig* answered again the *Plebeian*; and could not forbear some contempt of little Dicky. Dicky, nevertheless, did not lose his deep veneration for his friend; but quoted only some lines of *Cato*, which were at once detection and reproof. "What reader," says Dr. JOHNSON, with energetic feeling, "will not regret that these two illustrious friends, after so many years passed in confidence and endearment, in unity of interest, conformity of opinion, and fellowship of study, should finally part in acrimonious opposition? Such a controversy was *bellum plusquam civile*, as Lucan expresses it. Why could not faction find other advocates? But, among the uncertainties of

the human state, we are doomed to number the instability of friendship."

The end of this great man's life was now approaching. His asthmatical complaint was aggravated by a dropsy. He abandoned all hopes of life; and, finding his danger was pressing, he prepared to die conformably to his own precepts and professions. He gave directions to his friend TICKELL concerning the publication of his works, and dedicated them on his deathbed to his friend and successor, Mr. CRAIGGS, secretary of state. During his lingering decay, he sent a message to Mr. GAY, desiring to see him. GAY, who had not visited him for some time before, obeyed the summons, and was received with great kindness. ADDISON then told him that he had injured him, but that, if he recovered, he would recompense him. What the injury was he did not explain, nor did GAY ever know. As it had been our author's business during his life to promote piety and morality, he was desirous that his death might contribute to the same noble end, therefore, when dying, he sent for the young Lord WARWICK, his stepson, a nobleman of very irregular life, and, perhaps, of loose opinions, whom he had in vain endeavoured to reclaim. Approaching the dying man, the youth said, "Dear sir, you have sent for me; I hope you have some commands; I shall hold them most sacred." Eagerly grasping the young man's hand, ADDISON softly said, "*See in what peace a Christian can die.*" He spoke, and soon expired.\*

\* This anecdote, recorded of Addison, has been poetically related by a modern bard in the following verses:

When the convulsive throb and swimming eye  
Proclaim the hour of dissolution nigh,  
Ere yet the glimmering lamp of life expires,  
For Warwick he with falt'ring tongue inquires.  
See where the youth, with awe sincere impress'd,  
Attends obedient to his friend's request;

In the manners and habits of ADDISON, nothing was more remarkable than his taciturnity in company. His friend STEELE often mentioned his obstinacy of silence. He himself acknowledges that he was very deficient in fluent conversation. The time in which he lived had reason to lament this defect in him, for he was above all men in that talent called humour. "ADDISON'S conversation," says POPE, "had something in it more charming than I have found in any other man; but this was only when familiar; before strangers, or, perhaps, a single stranger, he preserved his dignity by a stiff silence."

Concerning his timidity and bashfulness all writers are agreed. It was a cloak that hid and muffled his merit. CHESTERFIELD affirms, "that he was the most timorous and awkward man that he ever saw."\* CHESTERFIELD'S representation must doubtless be hyperbolical; for this lord was ever ready to bestow contemptuous epithets on men of the first talents.† That man cannot be supposed

Soon as the well-known face the sufferer spies,  
 — What mix'd emotions in his bosom rise!  
 View where, portray'd in yon expressive mien,  
 Meek resignation, faith, and hope are seen,  
 With all that warm solicitude combined  
 For humble weal, which marks the gen'rous mind;  
 That tender love, those cares which e'er attend  
 The pious Christian and the feeling friend!  
 Hear him to the loved youth, with dying breath,  
 This last inestimable gift bequeath  
 (Benign affection beaming from his eye),  
 'See with what calmness can the Christian die.'"

\* Dr. Mandeville, the author of the "Fable of the Bees," once expressed to Lord Macclesfield, whom Addison visited, a desire to be introduced to him. His lordship brought them together. After they had passed the evening in company with his lordship, and Addison was departed, Macclesfield asked the doctor what was his opinion of Mr. Addison; "I think," answered Mandeville, "he is a person in a tie wig."

† He called Dr. Johnson, one of the greatest geniuses and literary characters of an ingenious and learned age, a *Hottentot*,

very unexpert in the arts of conversation and practice of life, who, without fortune or alliance, by his usefulness and dexterity, becomes secretary of state; and who died at forty-seven, after having not only stood long in the highest rank of wit and literature, but filled one of the most important offices of state.

However silent and bashful ADDISON might be before strangers, among his friends he was a communicative, entertaining, and delightful companion. Of the course of ADDISON's familiar day, before his marriage, POPE has given a detail. He had in his house with him BUDGELL, or PHILIPS, or both. His chief companions were CAREY, DAVENANT, and Colonel BRETT; with one or other of these he generally breakfasted. He studied all the morning, then dined at a tavern, and went afterward to Button's,\* where the wits of the time used to assemble. From the coffee-house he went again to a tavern, where he often sat late, and drank too much wine. "In the bottle," says JOHNSON, "discontent seeks for comfort, cowardice for courage, and bashfulness for confidence. It is not unlikely that ADDISON was first seduced to excess by the manumission which he obtained from the servility of his sober hours. He that feels oppression from the presence of those to whom he knows himself superior, will desire to set loose his powers of conversation; and who that ever asked succour from Bacchus was able to preserve himself by his auxiliary?"

In the intellectual character of ADDISON, the most prominent features were judgment, taste, and humour. Of very extensive learning, he has given us no proofs. He seems to have had small ac-

\* Button, who had been a servant in the Countess of Warwick's family, kept a coffee-house on the south side of Russell-street, between Covent Garden and Charles-street. It is reported that, when Addison had suffered any vexation from the countess, he withdrew the company from Button's house.



quaintance with the sciences, and to have read little, except Greek, Latin, and French. The abundance of his own mind left him little need of adventitious sentiments; his wit always could suggest what the occasion demanded. He perceived with quickness and clearness the nature and tendency of objects; and he had read with critical eyes the important volume of human life. He discovered truth, however disguised or hidden; he detected fallacy, however varnished or enveloped; and knew the heart of man, from the depth of stratagem to the surface of affectation.

Naturally delicate, refined by the examination of the best models, and united with sound and acute judgment, the taste of ADDISON was so exact, that no beauty or deformity, however intermixed, could escape its discernment.

No nation has produced so many authors, who have excelled in wit and humour, as these kingdoms. Among the ingenious men distinguished for those qualities, there are none before ADDISON who have uniformly preserved decency. He has rigidly abstained from every impure and disgusting image, which are the resource of dullness and frivolity. The humour of our author is not only exquisite and refined, but ingenious, variegated, and peculiar to himself. It is so happily diffused as to give the grace of novelty to domestic scenes and daily occurrences. To use the words of that elegant and acute critic, Dr. JOHNSON, "he ne'er o'ersteps the modesty of nature, nor raises merriment or wonder by the violation of truth. His figures neither divert by distortion nor amaze by aggravation. He copies life with so much fidelity that he can be hardly said to invent; yet his exhibitions have an air so much original, that it is difficult not to suppose them the product of imagination." He had a fertile invention and a brilliant fancy. His poetry, however, which is polished and pure, and of which

he was more fond than of all his other writings, is not sufficiently vigorous to attain excellence. It is rather sound philosophy and just morality versified, than animated description or interesting exhibition. He does not often either warm our fancy or move our heart. But the fame of our author rests now less on his poetry than on his prose. He is great as a teacher of wisdom. He has employed wit on the side of virtue and religion, and has dissipated the prejudice that had long connected gayety with vice, and easiness of manners with laxity of principles. Arraying virtue in the most pleasing dress, he has restored her to her native dignity and beauty. This is an elevation of literary character *above all Greek, above all human fame*. His religion has nothing in it enthusiastic or superstitious. All the enchantment of fancy and all the cogency of argument are employed to recommend to the reader his real interests, the care of pleasing the Author of his being. Success followed so wise and benevolent an attempt; he left society, by his writings, wiser and better than he found it.

Knowledge of mankind shows, indeed, that to write and to live are very different. Many who praise virtue do no more than praise it. ADDISON's profession and practice were at no variance. The same purity and excellence which he displayed in his books, were shining in his moral character. Amid the storm of faction in which most of his life was passed, though his station made him conspicuous and his activity made him formidable, the virtuous character given him by his friends was never contradicted by his enemies, whose reverence he retained, though, from the violence of opposition, he might lose their affection. His moral character is to be learned from the general testimony of the age in which he lived. So generally was his merit acknowledged, that SWIFT, who was not over friendly to him, after having observed that the election of

ADDISON had passed without a dissenting voice, adds, "That if he had proposed himself for king, he would have been hardly refused." Thus envy, with her usual malignant sagacity, could not detect in the moral character of our author an imperfection, nor party zeal fancy in it a stain.

Listening, then, to the general voice in his favour, we will express our conviction that ADDISON was a man of moral excellence, no less exalted than his intellectual endowments. Though belonging to a party, he loved goodness, and venerated talents in those of the opposite side.\* His temper was calm, equal, and agreeable. Candour and liberality were eminently conspicuous, both in his criticisms and in his intercourse with mankind. To the lesser virtues of moderation, economy, and prudence, he joined, in a very high degree, the eminent virtues of justice, beneficence, and patriotism. As men of genius are, we think, to be estimated by the good they have produced in society, we may affirm, with truth, that few will stand higher in the scale of human excellence than THE PRINCIPAL AUTHOR OF THE SPECTATOR.

\* When he was in Ireland with Lord Sunderland, he could not be prevailed upon to discontinue his intimacy with Swift, though extremely obnoxious to the administration under which our author was acting. He preserved his regard for him to the last.



THE  
S P E C T A T O R  
IN MINIATURE.

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AUTHORS.

“Μεγα Βιβλιον, μεγα κακον.”

“A great book is a great evil.”

A MAN who publishes his works in a volume has an infinite advantage over one who communicates his writings to the world in loose tracts and single pieces. We do not expect to meet with anything in a bulky volume until after some heavy preamble, and several words, of course, to prepare the reader for what follows; nay, authors have established it as a kind of rule, that a man ought to be dull sometimes, as the most severe reader makes allowances for many rests and nodding-places in a voluminous writer. This gave occasion to the famous Greek proverb which I have chosen for my motto, that “a great book is a great evil.”

On the contrary, those who publish their thoughts in distinct sheets, and, as it were, by piecemeal, have none of these advantages. We must immediately fall into our subject, and treat every part of it in a lively manner, or our papers are thrown by as dull and insipid; our matter must lie close together, and either be wholly new in itself, or in the turn it receives from our expressions. Were the books of our best authors thus to be retailed to the public, and every page submitted to the taste of

forty or fifty thousand readers, I am afraid we should complain of many flat expressions, trivial observations, beaten topics, and common thoughts, which go off very well in the lump. At the same time, notwithstanding some papers may be made up of broken hints and irregular sketches, it is often expected that every sheet should be a kind of treatise, and make out in thought what it wants in bulk : that a point of humour should be worked up in all its parts ; and a subject touched upon in its most essential articles, without the repetitions, tautologies, and enlargements that are indulged to longer labours. The ordinary writers of morality prescribe to their readers after the Galenic way ; their medicines are made up in large quantities. An essay-writer must practise in the chymical method, and give the virtue of a full draught in a few drops. Were all books reduced thus to their quintessence, many a bulky author would make his appearance in a penny paper : there would be scarce such a thing in nature as a folio : the works of an age would be contained on a few shelves : not to mention millions of volumes that would be utterly annihilated.

I cannot think that the difficulty of furnishing out separate papers of this nature has hindered authors from communicating their thoughts to the world after such a manner : though I must confess I am amazed that the press should be only made use of in this way by news-writers and the zealots of parties ; as if it were not more advantageous to mankind to be instructed in wisdom and virtue than politics ; and to be made good fathers, husbands, and sons, than counsellors and great men of antiquity, who took so much pains in order to instruct mankind, and leave the world wiser and better than they found it ; had they, I say, been possessed of the art of printing, there is no question but they would have made such an advantage of it in dealing out their

lectures to the public. Our common prints would be of great use were they thus calculated to diffuse good sense through the bulk of a people, to clear up their understandings, animate their minds with virtue, dissipate the sorrows of a heavy heart, or unbend the mind from its more severe employments with innocent amusements. When knowledge, instead of being bound up in books, and kept in libraries and retirements, is thus obtruded upon the public; when it is canvassed in every assembly, and exposed upon every table; I cannot forbear reflecting upon that passage in the Proverbs: "Wisdom crieth without, she uttereth her voice in the streets; she crieth in the chief place of concourse, in the openings of the gates. In the city she uttereth her words, saying, How long, ye simple ones, will ye love simplicity? and the scorers delight in their scorning? and fools hate knowledge?"

I am not at all mortified when sometimes I see my works thrown aside by men of no taste nor learning. There is a kind of heaviness and ignorance that hangs upon the minds of ordinary men, which is too thick for knowledge to break through. Their souls are not to be enlightened.

"Nox atra cava circumvolat umbra."

VIRG. *Æn.*, ii., ver. 360.

"Dark night surrounds them with her hollow shade.

To these I must apply the fable of the mole, that, after having consulted many oculists for the bettering of his sight, was at last provided with a good pair of spectacles; but, upon his endeavouring to make use of them, his mother told him very prudently, "that spectacles, though they might help the eye of a man, could be of no use to a mole." It is not, therefore, for the benefit of moles that I publish these my daily essays.

But, besides such as are moles through ignorance, there are others who are moles through envy. As it

is said in the Latin proverb "that one man is a wolf to another," so, generally speaking, one author is a mole to another author. It is impossible for them to discover beauties in one another's works; they have eyes only for spots and blemishes: they can indeed see the light, as it is said of the animals which are their namesakes, but the idea of it is painful to them: they immediately shut their eyes upon it, and withdraw themselves into a wilful obscurity.

\* \* \* \* \*

' Aristotle tells us that the world is a copy or transcript of those ideas which are in the mind of the first Being; and that those ideas which are in the mind of man are a transcript of the world: to this we may add, that words are the transcript of those ideas which are in the mind of man, and that writing or printing are the transcript of words.

' As the Supreme Being has expressed, ~~and as it were printed,~~ his idea in the creation, men express their ideas in books, which, by this great invention of these latter ages, may last as long as the sun and moon, and perish only in the general wreck of nature. Thus Cowley, in his Poem on the Resurrection, mentioning the destruction of the universe, has those admirable lines:

"Now all the wide extended sky,  
And all th' harmonious worlds on high,  
And Virgil's sacred work shall die."

' There is no other method of fixing those thoughts which arise and disappear in the mind of man, and transmitting them to the last periods of time; no other method of giving a permanence to our ideas, and preserving the knowledge of any particular person, when his body is mixed with the common mass of matter, and his soul retired into the world of spirits. Books are the legacies that a great genius leaves to mankind, which are delivered down from

generation to generation, as presents to the posterity of those who are yet unborn.

• All other arts of perpetuating our ideas continue but a short time: statues can last but a few thousands of years, edifices fewer, and colours still fewer than edifices. Michael Angelo, Fontana, and Raphael will hereafter be what Thidias, Vitruvius, and Apelles are at present; the names of great statuaries, architects, and painters, whose works are lost. The several arts are expressed in mouldering materials; nature sinks under them, and is not able to support the ideas which are impressed upon it.

• The circumstance which gives authors an advantage above all these great masters is this, that they can multiply their originals; or, rather, can make copies of their works, of what number they please, which shall be as valuable as the originals themselves. This gives a great author something like a prospect of eternity, but, at the same time, deprives him of those other advantages which artists meet with. The artist finds greater returns in profit, as the author in fame. What an inestimable price would a Virgil or a Homer, a Cicero or an Aristotle bear, were their works like a statue, a building, or a picture, or to be confined only in one place, and made the property of a single person?

If writings are thus durable, and may pass from age to age throughout the whole course of time, how careful should an author be of committing anything to print that may corrupt posterity, and poison the minds of men with vice and error? \* Writers of great talents, who employ their parts in propagating immorality, and seasoning vicious sentiments with wit and humour, are to be looked upon

\* That the Spectator has faithfully adhered to the advice he gives writers, and that he has published no essays but those which refine the taste, ridicule folly, make vice blush, and purify piety, any reader will be ready to acknowledge after the perusal of the following selections.



as pests of society and the enemies of mankind: they leave books behind them, as it is said of those who die in distempers which breed an ill-will towards their own species, to scatter infection and destroy their posterity. They act the counterparts of a Confucius or a Socrates, and seem to have been sent into the world to deprave human nature, and sink it into the condition of brutality.

I have seen some Roman Catholic authors, who tell us that vicious writers continue in purgatory so long as the influence of their writings continues upon posterity: for purgatory, say they, is nothing else but a cleansing us of our sins, which cannot be said to be done away so long as they continue to operate and corrupt mankind. The vicious author, say they, sins after death; and, so long as he continues to sin, so long must he expect to be punished. Though the Roman Catholic notion of purgatory be, indeed, very ridiculous, one cannot but think, that if the soul after death has any knowledge of what passes in this world, that of an immoral writer would receive much more regret from the sense of corrupting, than satisfaction from the thought of pleasing his surviving admirers.

To take off from the severity of this speculation, I shall conclude this paper with a story of an atheistical author, who, at a time when he lay dangerously sick, and had desired the assistance of a neighbouring curate, confessed to him, with great contrition, that nothing sat more heavy at his heart than the sense of his having seduced the age by his writings, and that their evil influence was likely to continue even after his death. The curate, upon farther examination, finding the penitent in the utmost agonies of despair, and being himself a man of learning, told him he hoped his case was not so desperate as he apprehended, since he found that he was so very sensible of his fault, and so sincerely repented of it. The penitent still urged the evil

tendency of his book to subvert all religion, and the little ground of hope there could be for one whose writings would continue to do mischief when his body was laid in ashes. The curate, finding no other way to comfort him, told him that he did well in being afflicted for the evil design with which he published his book, but that he ought to be very thankful that there was no danger of its doing any hurt: that his cause was so very bad, and his arguments so weak, that he did not apprehend any ill effects of it: in short, that he might rest satisfied his book could do no more mischief after his death than it had done while he was living. To which he added, for his farther satisfaction, that he did not believe any, besides his particular friends and acquaintance, had ever been at the pains of reading it, or that anybody after his death would ever inquire after it. The dying man had still so much the frailty of an author in him, as to be cut to the heart with these consolations; and, without answering the good man, asked his friends about him, with a peevishness that is natural to a sick person, where they had picked up such a blockhead, and whether they thought him a proper person to attend one in his condition. The curate, finding that the author did not expect to be dealt with as a real and sincere penitent, but as a penitent of importance, after a short admonition, withdrew, not questioning but he should be again sent for if the sickness grew desperate. The author, however, recovered, and has since written two or three other tracts with the same spirit, and, very luckily for his poor soul, with the same success.

C.

## A HUNTING PARTY.

“Vocat ingenti clamore Cithæron,  
Taygetique canes.”

VIRG., *Georg.*, iii., 43.

“The echoing hills and chiding hounds invite.”

THOSE who have searched into human nature observe that nothing so much shows the nobleness of the soul as that its felicity consists in action. Every man has such an active principle in him, that he will find out something to employ himself upon, in whatever place or state of life he is posted. I have heard of a gentleman who was under close confinement in the Bastile seven years; during which time he amused himself in scattering a few small pins about his chamber, gathering them up again, and placing them in different figures on the arm of a chair. He often told his friends afterward, that unless he had found out this piece of exercise, he verily believed he should have lost his senses.

Sir Roger, with whose character I hope my readers are at present pretty well acquainted, has in his youth gone through the whole course of those rural diversions which the country abounds in, and which seem to be extremely well suited to that laborious industry a man may observe here in a far greater degree than in towns and cities. He has, in his youthful days, taken forty coveys of partridges in a season, and tired many a salmon with a line consisting of but a single hair. The constant thanks and good wishes of the neighbourhood always attended him, in consequence of his remarkable enmity towards foxes, having destroyed more of those vermin in one year than it was thought the



whole county could have produced. Indeed, the knight does not scruple to own, among his most intimate friends, that, in order to establish his reputation this way, he has secretly sent for great numbers of them out of other counties, which he used to turn loose about the country by night, that he might the better signalize himself in their destruction the next day. His hunting horses were the finest and best managed in all these parts. His tenants are still full of the praises of a gray stone-horse that unhappily staked himself several years since, and was buried with great solemnity in the orchard.

Sir Roger, being at present too old for fox-hunting, to keep himself in action, has disposed of his beagles, and got a pack of stop hounds. What these want in speed, he endeavours to make amends for by the deepness of their mouths and the variety of their notes, which are suited in such manner to each other, that the whole cry makes up a complete concert. He is so nice in this particular, that a gentleman having made him a present of a very fine hound the other day, the knight returned it by the servant with a great many expressions of civility; but desired him to tell his master that the dog he had sent was indeed a most excellent bass, but that, at present, he only wanted a counter tenour. Could I believe my friend had ever read Shakspeare, I should certainly conclude he had taken the hint from Theseus in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*.

“ My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,  
So flued, so sanded ; and their heads are hung  
With ears that sweep away the morning dew.  
Crook-knee'd and dew-lapp'd like Thessalian bulls,  
Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouths like bells,  
Each under each. A cry more tunable  
Was never halloo'd to, nor cheer'd with horn.”

Sir Roger is so keen after this sport, that he has been out almost every day since I came down; and,

upon the chaplain's offering to lend me his easy pad, I was prevailed on yesterday morning to make one of the company. I was extremely pleased, as we rode along, to observe the general benevolence of all the neighbourhood towards my friend. The farmers' sons thought themselves happy if they could open a gate for the good old knight as he passed by; which he generally requited with a nod or a smile, and a kind inquiry after their fathers or uncles.

After we had rode about a mile from home, we came upon a large heath, and the sportsmen began to beat. They had done so for some time, when, as I was at a little distance from the rest of the company, I saw a hare pop out from a small furze-brake almost under my horse's feet. I marked the way she took, which I endeavoured to make the company sensible of by extending my arm: but to no purpose, till Sir Roger, who knows that none of my extraordinary motions are insignificant, rode up to me, and asked me "if puss was gone that way." Upon my answering yes, he immediately called in the dogs and put them upon the scent. As they were going off, I heard one of the country-fellows muttering to his companion, "That 'twas a wonder they had not lost all their sport, for want of the silent gentleman's crying Stole away."

This, with my aversion to leaping hedges, made me withdraw to a rising ground, from whence I could have the pleasure of the whole chase, without the fatigue of keeping in with the hounds. The hare immediately threw them above a mile behind her; but I was pleased to find, that, instead of running straightforward, or, in hunter's language, flying the country, as I was afraid she might have done, she wheeled about, and described a sort of a circle round the hill where I had taken my station, in such a manner as gave me a very distinct view of the sport. I could see her first pass by, and the dogs

some time afterward unravelling the whole track she had made, and following her through all her doubles. I was, at the same time, delighted in observing that deference which the rest of the pack paid to each particular hound, according to the character he had acquired among them. If they were at fault, and an old hound of reputation opened but once, he was immediately followed by the whole cry ; while a raw dog, or one who was a noted liar, might have yelped his heart out without being taken notice of.

The hare now, after having squatted two or three times, and been put up again as often, came still nearer to the place where she was at first started. The dogs pursued her, and these were followed by the jolly knight, who rode upon a white gelding, encompassed by his tenants and servants, and cheering his hounds with all the gayety of five-and-twenty. One of the sportsmen rode up to me, and told me that he was sure the chase was almost at an end, because the old dogs, which had hitherto lain behind, now headed the pack. The fellow was in the right. Our hare took a large field just under us, followed by the full cry in view. I must confess, the brightness of the weather, the cheerfulness of everything around me, the chiding of the hounds, which was returned upon us in a double echo from two neighbouring hills, with the hallooing of the sportsmen and the sounding of the horn, lifted my spirits into a most lively pleasure, which I freely indulged, because I was sure it was innocent. If I was under any concern, it was on the account of the poor hare, that was now quite spent, and almost within the reach of her enemies ; when the huntsman getting forward, threw down his pole before the dogs. They were now within eight yards of that game which they had been pursuing for almost as many hours ; yet, on the signal before mentioned, they all made a sudden stand, and, though they con-

tinued opening as much as before, durst not once attempt to pass beyond the pole. At the same time Sir Roger rode forward, and alighting, took up the hare in his arms, which he soon after delivered up to one of his servants, with an order, if she could be kept alive, to let her go in his great orchard : where it seems he has several of these prisoners of war, who live together in a very comfortable captivity. I was highly pleased to see the discipline of the pack and the good-nature of the knight, who could not find in his heart to murder a creature that had given him so much diversion.

As we were returning home, I remembered that Monsieur Paschal, in his most excellent discourse on the Misery of Man, tells us that "all our endeavours after greatness proceed from nothing but a desire of being surrounded by a multitude of persons and affairs that may hinder us from looking into ourselves, which is a view we cannot bear." He afterward goes on to show that our love of sports come from the same reason, and is particularly severe upon hunting. "What," says he, "unless it be to drown thought, can make men throw away so much time and pains upon a silly animal, which they might buy cheaper in the market?" The foregoing reflection is certainly just, when a man suffers his whole mind to be drawn into his sports, and altogether loses himself in the woods ; but does not affect those who propose a far more laudable end from this exercise, I mean, "the preservation of health, and keeping all the organs of the soul in a condition to execute her orders." Had that incomparable person whom I last quoted been a little more indulgent to himself in this point, the world might probably have enjoyed him much longer ; whereas, through too great an application to his studies in his youth, he contracted that ill habit of body which, after a tedious sickness, carried him off, in the fortieth year of his age ; and

the whole history we have of his life till that time is but one continued account of the behaviour of a noble soul, struggling under innumerable pains and distempers.

For my own part, I intend to hunt twice a week during my stay with Sir Roger; and shall prescribe the moderate use of this exercise to all my country friends, as the best kind of physic for mending a bad constitution and preserving a good one.

I cannot do this better than in the following lines out of Mr. Dryden:\*

“The first physicians by debauch were made;  
Excess began, and Sloth sustains the trade.  
By chase our long-lived fathers earn’d their food;  
Toil strung the nerves and purified the blood;  
But we, their sons, a pamper’d race of men,  
Are dwindled down to threescore years and ten.  
Better to hunt in fields for health unbought,  
Than fee the doctor for a nauseous draught.  
The wise for cure on exercise depend:  
God never made his work for man to mend.”

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## ON LAUGHTER.

“Ride si sapis.”

MART.

“Laugh, if you’re wise.”†

MR. HOBBS, in his discourse of Human Nature, which, in my humble opinion, is much the best of all his works, after some very curious observations upon laughter, concludes thus: “The passion of

\* A former annotator observes, that Mr. Budgell could be no sportsman, by making his hunting-party in the month of July.

† See Dennis’s Original Letters, p. 147, 2 vols. 8vo, 1721.



laughter is nothing else but sudden glory arising from some sudden conception of some eminence in ourselves, by comparison with the infirmity of others, or with our own formerly ; for men laugh at the follies of themselves past, when they come suddenly to remembrance, except they bring with them any present dishonour."

According to this author, therefore, when we hear a man laugh excessively, instead of saying he is very merry, we ought to tell him he is very proud. And, indeed, if we look into the bottom of this matter, we shall meet with many observations to confirm us in his opinion. Every one laughs at somebody that is in an inferior state of folly to himself. It was formerly the custom for every great house in England to keep a tame fool dressed in petticoats, that the heir of the family might have an opportunity of joking upon him, and diverting himself with his absurdities. For the same reason, idiots are still in request in most of the courts of Germany, where there is not a prince of any great magnificence who has not two or three dressed, distinguished, undisputed fools in his retinue, whom the rest of the courtiers are always breaking their jests upon.

The Dutch, who are more famous for their industry and application than for wit and humour, hang up in several of their streets what they call the sign of the gaper, that is, the head of an idiot dressed in a cap and bells, and gaping in a most immoderate manner. This is a standing jest at Amsterdam.

Thus every one diverts himself with some person or other that is below him in point of understanding, and triumphs in the superiority of his genius while he has such objects of derision before his eyes. Mr. Dennis has very well expressed this in a couple of humorous lines, which are part of a translation of a satire in Monsieur Boileau.

“Thus one fool lolls his tongue out at another,  
And shakes his empty noddle at his brother.”

Mr. Hobbs's reflection gives us the reason why the insignificant people above mentioned are stirrers up of laughter among men of a gross taste; but as the more understanding part of mankind do not find their risibility affected by such ordinary objects, it may be worth the while to examine into the several provocations of laughter in men of superior sense and knowledge.

In the first place I must observe, that there is a set of merry drolls whom the common people of all countries admire, and seem to love so well that they could eat them, according to the old proverb: I mean those circumforaneous wits whom every nation calls by the name of that dish of meat which it loves best. In Holland they are termed Pickled Herrings; in France, Jean Pottages; in Italy, Macaronies; and in Great Britain, Jack Puddings. These merry wags, from whatsoever food they receive their titles, that they may make their audiences laugh, always appear in a fool's coat, and commit such blunders and mistakes in every step they take and every word they utter, as those who listen to them would be ashamed of.

But this little triumph of the understanding, under the disguise of laughter, is nowhere more visible than in that custom which prevails everywhere among us on the first day of April, when everybody takes it in his head to make as many fools as he can. In proportion as there are more follies discovered, so there is more laughter raised on this day than on any other in the whole year. A neighbour of mine, who is a haberdasher by trade, and a very shallow, conceited fellow, makes his boast that, for these ten years successively, he has not made less than a hundred April fools. My landlady had a falling out with him, about a fortnight ago, for sending every one of her children



upon some sleeveless errand, as she terms it. Her eldest son went to buy a halfpenny worth of inkle at a shoemaker's; the eldest daughter was despatched half a mile to see a monster; and, in short, the whole family of innocent children made April fools. Nay, my landlady herself did not escape him. This empty fellow has laughed upon these conceits ever since.

This art of wit is well enough when confined to one day in a twelvemonth; but there is an ingenious tribe of men sprung up in late years, who are for making April fools every day in the year. These gentlemen are commonly distinguished by the name of Biters: a race of men that are perpetually employed in laughing at those mistakes which are of their own production.

Thus we see, in proportion as one man is more refined than another, he chooses his fool out of a lower or higher class of mankind; or, to speak in a more philosophical language, that secret elation or pride of heart, which is generally called laughter, arises in him from his comparing himself with an object below him, whether it so happens that it be a natural or an artificial fool. It is, indeed, very possible, that the persons we laugh at may, in the main of their characters, be much wiser men than ourselves; but, if they would have us laugh at them, they must fall short of us in those respects which stir up this passion.

I am afraid I shall appear too abstracted in my speculations if I show, that when a man of wit makes us laugh, it is by betraying some oddness or infirmity in his own character, or in the representation which he makes of others; and that, when we laugh at a brute, or even at an inanimate thing, it is at some action or incident that bears a remote analogy to any blunder or absurdity in reasonable creatures.

But to come into common life: I shall pass by

the consideration of those stage coxcombs that are able to shake a whole audience, and take notice of a particular sort of men, who are such provokers of mirth in conversation that it is impossible for a club or merry meeting to subsist without them: I mean those honest gentlemen that are always exposed to the wit and raillery of their well-wishers and companions; that are pelted by men, women, and children, friends and foes, and, in a word, stand as butts in conversation, for every one to shoot at that pleases. I know several of these butts who are men of wit and sense, though by some odd turn of humour, some unlucky cast in their person or behaviour, they have always the misfortune to make the company merry. The truth of it is, a man is not qualified for a butt who has not a good deal of wit and vivacity, even in the ridiculous side of his character. A stupid butt is only fit for the conversation of ordinary people: men of wit require one that will give them play, and bestir himself in the absurd part of his behaviour. A butt with these accomplishments frequently gets the laugh of his side, and turns the ridicule upon him that attacks him. Sir John Falstaff was a hero of this species, and gives a good description of himself in his capacity of a butt, after the following manner: "Men of all sorts (says that merry knight) take a pride to gird at me. The brain of any man is not able to invent anything that tends to laughter more than I invent or is invented on me. I am not only witty in myself, but the cause that wit is in other men."

C.

## THE PARADISE OF THE AMERICAN INDIANS.

"*Felices errore suo.*"

LUCAN, i., 454.

"Happy in their mistake."

THE Americans believe that all creatures have souls, not only men and women, but brutes, vegetables, nay, even the most inanimate things, as stocks and stones. They believe the same of all the works of art, as of knives, boats, looking-glasses; and that, as any of these things perish, their souls go into another world, which is inhabited by the ghosts of men and women. For this reason they always place by the corpse of their dead friend a bow and arrows, that he may make use of the souls of them in the other world, as he did of their wooden bodies in this. How absurd soever such an opinion as this may appear, our European philosophers have maintained several notions altogether as improbable. Some of Plato's followers in particular, when they talk of the world of ideas, entertain us with substances and beings no less extravagant and chimerical. Many Aristotelians have likewise spoken as unintelligibly for their substantial forms. I shall only instance Albertus Magnus, who, in his Dissertation upon the Loadstone, observing that fire will destroy its magnetic virtues, tells us that he took particular notice of one as it lay glowing amid a heap of burning coals, and that he perceived a certain blue vapour to arise from it, which he believed might be the substantial form, that is, in our West Indian phrase, the soul of the loadstone.

There is a tradition among the Americans that

one of their countrymen descended in a vision to the great repository of souls, or, as we call it here, to the other world; and that, upon his return, he gave his friends a distinct account of everything he saw among those regions of the dead. A friend of mine, whom I have formerly mentioned, prevailed upon one of the interpreters of the Indian kings\* to inquire of them, if possible, what tradition they have among them of this matter; which, as well as he could learn by those many questions which he asked them at several times, was in substance as follows:

The visionary, whose name was Marraton, after having travelled for a long space under a hollow mountain, arrived at length on the confines of this world of spirits, but could not enter it by reason of a thick forest, made up of bushes, brambles, and pointed thorns, so perplexed and interwoven with one another that it was impossible to find a passage through it. While he was looking about for some track or pathway that might be worn in any part of it, he saw a huge lion couched under the side of it, who kept his eye upon him in the same posture as when he watches for his prey. The Indian immediately started back, while the lion rose with a spring and leaped towards him. Being wholly destitute of all other weapons, he stooped down to take up a huge stone in his hand, but, to his infinite surprise, grasped nothing, and found the supposed stone to be only the apparition of one. If he was disappointed on this side, he was as much pleased on the other, when he found the lion, which had seized on his left shoulder, had no power to hurt him, and was only the ghost of that ravenous creature which it appeared to be. He no sooner got rid of his impotent enemy, but he marched up to the wood, and, after having surveyed it for some time, endeavoured

\* It is mentioned in No. 50 of the Spectator, that four Indian kings visited England in March, 1709.

to press into one part of it that was a little thinner than the rest ; when again, to his great surprise, he found the bushes made no resistance, but that he walked through briers and brambles with the same ease as through the open air ; and, in short, that the whole wood was nothing else but a wood of shades. He immediately concluded that this huge thicket of thorns and brakes was designed as a kind of fence or quickset hedge to the ghosts it enclosed ; and that probably their soft substances might be torn by these subtle points and prickles, which were too weak to make any impressions in flesh and blood. With this thought he resolved to travel through this intricate wood ; when, by degrees, he felt a gale of perfumes breathing upon him, that grew stronger and sweeter in proportion as he advanced. He had not proceeded much farther, when he observed the thorns and briers to end, and give place to a thousand beautiful green trees, covered with blossoms of the finest scents and colours, that formed a wilderness of sweets, and were a kind of lining to those rugged scenes which he before passed through. As he was coming out of this delightful part of the wood, and entering upon the plains it enclosed, he saw several horsemen rushing by him, and, a little while after, heard the cry of a pack of dogs. He had not listened long before he saw the apparition of a milk-white steed, with a young man on the back of it, advancing upon full stretch after the souls of about a hundred beagles, that were hunting down the ghost of a hare, which ran away before them with an unspeakable swiftness. As the man on the milk-white steed came by him, he looked upon him very attentively, and found him to be the young Prince Nicharagua, who died about half a year before, and, by reason of his great virtues, was at that time lamented over all the western parts of America.

He had no sooner got out of the wood, but he



was entertained with such a landscape of flowery plains, green meadows, running streams, sunny hills, and shady vales, as were not to be represented by his own expressions, nor, as he said, by the conceptions of others. This happy region was peopled with innumerable swarms of spirits, who applied themselves to exercises and diversions, according as their fancies led them. Some of them were tossing the figure of a quoit; others were pitching the shadow of a bar; others were breaking the apparition of a horse; and multitudes employing themselves upon ingenious handicrafts with the souls of departed utensils, for that is the name which, in the Indian language, they give their tools when they are burned or broken. As he travelled through this delightful scene, he was very often tempted to pluck the flowers that rose everywhere about him in the greatest variety and profusion, having never seen several of them in his own country: but he quickly found that, though they were objects of his sight, they were not liable to his touch. He at length came to the side of a great river, and, being a good fisherman himself, stood upon the banks of it some time to look upon an angler that had taken a great many shapes of fishes, which lay flouncing up and down by him.

I should have told my reader that this Indian had been formerly married to one of the greatest beauties of his country, by whom he had several children. This couple were so famous for their love and constancy to one another, that the Indians to this day, when they give a married man joy of his wife, wish they may live together like Marraton and Yaratilda. Marraton had not stood long by the fisherman, when he saw the shadow of his beloved Yaratilda, who had for some time fixed her eye upon him before he discovered her. Her arms were stretched out towards him, floods of tears ran down her eyes: her looks, her hands, her



voice called him over to her; and, at the same time, seemed to tell him that the river was unpassable. Who can describe the passion, made up of joy, sorrow, love, desire, astonishment, that rose in the Indian upon the sight of his dear Yaratilda? He could express it by nothing but his tears, which ran like a river down his cheeks as he looked upon her. He had not stood in this posture long, before he plunged into the stream that lay before him; and, finding it to be nothing but the phantom of a river, stalked on the bottom of it till he arose on the other side. At his approach Yaratilda flew into his arms, while Marraton wished himself disencumbered of that body which kept her from his embraces. After many questions and endearments on both sides, she conducted him to a bower, which she had dressed with all the ornaments that could be met with in those blooming regions. She had made it gay beyond imagination, and was every day adding something new to it.

As Marraton stood astonished at the unspeakable beauty of her habitation, and ravished with the fragrance that came from every part of it, Yaratilda told him that she was preparing this bower for his reception, as well knowing that his piety to his God and his faithful dealing towards men would certainly bring him to that happy place whenever his life should be at an end. She then brought two of her children to him, who died some years before, and resided with her in the same delightful bower; advising him to breed up those others which were still with him in such a manner that they might hereafter all of them meet together in this happy place.

The tradition tells us farther, that he had afterward a sight of those dismal habitations which are the portion of ill men after death; and mentions several molten seas of gold, in which were plunged the souls of barbarous Europeans, who put to the

sword so many thousands of poor Indians for the sake of that precious metal. C.

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## NATURAL LOVE OF BRUTES FOR THEIR YOUNG, &c.

“*Equidem credo, quia sit divinitus illis Ingenium.*”

VIRG., *Georg.*, i., 451.

“I deem their breasts inspired  
With a divine sagacity.”

My friend Sir Roger is very often merry with me upon my passing so much of my time among his poultry. He has caught me twice or thrice looking after a bird's nest, and several times sitting an hour or two together near a hen and chickens. He tells me he believes I am personally acquainted with every fowl about his house; calls such a particular cock my favourite; and frequently complains that his ducks and geese have more of my company than himself.

I must confess, I am infinitely delighted with those speculations of nature which are to be made in a country life; and as my reading has very much lain among books of natural history, I cannot forbear recollecting upon this occasion the several remarks which I have met with in authors, and comparing them with what falls under my own observation: the arguments for Providence drawn from the natural history of animals being in my opinion demonstrative.

The make of every kind of animal is different from that of every other kind; and yet there is not the least turn in the muscles or twist in the fibres

of any one, which does not render them more proper for that particular animal's way of life than any other cast or texture of them would have been.

The most violent appetites in all creatures are lust and hunger. The first is a perpetual call upon them to propagate their kind, the latter to preserve themselves.

It is astonishing to consider the different degrees of care that descend from the parent to the young, so far as is absolutely necessary for the leaving a posterity. Some creatures cast their eggs as chance directs them, and think of them no farther : as insects and several kinds of fish. Others, of a nicer frame, find out proper beds to deposite them in, and there leave them : as the serpent, the crocodile, and ostrich ; others hatch their eggs, and tend the birth until it is able to shift for itself.

What can we call the principle which directs every different kind of bird to observe a particular plan in the structure of its nest, and directs all the same species to work after the same model ? It cannot be imitation ; for, though you hatch a crow under a hen, and never let it see any of the works of its own kind, the nest it makes shall be the same, to the laying of a stick, with all the other nests of the same species. It cannot be reason ; for, were animals endued with it to as great a degree as man, their buildings would be as different as ours, according to the different conveniences that they would propose to themselves.

Is it not remarkable, that the same temper of weather, which raises this genial warmth in animals, should cover the trees with leaves, and the fields with grass, for their security and concealment, and produce such infinite swarms of insects for the support and sustenance of their respective broods ?

Is it not wonderful that the love of the parent should be so violent while it lasts, and that it should

last no longer than is necessary for the preservation of the young?

The violence of this natural love is exemplified by a very barbarous experiment; which I shall quote at length, as I find it in an excellent author, and hope my readers will pardon the mentioning such an instance of cruelty, because there is nothing can so effectually show the strength of that principle in animals of which I am here speaking. "A person who was well skilled in dissections opened a bitch, and, as she lay in the most exquisite tortures, offered her one of her young puppies, which she immediately fell a licking; and, for the time, seemed insensible of her own pain. On the removal, she kept her eye fixed on it, and began a wailing sort of cry, which seemed rather to proceed from the loss of her young one than the sense of her own torments."

But, notwithstanding this natural love in brutes is much more violent and intense than in rational creatures, Providence has taken care that it should be no longer troublesome to the parent than it is useful to the young; for, so soon as the wants of the latter ceases, the mother withdraws her fondness, and leaves them to provide for themselves; and, what is a very remarkable circumstance in this part of instinct, we find that the love of the parent may be lengthened out beyond its usual time if the preservation of the species requires it: as we may see in birds that drive away their young as soon as they are able to get their livelihood, but continue to feed them if they are tied to the nest, or confined within a cage, or by any other means appear to be out of a condition of supplying their own necessities.

This natural love is not observed in animals to ascend from the young to the parent, which is not at all necessary for the continuance of the species: nor, indeed, in reasonable creatures, does it rise in any proportion as it spreads itself downward; for,

in all family affection, we find protection granted and favours bestowed are greater motives to love and tenderness than safety, benefits, or life received.

One would wonder to hear skeptical men disputing for the reason of animals, and telling us it is only our pride and prejudice that will not allow them the use of that faculty.

Reason shows itself in all occurrences of life; whereas the brute makes no discovery of such a talent, but in what immediately regards his own preservation, or the continuance of his species. Animals in their generation are wiser than the sons of men; but their wisdom is confined to a few particulars, and lies in a very narrow compass. Take a brute out of his instinct, and you find him wholly deprived of understanding. To use an instance that comes often under observation:

With what caution does the hen provide herself a nest in places unfrequented, and free from noise and disturbance! When she has laid her eggs in such a manner that she can cover them, what care does she take in turning them frequently, that all parts may partake of the vital warmth! When she leaves them to provide for her necessary sustenance, how punctually does she return before they have time to cool, and become incapable of producing an animal! In the summer you see her giving herself greater freedoms, and quitting her care for above two hours together; but in winter, when the rigour of the season would chill the principles of life and destroy the young one, she grows more assiduous in her attendance, and stays away but half the time. When the birth approaches, with how much nicety and attention does she help the chick to break its prison! not to take notice of her covering it from the injuries of the weather, providing it proper nourishment, and teaching it to help itself; nor to mention her forsaking the nest if, after the usual time of reckoning, the young one does not



make its appearance. A chymical operation could not be followed with greater art or diligence than is seen in the hatching of a chick, though there are many other birds that show an infinitely greater sagacity in all the fore-mentioned particulars.

But, at the same time, the hen, that has all this seeming ingenuity (which is indeed absolutely necessary for the propagation of the species), considered in other respects, is without the least glimmering of thought or common sense. She mistakes a piece of chalk for an egg, and sits upon it in the same manner. She is insensible of any increase or diminution in the number of those she lays. She does not distinguish between her own and those of another species; and when the birth appears of ever so different a bird, will cherish it for her own. In all these circumstances, which do not carry an immediate regard to the subsistence of herself or her species, she is a very idiot.

There is not, in my opinion, anything more mysterious in nature than this instinct in animals, which thus rises above reason, and falls infinitely short of it. It cannot be accounted for by any properties in matter, and, at the same time, works after so odd a manner, that one cannot think it the faculty of an intellectual being. For my own part, I look upon the principle of gravitation in bodies, which is not to be explained by any known qualities inherent in the bodies themselves, nor from any laws of mechanism, but, according to the best notions of the greatest philosophers, is an immediate impression from the First Mover, and the divine energy acting in the creatures.

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As I was walking this morning in the great yard that belongs to my friend's country-house, I was wonderfully pleased to see the different workings of instinct in a hen followed by a brood of ducks. The young, upon the sight of a pond, immediately



ran into it: while the stepmother, with all imaginable anxiety, hovered about the borders of it, to call them out of an element that appeared to be so dangerous and destructive. As the different principle which acted in these different animals cannot be termed reason, so, when we call it instinct, we mean something we have no knowledge of. To me, as I have hinted, it seems the immediate direction of Providence, and such an operation of the Supreme Being as that which determines all the portions of matter to their proper centres. A modern philosopher, quoted by Monsieur Bayle in his learned dissertation on the Souls of Brutes, delivers the same opinion, though in a bolder form of words, where he says, *Deus est anima brutorum*, "God himself is the soul of brutes." Who can tell what to call that seeming sagacity in animals which directs them to such food as is proper for them, and makes them naturally avoid whatever is noxious or unwholesome? Tully has observed, that a lamb no sooner falls from its mother, but immediately and of its own accord it applies itself to the teat. Dampier, in his travels, tells us, that when seamen are thrown upon any of the unknown coasts of America, they never venture upon the fruit of any tree, how tempting soever it may appear, unless they observe that it is marked with the pecking of birds: but fall on, without any fear or apprehension, where the birds have been before them.

But notwithstanding animals have nothing like the use of reason, we find in them all the lower parts of our nature, the passions and senses in their greatest strength and perfection. And here it is worth our observation, that all beasts and birds of prey are wonderfully subject to anger, malice, revenge, and all the other violent passions that may animate them in search of their proper food; as those that are incapable of defending themselves or annoying others, or whose safety lies chiefly in

their flight, are suspicious, fearful, and apprehensive of everything they see or hear; while others, that are of assistance and use to man, have their natures softened with something mild and tractable, and by that means are qualified for a domestic life. In this case the passions generally correspond with the make of the body. We do not find the fury of a lion in so weak and defenceless an animal as a lamb, nor the meekness of a lamb in a creature so armed for battle and assault as the lion. In the same manner, we find that particular animals have a more or less exquisite sharpness and sagacity in those particular senses which most turn to their advantage, and in which their safety and welfare is the most concerned.

Nor must we here omit that great variety of arms with which nature has differently fortified the bodies of several kinds of animals, such as claws, hoofs, horns, teeth, and tusks, a tail, a sting, a trunk, or a proboscis. It is likewise observed by naturalists, that it must be some hidden principle, distinct from what we call reason, which instructs animals in the use of these their arms, and teaches them to manage them to the best advantage; because they naturally defend themselves with that part in which their strength lies, before the weapon be formed in it; as is remarkable in lambs, which, though they are bred within doors, and never saw the actions of their own species, push at those who approach them with their forehead, before the first budding of a horn appears.

I shall add to these general observations an instance which Mr. Locke has given us of Providence even in the imperfections of a creature which seems the meanest and most despicable in the whole animal world. "We may," says he, "from the make of an oyster or cockle, conclude that it has not so many nor so quick senses as a man, or several other animals; nor if it had, would it, in

that state and incapacity of transferring itself from one place to another, be bettered by them. What good would sight or hearing do to a creature that cannot move itself to or from the object wherein at a distance it perceives good or evil? And would not quickness of sensation be an inconvenience to an animal that must be still where chance has once placed it, and there receive the afflux of colder or warmer, clean or foul water, as it happens to come to it."

I shall add to this instance out of Mr. Locke another out of the learned Dr. More, who cites it from Cardan, in relation to another animal which Providence has left defective, but, at the same time, has showed its wisdom in the formation of that organ in which it seems chiefly to have failed. "What is more obvious and ordinary than a mole? and yet what more palpable argument of Providence than she? The members of her body are so exactly fitted to her nature and manner of life: for her dwelling being under ground, where nothing is to be seen, nature has so obscurely fitted her with eyes, that naturalists can scarce agree whether she have any sight at all or no. But for amends, what she is capable of for her defence and warning of danger, she has very eminently conferred upon her, for she is exceeding quick of hearing. And then her short tail and short legs, but broad fore-feet armed with sharp claws, we see by the event to what purpose they are, she so swiftly working herself under ground, and making her way so fast in the earth, as they that behold it cannot but admire it. Her legs, therefore, are short, that she need dig no more than will serve the mere thickness of her body; and her fore-feet are broad, that she may scoop away much earth at a time; and little or no tail she has, because she courses it not on the ground like the rat or mouse, of whose kindred she is; but lives under the earth, and is fain to dig

herself a dwelling there. And she making her way through so thick an element, which will not yield easily, as the air or the water, it had been dangerous to have drawn so long a train behind her; for her enemy might fall upon her rear, and fetch her out before she had completed or got full possession of her works."

I cannot forbear mentioning Mr. Boyle's remark upon this last creature, who I remember somewhere in his works observes, that though the mole be not totally blind (as is commonly thought), she has not sight enough to distinguish particular objects. Her eye is said to have but one humour in it, which is supposed to give her the idea of light, but of nothing else, and is so formed that this idea is probably painful to the animal. Whenever she comes up into broad day, she might be in danger of being taken unless she were thus affected by a light striking upon her eye, and immediately warning her to bury herself in her proper element. More sight would be useless to her, as none at all might be fatal.

I have only instanced such animals as seem the most imperfect works of nature; and if Providence shows itself even in the blemishes of these creatures, how much more does it discover itself in the several endowments which it has variously bestowed upon such creatures as are more or less finished and completed in their several faculties, according to the condition of life in which they are posted!

L.

## TRUE AND FALSE HUMOUR.

*"Risu inepto res ineptior nulla est."*

*"Nothing so foolish as the laugh of fools."*

AMONG all kinds of writing, there is none in which authors are more apt to miscarry than in works of humour, as there is none in which they are more ambitious to excel. It is not an imagination that teems with monsters, a head that is filled with extravagant conceptions, which is capable of furnishing the world with diversions of this nature; and yet, if we look into the productions of several writers, who set up for men of humour, what wild, irregular fancies, what unnatural distortions of thought do we meet with? If they speak nonsense, they believe they are talking humour; and when they have drawn together a scheme of absurd, inconsistent ideas, they are not able to read it over to themselves without laughing. These poor gentlemen endeavour to gain themselves the reputation of wits and humorists, by such monstrous conceits as almost qualify them for Bedlam; not considering that humour should always lie under the check of reason, and that it requires the direction of the nicest judgment by so much the more as it indulges itself in the most boundless freedoms. There is a kind of nature that is to be observed in this sort of compositions, as well as in all other; and a certain regularity of thought which must discover the writer to be a man of sense, at the same time that he appears altogether given up to caprice. For my part, when I read the delirious mirth of an unskilful author, I cannot be so barbarous as to divert



myself with it, but am rather apt to pity the man than laugh at anything he writes.

The deceased Mr. Shadwell, who had himself a great deal of the talent which I am treating of, represents an empty rake, in one of his plays, as very much surprised to hear one say that breaking of windows was not humour; and I question not but several English readers will be as much startled to hear me affirm, that many of those raving, incoherent pieces, which are often spread among us under old chimerical titles, are rather the offsprings of a distempered brain than works of humour.

It is, indeed, much easier to describe what is not humour than what is; and very difficult to define it otherwise than as Cowley has done wit, by negatives. Were I to give my own notions of it, I would deliver them after Plato's manner, in a kind of allegory, and, by supposing humour to be a person, deduce to him all his qualifications, according to the following genealogy. Truth was the founder of the family and the father of Good Sense. Good Sense was the father of Wit, who married a lady of collateral line called Mirth, by whom he had issue Humour. Humour, therefore, being the youngest of this illustrious family, and descended from parents of such different dispositions, is very various and unequal in his temper; sometimes you see him putting on grave looks and a solemn habit, sometimes airy in his behaviour and fantastic in his dress: insomuch that, at different times, he appears serious as a judge and as jocular as a merry-andrew. But as he has a great deal of the mother in his constitution, whatever mood he is in, he never fails to make his company laugh.

But, since there is an impostor abroad who takes upon him the name of this young gentleman, and would willingly pass for him in the world; to the end that well-meaning persons may not be imposed upon by cheats, I would desire my readers,



when they meet with this pretender, to look upon his parentage, and to examine him strictly, whether or no he be remotely allied to Truth, and lineally descended from Good Sense; if not, they may conclude him a counterfeit. They may likewise distinguish by a loud and excessive laughter, in which he seldom gets his company to join with him. For as True Humour generally looks serious while everybody laughs about him, False Humour is always laughing while everybody about him looks serious. I shall only add, if he has not in him a mixture of both parents, that is, if he would pass for the offspring of Wit without Mirth, or Mirth without Wit, you may conclude him to be altogether spurious and a cheat.

The impostor of whom I am speaking, descends originally from Falsehood, who was the mother of Nonsense, who was brought to bed of a son called Phrensy, who married one of the daughters of Folly, commonly known by the name of Laughter, on whom he begot that monstrous infant of which I have been here speaking. I shall set down at length the genealogical table of False Humour, and, at the same time, place under it the genealogy of True Humour, that the reader may at one view behold their different pedigrees and relations.

Falsehood,  
Nonsense.  
Phrensy.——Laughter.  
False Humour.  
  
Truth.  
Good Sense.  
Wit.——Mirth.  
Humour.

I might extend the allegory, by mentioning several of the children of False Humour, who are more in number than the sands of the sea, and might, in

particular, enumerate the many sons and daughters which he has begot in this island. But, as this would be a very invidious task, I shall only observe in general, that False Humour differs from the True as a monkey does from a man.

First of all, he is exceedingly given to little apish tricks and buffooneries.

Secondly, he so much delights in mimickry, that it is all one to him whether he exposes by it vice and folly, luxury and avarice: or, on the contrary, virtue and wisdom, pain and poverty.

Thirdly, he is wonderfully unlucky, insomuch that he will bite the hand that feeds him, and endeavour to ridicule both friends and foes indifferently. For, having but small talents, he must be merry where he can, not where he should.

Fourthly, being entirely void of reason, he pursues no point either of morality or instruction, but is ludicrous only for the sake of being so.

Fifthly, being incapable of having anything but mock representations, his ridicule is always personal, and aimed at the vicious man or the writer, not at the vice or at the writing.

I have here only pointed at the whole species of False Humorists, but as one of my principal designs in this paper is to beat down that malignant spirit which discovers itself in the writings of the present age, I shall not scruple, for the future, to single out any of the small wits that infest the world with such compositions as are ill-natured, immoral, and absurd. This is the only exception which I shall make to the general rule I have prescribed myself, of attacking multitudes, since every honest man ought to look upon himself as in a natural state of war with the libeller and lampooner, and to annoy them wherever they fall in his way. This is but retaliating upon them, and treating them as they treat others.

C.

## LÆTITIA AND DAPHNE,

OR,

## THE TRUE CHARMS OF A WOMAN.

"Fervidus tecum puer, et solutis  
 Gratia zonis, properentque nymphæ,  
 Et parum comis sine te juventas,  
 Mercuriusque."

HOR., 1, Od. xxx.

"The graces with their zones unloosed;  
 The nymphs their beauties all exposed;  
 From every spring and every plain;  
 Thy pow'ful, hot, and winged boy;  
 And youth, that's dull without thy joy;  
 And Mercury compose thy train."

CREECH.

A FRIEND of mine has two daughters, whom I will call Lætitia and Daphne; the former is one of the greatest beauties of the age in which she lives, the latter no way remarkable for any charms in her person. Upon this one circumstance of their outward form, the good and ill of their lives seem to turn. Lætitia has not, from her very childhood, heard anything else but commendations of her features and complexion, by which means she is no other than nature made her, a very beautiful outside. The consciousness of her charms has rendered her insupportably vain and insolent towards all who have to do with her. Daphne, who was almost twenty before one civil thing had ever been said to her, found herself obliged to acquire some accomplishments to make up for the want of those attractions which she saw in her sister. Poor Daphne was seldom submitted to in a debate where-

in she was concerned; her discourse had nothing to recommend it but the good sense of it, and she was always under a necessity to have very well considered what she was to say before she uttered it; while Lætitia was listened to with partiality, and approbation sat in the countenances of those she conversed with, before she communicated what she had to say. These causes have produced suitable effects, and Lætitia is as insipid a companion as Daphne is an agreeable one. Lætitia, confident of favour, has studied no arts to please: Daphne, despairing of any inclination towards her person, has depended only on her merit. Lætitia has always something in her air that is sullen, grave, and disconsolate. Daphne has a countenance that appears cheerful, open, and unconcerned. A young gentleman saw Lætitia this winter at a play, and became her captive. His fortune was such that he wanted very little introduction to speak his sentiments to her father. The lover was admitted with the utmost freedom into the family, where a constrained behaviour, severe looks, and distant civilities, were the highest favours he could obtain of Lætitia; while Daphne used him with the good-humour, familiarity, and innocence of a sister: insomuch that he would often say to her, "Dear Daphne, wert thou but as handsome as Lætitia." She received such language with that ingenuous and pleasing mirth which is natural to a woman without design. He still sighed in vain for Lætitia, but found certain relief in the agreeable conversation of Daphne. At length, heartily tired with the haughty impertinence of Lætitia, and charmed with the repeated instances of good-humour he had observed in Daphne, he one day told the latter that he had something to say to her he hoped she would be pleased with: "Faith, Daphne," continued he, "I am in love with thee, and despise thy sister sincerely." The manner of his declaring himself gave

his mistress occasion for a very hearty laughter. "Nay," says he, "I knew you would laugh at me, but I will ask your father." He did so; the father received his intelligence with no less joy than surprise, and was very glad he had now no care left but for his beauty, which he thought he could carry to market at his leisure. I do not know anything that has pleased me so much in a great while as this conquest of my friend Daphne. All her acquaintance congratulated her upon her chance-medley, and laughed at that premeditating murderer her sister. As it is an argument of a light mind to think the worse of ourselves for the imperfections of our persons, it is equally below us to value ourselves upon the advantages of them. The female world seem to be almost incorrigibly gone astray in this particular; for which reason I shall recommend the following extract out of a friend's letter\* to the professed beauties, who are a people almost as insufferable as the professed wits.

"Monsieur St. Evremond has concluded one of his Essays with affirming, that the last sighs of a handsome woman are not so much for the loss of her life as of her beauty. Perhaps this raillery is pursued too far, yet it is turned upon a very obvious remark, that woman's strongest passion is for her own beauty, and that she values it as her favourite distinction. From hence it is that all arts which pretend to improve it or preserve it, meet with so general a reception among the sex. To say nothing of many false helps and contraband wares of beauty which are daily vended in this great mart, there is not a maiden gentlewoman of a good family, in any county of South Britain, who has not heard of the virtues of May-dew, or is unfurnished with some receipt or other in favour of her complexion; and I have known a physician of learning

\* Mr. John Hughes.

and sense, after eight years' study in the university, and a course of travels into most countries of Europe, owe the first raising of his fortunes to a cosmetic wash.

"This has given me occasion to consider how so universal a disposition in womankind, which springs from a laudable motive, the desire of pleasing, and proceeds upon an opinion, not altogether groundless, that nature may be helped by art, may be turned to their advantage. And methinks it would be an acceptable service to take them out of the hands of quacks and pretenders, and to prevent their imposing upon themselves by discovering to them the true secret and art of improving beauty.

"In order to this, before I touch upon it directly, it will be necessary to lay down a few preliminary maxims, viz. :

"That no woman can be handsome by the force of features alone, any more than she can be witty only by the help of speech.

"That pride destroys all symmetry and grace, and affectation is a more terrible enemy of fine faces than the smallpox.

"That no woman is capable of being beautiful who is not incapable of being false.

"And, that what would be odious in a friend is deformity in a mistress.

"From these few principles, thus laid down, it will be easy to prove that the true art of assisting beauty consists in embellishing the whole person by the proper ornaments of virtuous and commendable qualities. By this help alone it is, that those who are the favourite work of nature, or, as Mr. Dryden expresses it, the porcelain clay of humankind, become animated, and are in a capacity of exerting their charms: and those who seem to have been neglected by her, like models wrought in haste, are capable, in a great measure, of finishing what she has left imperfect.



"It is, methinks, a low and degrading idea of that sex, which was created to refine the joys and soften the cares of humanity, by the most agreeable participation, to consider them merely as objects of sight. This is abridging them of their natural extent of power, to put them on a level with their picture at Kneeller's. How much nobler is the contemplation of beauty, heightened by virtue, and commanding our esteem and love, while it draws our observation! How faint and spiritless are the charms of a coquette, when compared with the real loveliness of Sophronia's innocence, piety, good-humour, and truth: virtues which add a new softness to her sex, and even beautify her beauty! That agreeableness, which must otherwise have appeared no longer in the modest virgin, is now preserved in the tender mother, the prudent friend, and the faithful wife. Colours artfully spread upon the canvass may entertain the eye, but not affect the heart; and she who takes no care to add to the natural graces of her person any excelling qualities, may be allowed still to amuse as a picture, but not to triumph as a beauty.

"When Adam is introduced by Milton, describing Eve in Paradise, and relating to the angel the impressions he felt upon seeing her at her first creation, he does not represent her like a Grecian Venus, by her shape or features; but by the lustre of her mind, which shone in them, and gave them their power of charming.

"Grace was in all her steps, Heart'n in her eye,  
In all her gestures dignity and love!"

"Without this irradiating power, the proudest fair one ought to know, whatever her glass may tell her to the contrary, that her most perfect features are uninformed and dead.

"I cannot better close this moral than by a short epitaph written by Ben Jonson, with a spirit which

nothing could inspire but such an object as I have been describing :

“ Underneath this stone doth lie  
 ‘ As much virtue as could die ;  
 Which, when alive, did vigour give  
 To as much beauty as could live.’ ”

R.

## LUXURY AND AVARICE.

“ *Julus et in jeure ægro  
 Nascuntur domini.* ”

PERSIUS.

“ Our passions play the tyrants in our breast.”

Most of the trades, professions, and ways of living among mankind, take their original from the love of pleasure or the fear of want. The former, when it becomes too violent, degenerates into luxury, and the latter into avarice, as these two principles of action draw different ways. Persius has given us a very humorous account of a young fellow who was roused out of his bed, in order to be sent upon a long voyage by Avarice, and afterward over-persuaded and kept at home by Luxury. I shall set down at length the pleadings of these two imaginary persons as they are in Mr. Dryden’s translation of them.

“ Whether alone, or in thy harlot’s lap,  
 When thou wouldst take a lazy morning’s nap ;  
 Up, up, says Avarice ; thou snor’st again,  
 Stretchest thy limbs, and yawn’st, but all in vain.  
 The rugged tyrant no denial takes ;  
 At his command th’ unwilling sluggard wakes.  
 What must I do ? he cries ; What ! says his lord  
 Why, rise, make ready, and go straight aboard :  
 With fish, from Euxine seas, thy vessel freight ;  
 Flax, castor, Coan wines, the precious weight

Of pepper, and Sabean incense, take  
 With thy own hands from the tired camel's back,  
 And with post-haste thy running markets make.  
 Be sure to turn the penny; lie and swear,  
 'Tis wholesome sin: but Jove, thou says't, will hear.  
 Swear, fool, or starve; for the dilemma's even;  
 A tradesman thou! and hope to go to Heav'n?  
 "Resolv'd for sea, the slaves thy baggage pack,  
 Each saddled with his burden on his back:  
 Nothing retards thy voyage now, but he,  
 That soft, voluptuous prince, called Luxury;  
 And he may ask this simple question: Friend,  
 What dost thou make a shipboard? To what end?  
 Art thou of Bethlehem's noble college free?  
 Stark, staring mad, that thou wouldst tempt the sea?  
 Cubb'd in a cabin, on a mattress laid,  
 On a brown George, with lousy swobbers fed;  
 Dead wine that stinks of the Borachio, sup  
 From a foul jack, or greasy maple cup?  
 Say, wouldst thou bear all this, to raise thy store,  
 From six i' th' hundred to six hundred more?  
 Indulge, and to thy genius freely give;  
 For not to live at ease is not to live.  
 Death steals behind thee, and each flying hour  
 Does some loose remnant of thy life devour.  
 Live, while thou liv'st; for death will make us all  
 A name, a nothing but an old wife's tale.  
 Speak: wilt thou Avarice or Pleasure choose  
 To be thy lord? Take one, and one refuse."

When a government flourishes in conquests and is secure from foreign attacks, it naturally falls into all the pleasures of luxury; and, as these pleasures are very expensive, they put those who are addicted to them upon raising fresh supplies of money, by all the methods of rapaciousness and corruption; so that avarice and luxury very often become one complicated principle of action in those whose hearts are wholly set upon ease, magnificence, and pleasure. The most elegant and correct of all the Latin historians observes, that in his time, when the most formidable states of the world were subdued by the Romans, the republic sunk into those two vices of a quite different nature, luxury and avarice:\*

\* *Alieni appetens sui profusus.*—SALL.

and accordingly describes Catiline as one who coveted the wealth of other men, at the same time that he squandered away his own. This observation on the commonwealth, when it was in its height of power and riches, holds good of all governments that are settled in a state of ease and prosperity. At such times men naturally endeavour to outshine one another in pomp and splendour, and, having no fears to alarm them from abroad, indulge themselves in the enjoyment of all the pleasures they can get into their possession: which naturally produces avarice, and an immoderate pursuit after wealth and riches.

As I was humouring myself in the speculation of these two great principles of action, I could not forbear throwing my thoughts into a little kind of allegory or fable, with which I shall here present my reader.

There were two very powerful tyrants engaged in a perpetual war against each other, the name of the first was Luxury, and of the second Avarice. The aim of each of them was no less than universal monarchy over the hearts of mankind. Luxury had many generals under him, who did him great service, as Pleasure, Mirth, Pomp, and Fashion. Avarice was likewise very strong in his officers, being faithfully served by Hunger, Industry, Care, and Watchfulness: he had likewise a privy-counsellor, who was always at his elbow, and whispering something or other in his ear: the name of this privy-counsellor was Poverty. As Avarice conducted himself by the counsels of Poverty, his antagonist was entirely guided by the dictates and advice of Plenty, who was his first counsellor and minister of state, that concerted all his measures for him, and never departed out of his sight. While these two great rivals were thus contending for empire, their conquests were very various. Luxury got possession of one heart, and Avarice of another.

The father of a family would often range himself under the banners of Avarice, and the son under those of Luxury. The wife and husband would often declare themselves on the two different parties; nay, the same person would very often side with one in his youth, and revolt to the other in his old age. Indeed, the wise men of the world stood neuter; but, alas! their numbers were not considerable. At length, when these two potentates had wearied themselves with waging war upon one another, they agreed upon an interview, at which neither of their counsellors were to be present. It is said that Luxury began the parley, and, after having represented the endless state of war in which they were engaged, told his enemy, with a frankness of heart which is natural to him, that he believed they two should be very good friends, were it not for the instigations of Poverty, that pernicious counsellor, who made an ill use of his ear, and filled him with groundless apprehensions and prejudices. To this Avarice replied, that he looked upon Plenty (the first minister of his antagonist) to be a much more destructive counsellor than Poverty, for that he was perpetually suggesting pleasures, banishing all the necessary cautions against want, and consequently undermining those principles on which the government of Avarice was founded. At last, in order to an accommodation, they agreed upon this preliminary: that each of them should immediately dismiss his privy-counsellor. When things were thus far adjusted towards a peace, all other differences were soon accommodated, insomuch that, for the future, they resolved to live as good friends and confederates, and to share between them whatever conquests were made on either side. For this reason, we now find Luxury and Avarice taking possession of the same heart, and dividing the same person between them. To which I shall only add, that, since the discarding of the counsellors above mentioned, Ava-



rice supplies Luxury in the room of Plenty, as Luxury prompts Avarice in the place of Poverty.

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## IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

“Inter silvas academi quærere verum.”

HOR., 2, Ep. ii., 45.

“To search for truth in academic groves.”

THE course of my last\* speculation led me insensibly into a subject upon which I always meditate with great delight, I mean the Immortality of the Soul. I was yesterday walking alone in one of my friend's woods, and lost myself in it very agreeably as I was running over in my mind the several arguments that establish this great point, which is the basis of morality, and the source of all the pleasing hopes and secret joys that can arise in the heart of a reasonable creature. I consider those several proofs drawn :

First, From the nature of the soul itself, and particularly its immateriality ; which, though not absolutely necessary to the eternity of its duration, has, I think, been evinced to almost a demonstration.

Secondly, From its passions and sentiments, as particularly from its love of existence, its horror of annihilation, and its hopes of immortality, with that sweet satisfaction which it finds in the practice of virtue, and that uneasiness which follows it upon the commission of vice.

\* It will easily be perceived that the speculation alluded to is contained in a preceding paper, which, perhaps, we did not consider to be deserving of a place in this selection. This note will also suffice to explain similar allusions in our subsequent extracts.



Thirdly, From the nature of the Supreme Being, whose justice, goodness, wisdom, and veracity are all concerned in this great point.

But among these and other excellent arguments for the Immortality of the Soul, there is one drawn from the perpetual progress of the soul to its perfection, without a possibility of ever arriving at it; which is a hint that I do not remember to have seen opened and improved by others who have written on this subject, though it seems to me to carry a great weight with it. How can it enter into the thoughts of man, that the soul, which is capable of such immense perfections, and of receiving new improvements to all eternity, shall fall away into nothing almost as soon as it is created? Are such abilities made for no purpose? A brute arrives at a point of perfection that he can never pass: in a few years he has all the endowments he is capable of: and, were he to live ten thousand more, would be the same thing he is at present. Were a human soul thus at a stand in her accomplishments, were her faculties to be full blown, and incapable of farther enlargements, I could imagine it might fall away insensibly, and drop at once into a state of annihilation. But can we believe a thinking being, that is in a perpetual progress of improvements, and travelling on from perfection to perfection, after having just looked abroad into the works of its Creator, and made a few discoveries of his infinite goodness, wisdom, and power, must perish at her first setting out, and in the very beginning of her inquiries?

A man, considered in his present state, seems only sent into the world to propagate his kind. He provides himself with a successor, and immediately quits his post to make room for him.

“Hæres

*Hæredem alterius, velut unda supervenit undam.*”

HOR., 2, Ep. ii., 175.

"Heir crowds heir, as in a rolling flood  
Wave urges wave."

CREECH.

He does not seem born to enjoy life, but to deliver it down to others. This is not surprising to consider in animals, which are formed for our use, and can finish their business in a short life. The silkworm, after having spun her task, lays her eggs and dies. But a man can never have taken in his full measure of knowledge, has not time to subdue his passions, establish his soul in virtue, and come up to the perfection of his nature, before he is hurried off the stage. Would an infinitely wise Being make such glorious creatures for so mean a purpose? Can he delight in the production of such abortive intelligence, such short-lived reasonable beings? Would he give us talents that are not to be exerted? Capacities that are never to be gratified? How can we find that wisdom which shines through all his works in the formation of man, without looking on this world as only a nursery for the next, and believing that the several generations of rational creatures, which rise up and disappear in such quick successions, are only to receive their first rudiments of existence here, and afterward to be transplanted into a more friendly climate, where they may spread and flourish to all eternity?

There is not, in my opinion, a more pleasing and triumphant consideration in religion than this, of the perpetual progress which the soul makes towards the perfection of its nature, without ever arriving at a period in it. To look upon the soul as going on from strength to strength; to consider that she is to shine for ever with new accessions of glory, and brighten to all eternity; that she will be still adding virtue to virtue, and knowledge to knowledge, carries it in something wonderfully agreeable to that ambition which is natural to the mind of man. Nay, it must be a prospect pleasing to God himself, to see

his creation for ever beautifying in his eyes, and drawing nearer to him by greater degrees of resemblance.

Methinks this single consideration, of the progress of a finite spirit to perfection, will be sufficient to extinguish all envy in inferior natures, and all contempt in superior. That cherubim, which now appears as a God to a human soul, knows very well that the period will come about in eternity when the human soul shall be as perfect as he himself now is : nay, when she shall look down upon that degree of perfection, as much as she now falls short of it. It is true, the higher nature still advances, and by that means preserves his distance and superiority in the scale of being ; but he knows that, how high soever the station is of which he stands possessed at present, the inferior nature will at length mount up to it, and shine forth in the same degree of glory.

With what astonishment and veneration may we look into our own souls, where there are such hidden stores of virtue and knowledge, such inexhausted sources of perfection ! We know not yet what we shall be, nor will it ever enter into the heart of man to conceive the glory that will be always in reserve for him. The soul, considered with its Creator, is like one of those mathematical lines that may draw nearer to another for all eternity without a possibility of touching it : and can there be a thought so transporting as to consider ourselves in these perpetual approaches to him, who is not only the standard of perfection, but of happiness !

The following translation of the speech of Cato on the Immortality of the Soul cannot be sufficiently admired for conciseness, purity, and elegance of phrase.

CATO *alone, &c.*

“It must be so : Plato, thou reason'st well ;  
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,  
This longing after immortality ?

Or whence this secret dread and inward horror  
Of falling into naught? why shrinks the soul  
Back on herself, and startles at destruction?

'Tis the divinity that stirs within us;  
'Tis Heav'n itself that points out an hereafter,  
And intimates eternity to man.

Eternity! thou pleasing, delightful thought!

"Through what variety of untried being,  
Through what new scenes and changes must we pass!  
The wide, th' unbounded prospect lies before me;  
But shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it.  
Here will I hold. If there's a power above us  
(And that there is all nature cries aloud  
Through all her works), he must delight in virtue;  
And that which he delights in must be happy.  
But when, or where! This world was made for Cæsar.  
I'm weary of conjectures: This must end 'em.

"Thus am I doubly arm'd; my death and life,  
My bane and antidote, are both before me.  
This, in a moment, brings me to an end;  
But this informs me I shall never die.  
The soul, secured in her existence, smiles  
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.  
The stars shall fade away, the sun himself  
Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years;  
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,  
Unhurt amid the war of elements,  
The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds."

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## TRUE WIT AND MIXED WIT.

"Scribendi recte sapere est et principium et fons."

HOR.

"Sound judgment is the ground of writing well."

ROSCOMMON.

"WIT," observes Mr. Locke, "lies in the assemblage of ideas, and putting those together with quickness and variety, wherein can be found any resemblance or congruity to make up pleasant pictures and agreeable visions in the fancy."

This is, I think, the best and most philosophical account that I have ever met with of wit, which generally, though not always, consists in such a resemblance and congruity of ideas as this author mentions. I shall only add to it, by way of explanation, that every resemblance of ideas is not that which we call wit, unless it be such a one that gives delight and surprise to the reader. These two properties seem essential to wit, more particularly the last of them. In order, therefore, that the resemblance in the ideas be wit, it is necessary that the ideas should not lie too near one another in the nature of things; for, where the likeness is obvious, it gives no surprise. To compare one man's singing to that of another, or to represent the whiteness of any object by that of milk and snow, or the variety of its colours by those of the rainbow, cannot be called wit, unless, besides this obvious resemblance, there be some farther congruity discovered in the two ideas, that is capable of giving the reader some surprise. Thus, when a poet tells us the bosom of his mistress is as white as snow, there is no wit in the comparison; but when he adds with a sigh, it is as cold too, it then grows into wit. Every reader's memory may supply him with innumerable instances of the same nature. For this reason, the similitudes in heroic poets, who endeavour rather to fill the mind with great conceptions than to divert it with such as are new and surprising, have seldom anything in them that can be called wit. Mr. Locke's account of wit, with this short explanation, comprehends most of the species of wit, as metaphors, similitudes, allegories, enigmas, mottoes, parables, fables, dreams, visions, dramatic writings, burlesque, and all the methods of allusion. There are many other pieces of wit (how remote soever they may appear at first sight from the foregoing description) which, upon examination, will be found to agree with it.



As true wit generally consists in this resemblance and congruity of ideas, false wit chiefly consists in the resemblance and congruity sometimes of single letters, as in anagrams, chronograms, lipograms, and acrostics: sometimes of syllables, as in echoes and doggerel rhymes: sometimes of words, as in puns and quibbles: and sometimes of whole sentences or poems, cast into the figures of eggs, axes, or altars: nay, some carry the notion of wit so far as to ascribe it even to external mimicry; and to look upon a man as an ingenious person, that can resemble the tone, posture, or face of another.

As true wit consists in the resemblance of ideas, and false wit in the resemblance of words, according to the foregoing instances; there is another kind of wit, which consists partly in the resemblance of ideas, and partly in the resemblance of words, which, for distinction' sake, I shall call mixed wit. This kind of wit is that which abounds in Cowley more than in any author that ever wrote. Mr. Waller has likewise a great deal of it. Mr. Dryden is very sparing in it. Milton had a genius much above it. Spenser is in the same class with Milton. The Italians, even in their epic poetry, are full of it. Monsieur Boileau, who formed himself upon the ancient poets, has everywhere rejected it with scorn. If we look after mixed wit among the Greek writers, we shall find it nowhere but in the epigrammatists. There are, indeed, some strokes of it in the little poem ascribed to Musæus, which by that, as well as many other marks, betrays itself to be a modern composition. If we look into the Latin writers, we find none of this mixed wit in Virgil, Lucretius, or Catullus; very little in Homer, but a great deal of it in Ovid, and scarce anything else in Martial.

Mixed wit is a composition of pun and true wit, and is more or less perfect as the resemblance lies in the ideas or in the words. Its foundations are



laid partly in falsehood and partly in truth ; reason puts in her claim for one half of it, and extravagance for the other. The only province, therefore, for this kind of wit, is epigram, or those little occasional poems, that, in their own nature, are nothing else but a tissue of epigrams. I cannot conclude this head of mixed wit without owning that the admirable poet, out of whom I have taken the examples of it, had as much true wit as any author that ever wrote ; and, indeed, all other talents of an extraordinary genius.

It may be expected, since I am upon this subject, that I should take notice of Mr. Dryden's definition of wit ; which, with all the deference that is due to the judgment of so great a man, is not so properly a definition of wit as of good writing in general. Wit, as he defines it, is " a propriety of words and thoughts adapted to the subject." If this be a true definition of wit, I am apt to think that Euclid was the greatest wit that ever set pen to paper. It is certain there never was a greater propriety of words and thoughts adapted to the subject, than what that author has made use of in his *Elements*. I shall only appeal to my reader, if this definition agrees with any notion he has of wit. If it be a true one, Mr. Dryden was not only a better poet, but a greater wit than Mr. Cowley ; and Virgil a much more facetious man than either Ovid or Martial.

Bouhours, whom I look upon to be the most penetrating of all the French critics, has taken pains to show, that it is impossible for any thought to be beautiful which is not just, and has not its foundation in the nature of things ; that the basis of all wit is truth ; and that no thought can be valuable, of which good sense is not the groundwork. Boileau has endeavoured to inculcate the same notion in several parts of his writings, both in prose and verse. This is that natural way of writing, that beautiful simplicity, which we so much admire in

the compositions of the ancients, and which nobody deviates from but those who want strength of genius to make a thought shine in its own natural beauties. Poets who want this strength of genius to give that majestic simplicity to nature, which we so much admire in the works of the ancients, are forced to hunt after foreign ornaments, and not to let any piece of wit, of what kind soever, escape them. I look upon these writers as Goths in poetry, who, like those in architecture, not being able to come up to the beautiful simplicity of the old Greeks and Romans, have endeavoured to supply its place with all the extravagances of an irregular fancy. Mr. Dryden makes a very handsome observation on Ovid's writing a letter from Dido to Æneas, in the following words : " Ovid (says he, speaking of Virgil's fiction of Dido and Æneas) takes it up after him, even in the same age, and makes an ancient heroine of Virgil's new-created Dido ; dictates a letter from her just before her death to the ungrateful fugitive, and, very unluckily for himself, is for measuring a sword with a man so much superior in force to him on the same subject. I think I may be judge of this, because I have translated both. The famous author of the *Art of Love* has nothing of his own ; he borrows all from a greater master in his own profession, and, which is worse, improves nothing which he finds. Nature fails him, and, being forced to his old shift, he has recourse to witticism. This passes indeed with his soft admirers, and gives him the preference to Virgil in their esteem."

I must not dismiss this subject without observing, that as Mr. Locke, in the passage above mentioned, has discovered the most fruitful source of wit, so there is another of a quite contrary nature to it, which does likewise branch itself out into several kinds. For not only the resemblance, but the

opposition of ideas, does very often produce wit ; as I could show in several points, turns, and antithesis.

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## FEMALE POLITICIANS.

" Quem præstare potest mulier galeata pudorem,  
Quæ fugit a sexu ?"

JUVENAL.

" What sense of shame in woman's breast can lie,  
Inured to arms, and her own sex to fly ?"

DRYDEN.

As I would fain contribute to make womankind, which is the most beautiful part of the creation, entirely amiable, and wear out all those little spots and blemishes that are apt to rise among the charms which nature has poured out upon them, I shall dedicate this paper to their service. The spot which I would here endeavour to clear them of is that party-rage which, of late years, has very much crept into their conversation. This is, in its nature, a male vice, and made up of many angry and cruel passions, that are altogether repugnant to the softness, the modesty, and those other endearing qualities which are natural to the fair sex. Women were formed to temper mankind, and sooth them into tenderness and compassion ; not to set an edge upon their minds, and blow up in them those passions which are too apt to rise of their own accord. When I have seen a pretty mouth uttering calumnies and invectives, what would I not have given to have stopped it. How I have been troubled to see some of the finest features in the world grow pale, and tremble with party-rage. Camilla is one of

the greatest beauties in the British nation, and yet values herself more upon being the virago of one party than upon being the toast of both. The dear creature, about a week ago, encountered the fierce and beautiful Penthesilea across a teatable ; but, in the height of her anger, as her hand chanced to shake with the earnestness of the dispute, she scalded her fingers, and spilled a dish of tea upon her petticoat. Had not this accident broke off the debate, nobody knows where it would have ended.

There is one consideration which I would earnestly recommend to all my female readers, and which, I hope, will have some weight with them. In short, it is this, that there is nothing so bad for the face as party-zeal. It gives an ill-natured cast to the eye, and a disagreeable sourness to the look ; besides that, it makes the lines too strong, and flushes them worse than brandy. I have seen a woman's face break out in heats as she has been talking against a great lord whom she had never seen in her life ; and, indeed, I never knew a party-woman that kept her beauty for a twelvemonth. I would therefore advise all my female readers, as they value their complexions, to let alone all disputes of this nature ; though, at the same time, I would give free liberty to all superannuated motherly partisans to be as violent as they please, since there will be no danger either of their spoiling their faces, or of their gaining converts.

For my own part, I think a man makes an odious and despicable figure that is violent in a party ; but a woman is too sincere to mitigate the fury of her principles with temper and discretion, and to act with that temper and reservedness which are requisite in our sex. When this unnatural zeal gets into them, it throws them into ten thousand heats and extravagances ; their generous souls set no bounds to their love, or to their hatred ; and whether a Whig or Tory, a lapdog or a gallant, an opera

or a puppet-show, be the object of it, the passion, while it reigns, engrosses the whole woman.

When the wife of Hector, in Homer's Iliad, discourses with her husband about the battle in which he was going to engage, the hero, desiring her to leave the matter to his care, bids her to go to her maids and mind her spinning: by which the poet intimates, that men and women ought to busy themselves in their proper spheres, and on such matters only as are suitable to their respective sex. C.

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## CHURCH MUSIC.

“Favete linguis.”

HOR.

“With mute attention wait.”

I HAVE often wondered to hear men of good sense and good nature profess a dislike to music, when, at the same time, they do not scruple to own that it has the most agreeable and improving influence over their minds: it seems to me an unhappy contradiction, that those persons should have an indifference for an art which raises in them such a variety of sublime pleasures:

However, though some few, by their own or the unreasonable prejudices of others, may be led into a distaste for those musical societies which are erected merely for entertainment, yet sure I may venture to say, that no one can have the least reason for disaffection to that solemn kind of melody which consists of the praises of our Creator.

You have, I presume, already prevented me in an argument upon this occasion, which some divines have successfully advanced upon a much greater,



that musical sacrifice and adoration has claimed a place in the laws and customs of the most different nations; as the Grecians and Romans of the profane, the Jews and Christians of the sacred world, did as unanimously agree in this as they disagreed in all other parts of their economy.

I know there are not wanting some who are of opinion that the pompous kind of music which is in use in foreign churches is the most excellent, as it most affects our senses. But I am swayed by my judgment to the modesty which is observed in the musical part of our devotions. Methinks there is something very laudable in the custom of a voluntary before the first lesson: by this we are supposed to be prepared for the admission of those divine truths which we are shortly to receive. We are then to cast all worldly regards from off our hearts; all tumults within are then becalmed, and there should be nothing near the soul but peace and tranquillity. So that, in this short office of praise, the man is raised above himself, and is almost lost already amid the joys of futurity.

I have heard some nice observers frequently commend the policy of our church in this particular, that it leads us on by such easy and regular methods, that we are perfectly deceived into piety. When the spirits begin to languish (as they too often do with a constant series of petitions), she takes care to allow them a pious respite, and relieves them with the raptures of an anthem. Nor can we doubt that the sublimest poetry, softened in the most moving strains of music, can ever fail of humbling or exalting the soul to any pitch of devotion. Who can hear the terrors of the Lord of Hosts described in the most expressive melody, without being awed into veneration? Or who can hear the kind and endearing attributes of a merciful Father, and not be softened into love towards him?

As the rising and sinking of the passions, the



casting soft or noble hints into the soul, is the natural privilege of music in general, so more particularly of that kind which is employed at the altar. Those impressions which it leaves upon the spirits are more deep and lasting, as the grounds from which it receives its authority are founded more upon reason. It diffuses a calmness all around us; it makes us drop all those vain or immodest thoughts which would be a hinderance to us in the performance of that great duty of thanksgiving, which, as we are informed by our Almighty Benefactor, is the most acceptable return which can be made for those infinite stores of blessings which he daily condescends to pour down upon his creatures. When we make use of this pathological method of addressing ourselves to Him, we can scarce contain from raptures! The heart is warmed with a sublimity of goodness! We are all piety and all love!

How do the blessed spirits rejoice and wonder, to behold unthinking man prostrating his soul to his dread Sovereign in such a warmth of piety as they themselves might not be ashamed of!

I shall close these reflections with a passage taken out of the third book of Milton's *Paradise Lost*, where those harmonious beings are thus nobly described :

“ Then crown'd again, their golden harps they took,  
Harps ever tuned, that, glitt'ring by their side,  
Like quivers hung, and with preamble sweet  
Of charming symphony, they introduce  
The sacred song, and waken raptures high :  
No one exempt, no voice but well could join  
Melodious part, such concord is in Heav'n.”

## CLEANLINESS.

“Simplex munditiis.”

HOR.

“Charms neat without the help of art.”

CREECH.

I HAD occasion to go a few miles out of town some days since, in a stagecoach, where I had for my fellow-travellers a dirty beau and a pretty young Quaker woman. Having no inclination to talk much at that time, I placed myself backward, with a design to survey them, and pick a speculation out of my two companions. Their different figures were sufficient, of themselves, to draw my attention. The gentleman was dressed in a suit, the ground whereof had been black, as I perceived from some few spaces that had escaped the powder, which was incorporated with the greatest part of his coat: his periwig, which cost no small sum, was after so slovenly a manner cast over his shoulders, that it seemed not to have been combed since the year 1712; his linen, which was not much concealed, was daubed with plain Spanish from the chin to the lowest button; and the diamond upon his finger (which naturally dreaded the water) put me in mind how it sparkled amid the rubbish of the mine where it was first discovered. On the other hand, the pretty Quaker appeared in all the elegance of cleanliness. Not a speck was to be found upon her. A clear, clean oval face, just edged about with little thin plaits of the purest cambric, received great advantages from the shade of her black hood; as did the whiteness of her arms from that sober-coloured stuff in which she had clothed herself. The plainness of her dress

was very well suited to the simplicity of her phrases; all which, put together, though they could not give me a great opinion of her religion, they did of her innocence.

This adventure occasioned my throwing together a few hints upon cleanliness, which I shall consider as one of the half virtues, as Aristotle calls them, and shall recommend it under the three following heads: as it is a mark of politeness; as it produces love; and as it bears analogy to purity of mind.

First, It is a mark of politeness. It is universally agreed upon, that no one, unadorned with this virtue, can go into company without giving a manifest offence. The easier or higher any one's fortune is, this duty rises proportionably. The different nations of the world are as much distinguished by their cleanliness as by their arts and sciences. The more any country is civilized, the more they consult this part of politeness. We need but compare our ideas of a female Hottentot and an English beauty, to be satisfied of the truth of what hath been advanced.

In the next place, cleanliness may be said to be the foster-mother of love. Beauty indeed most commonly produces that passion in the mind, but cleanliness preserves it. An indifferent face and person, kept in perpetual neatness, hath won many a heart from a pretty slattern. Age itself is not unamiable while it is preserved clean and unsullied; like a piece of metal constantly kept smooth and bright, we look on it with more pleasure than on a new vessel that is cankered with rust.

I must observe farther, that as cleanliness renders us agreeable to others, so it makes us easy to ourselves, that it is an excellent preservative of health; and that several vices, destructive both to mind and body, are inconsistent with the habit of it. But these reflections I shall leave to the leisure of my readers, and shall observe, in the third place, that

it bears a great analogy with purity of mind, and naturally inspires refined sentiments and passions.

We find from experience, that through the prevalence of custom, the most vicious actions lose their horror by being made familiar to us. On the contrary, those who live in the neighbourhood of good examples, fly from the first appearances of what is shocking. It fares with us much after the same manner as our ideas. Our senses, which are the inlets to all the images conveyed to the mind, can only transmit the impression of such things as usually surround them. So that pure and unsullied thoughts are naturally suggested to the mind by those objects that perpetually encompass us, when they are beautiful and elegant in their kind.

In the East, where the warmth of the climate makes cleanliness more immediately necessary than in colder countries, it is made one part of their religion: the Jewish law and the Mohammedan, which in some things copies after it, is filled with bathings, purifications, and other rites of the like nature. Though there is the above-named convenient reason to be assigned for these ceremonies, the chief intention undoubtedly was to typify inward purity and cleanliness of heart by those outward washings. We read several injunctions of this kind in the book of Deuteronomy, which confirm this truth; and which are but ill-accounted for by saying, as some do, that they were only instituted for convenience in the desert, which otherwise could not have been habitable for so many years.

I shall conclude this essay with a story which I have somewhere read in an account of Mohammedan superstitions.

A dervis of great sanctity one morning had the misfortune, as he took up a crystal cup which was consecrated to the Prophet, to let it fall upon the ground and dash it in pieces. His son coming in some time after he stretched out his hand to bless

him, as his manner was every morning : but the youth, going out, stumbled over the threshold and broke his arm. As the old man wondered at these events, a caravan passed by in its way from Mecca. The dervis approached it to beg a blessing ; but, as he stroked one of the holy camels, he received a kick from the beast that sorely bruised him. His sorrow and amazement increased upon him, until he recollected that, through hurry and inadvertence, he had that morning come abroad without washing his hands.

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### IMMODERATE LOVE OF PRAISE.

“ Cupias non placuisse nimis.”

MART.

“ One would not please too much.”

A LATE conversation which I fell into gave me an opportunity of observing a great deal of beauty in a very handsome woman, and as much wit in an ingenious man, turned into deformity in the one and absurdity in the other by the mere force of affectation. The fair one had something in her person upon which her thoughts were fixed, that she attempted to show to advantage in every look, word, and gesture. The gentleman was as diligent to do justice to his fine parts as the lady to her beauteous form. You might see his imagination on the stretch to find out something uncommon, and what they call bright, to entertain her ; while she writhed herself into as many different postures to engage him. When she laughed, her lips were to sever at a greater distance than ordinary, to show her teeth ; her fan was to point to somewhat at a

distance, that in the reach she may discover the roundness of her arm; then she is utterly mistaken in what she saw, falls back, smiles at her own folly, and is wholly discomposed, that her tucker is to be adjusted, her bosom exposed, and the whole woman put into new airs and graces. While she was doing all this, the gallant had time to think of something very pleasant to say next to her, or make some unkind observation on some other lady, to feed her vanity. These unhappy effects of affectation naturally led me to look into that strange state of mind which so generally discolours the behaviour of most people we meet with.

The learned Dr. Burnet, in his Theory of the Earth, takes occasion to observe, that every thought is attended with consciousness and representativeness; the mind has nothing presented to it but what is immediately followed by a reflection or conscience, which tells you whether that which was so presented is graceful or unbecoming. This act of the mind discovers itself in the gesture, by a proper behaviour in those whose consciousness goes no farther than to direct them in the just progress of their present state or action; but betrays an interruption in every second thought, when the consciousness is employed in too fondly approving a man's own conceptions; which sort of consciousness is what we call affectation.

As the love of praise is implanted in our bosoms as a strong incentive to worthy actions, it is a very difficult task to get above a desire of it for things that should be wholly indifferent. Women, whose hearts are fixed upon the pleasure they have in the consciousness that they are the objects of love and admiration, are ever changing the air of their countenances, and altering the attitude of their bodies, to strike the hearts of their beholders with new sense of their beauty. The dressing part of our sex, whose minds are the same with the sillier part



of the other, are exactly in the like uneasy condition to be regarded for a well-tied cravat, a hat cocked with an uncommon briskness, a very well-chosen coat, or other instances of merit, which they are impatient to see unobserved.

This apparent affectation, arising from an ill-governed consciousness, is not so much to be wondered at in such loose and trivial minds as these: but when you see it reign in characters of worth and distinction, it is what you cannot but lament, not without some indignation. It creeps into the heart of the wise man as well as that of the coxcomb. When you see a man of sense look about for applause, and discover an itching inclination to be commended; lay traps for a little incense, even from those whose opinion he values in nothing but his own favour, who is safe against this weakness, or who knows whether he is guilty of it or not? The best way to get clear of such a light fondness for applause, is to take all possible care to throw off the love of it upon occasions that are not in themselves laudable, but as it appears we hope for no praise from them. Of this nature are all graces in men's persons, dress, and bodily deportment, which will naturally be winning and attractive if we think not of them, but lose their force in proportion to our endeavour to make them such.

When our consciousness turns upon the main design of life, and our thoughts are employed upon the chief purpose either in business or pleasure, we shall never betray an affectation, for we cannot be guilty of it: but when we give the passion of praise an unbridled liberty, our pleasure in little perfections robs us of what is due to us for great virtues and worthy qualities. How many excellent speeches and honest actions are lost for want of being indifferent where we ought? Men are oppressed with regard to their way of speaking and acting, instead of having their thoughts bent upon

what they should do or say; and by those means bury a capacity for great things by their fear of failing in indifferent things. This, perhaps, cannot be called affectation; but it has some tincture of it, at least so far as that their fear of erring in a thing of no consequence, argues they would be too much pleased in performing it.

It is only from a thorough disregard to himself in such particulars that a man can act with a laudable sufficiency: his heart is fixed upon one point in view; and he commits no errors, because he thinks nothing an error but what deviates from that intention.

The wild havoc affectation makes in that part of the world which should be most polite, is visible wherever we turn our eyes: it pushes men not only into impertinences in conversation, but also in their premeditated speeches. At the bar it torments the bench, whose business it is to cut off all superfluities in what is spoken before it by the practitioner, as well as several little pieces of injustice which arise from the law itself. I have seen it make a man run from the purpose before a judge, who was, when at the bar himself, so close and logical a pleader, that with all the pomp of eloquence in his power, he never spoke a word too much.\*

It might be borne even here, but it often ascends the pulpit itself; and the declaimer, in that sacred place, is frequently so impertinently witty, speaks of the last day itself with so many quaint phrases, that there is no man who understands raillery but must resolve to sin no more. Nay, you may behold him sometimes in prayer, for a proper delivery of the great truths he is to utter, humble himself with so very well-turned phrase, and mention his own unworthiness in a way so very becoming, that

\* Chancellor Cowper.

the air of the pretty gentleman is preserved under the lowliness of the preacher.

I shall end this with a short letter I wrote the other day to a very witty man, overrun with the fault I am speaking of.

“DEAR SIR,

“I spent some time with you the other day, and must take the liberty of a friend to tell you of the insufferable affectation you are guilty of in all you say and do. When I gave you a hint of it, you asked me whether a man is to be cold to what his friends think of him. No, but praise is not to be the entertainment of every moment. He that hopes for it must be able to suspend the possession of it till proper periods of life, or death itself. If you would not rather be commended than be praiseworthy, condemn little merits; and allow no man to be so free with you as to praise you to your face. Your vanity by these means will want its food. At the same, time your passion for esteem will be more fully gratified; men will praise you in their actions; where you now receive any compliment, you will then receive twenty civilities; till then, you will never have of either.”

T.

## PUNS.

"Non equidem studeo, bullatis ut mihi nugis  
Pagina turgescat, dare pondus idonea fumo."

PERS., *Sat.*, v., 19.

"'Tis not indeed my talent to engage  
In lofty trifles, or to swell my page  
With wind and noise."

DRYDEN.

THERE is no kind of false wit which has been so recommended by the practice of all ages, as that which consists in a jingle of words, and is comprehended under the general name of Punning. It is, indeed, impossible to kill a weed which the soil has a natural disposition to produce. The seeds of punning are in the minds of all men; and, though they be subdued by reason, reflection, and good sense, they will be very apt to shoot up in the greatest genius that is not broken and cultivated by the rules of art. Imitation is natural to us; and when it does not raise the mind to poetry, painting, music, or other noble arts, it often breaks out in puns and quibbles.

Aristotle, in the eleventh chapter of his book of rhetoric, describes two or three kinds of puns, which he calls paragrams, among the beauties of good writing, and produces instances of them out of some of the greatest authors in the Greek tongue. Cicero has sprinkled several of his works with puns; and in his book, where he lays down the rules of oratory, quotes abundance of sayings as pieces of wit, which also, upon examination, prove arrant puns. But the age in which the pun chiefly flourished was in the reign of King James the First. That learned monarch was himself a tolerable pun-

ster, and made very few bishops or privy counselors that had not some time or other signalized themselves by a clinch or a conundrum. It was, therefore, in this age that the pun appeared with pomp and dignity. It had before been admitted into merry speeches and ludicrous compositions, but was now delivered with great gravity from the pulpit, or pronounced in the most solemn manner at the council table. The greatest authors, in their most serious works, made frequent use of puns. The sermons of Bishop Andrews, and the tragedies of Shakspeare, are full of them. The sinner was punned into repentance by the former, as in the latter nothing is more usual than to see a hero weeping and quibbling for a dozen lines together.

I must add to these great authorities, which seem to have given a kind of sanction to this piece of false wit, that all the writers of rhetoric have treated of punning with very great respect, and divided the several kinds of it into hard names, that are reckoned among the figures of speech, and recommended as ornaments in discourse. I remember a country schoolmaster of my acquaintance told me once that he had been in company with a gentleman whom he looked upon to be the greatest paragrammatist among the moderns. Upon inquiry, I found my learned friend had dined that day with Mr. Swan, the famous punster; and desiring him to give me some account of Mr. Swan's conversation, he told me that he generally talked in the *paranomasia*; that he sometimes gave in to the *ploce*; but that, in his humble opinion, he shined most in the *antanaclasis*.

I must not here omit, that a famous university of this land was formerly very much infested with puns; but whether or no this might not arise from the fens and marshes in which it was situated, and which are now drained, I must leave to the determination of more skilful naturalists.

After this short history of punning, one would wonder how it should be so entirely banished out of the learned world as it is at present, especially since it had found a place in the writings of the most ancient polite authors. To account for this, we must consider that the first race of authors, who were the great heroes in writing, were destitute of all rules and arts of criticism; and for that reason, though they excel later writers in greatness of genius, they fall short of them in accuracy and correctness. The moderns cannot reach their beauties, but can avoid their imperfections. When the world was furnished with these authors of the first eminence, there grew up another set of writers, who gained themselves a reputation by the remarks which they made on the works of those who preceded them. It was one of the employments of these secondary authors to distinguish the several kinds of wit by terms of art, and to consider them as more or less perfect, according as they were founded in truth. It is no wonder, therefore, that even such authors as Isocrates, Plato, and Cicero, should have such little blemishes as are not to be met with in authors of a much inferior character, who have written since those several blemishes were discovered. I do not find that there was a proper separation made between puns and true wit by any of the ancient authors except Quintilian and Longinus. But, when this distinction was once settled, it was very natural for all men of sense to agree in it. As for the revival of this false wit, it happened about the time of the revival of letters; but, as soon as it was once detected, it immediately vanished and disappeared. At the same time, there is no question but, as it has sunk in one age and risen in another, it will again recover itself in some distant period of time, as pedantry and ignorance shall prevail upon wit and sense. And, to speak the truth, I do very much apprehend, by some of



the late productions, which have had their sets of admirers, that our posterity will in a few years degenerate into a race of punsters; at least, a man may be very excusable for any apprehensions of this kind, that has seen acrostics handed about the town with great secrecy and applause; to which I must also add a little epigram, called 'The Witches' Prayer, that fell into verse when it was read either backward or forward, excepting only that it cursed one way and blessed the other.\* When one sees there are actually such pains-takers among our British wits, who can tell what it may end in? If we must lash one another, let it be with the manly strokes of wit and satire: for I am of the old philosopher's opinion, that if I must suffer from one or the other, I would rather it should be from the paw of a lion than the hoof of an ass. I do not speak this out of any spirit of party. There is a most crying dulness on both sides. I have seen Tory acrostics and Whig anagrams, and do not quarrel with either of them because they are Whigs or Tories, but because they are anagrams and acrostics.

But to return to punning. Having pursued the history of a pun from its original to its downfall, I shall here define it to be a conceit arising from the use of two words that agree in the sound, but differ in the sense. The only way, therefore, to try a piece of wit, is to translate it into a different language. If it bears the test, you may pronounce it true: but if it vanishes in the experiment, you may conclude it to have been a pun. In short, one may say of a pun as the countryman describes his nightingale, that it is *vox et præterea nihil*, a sound, and nothing but a sound. On the contrary, one may represent true wit by the description which Aristonetus makes of a fine woman; when she is dressed, she is beautiful; when she is undressed, she is beau-

\* Are not the modern *cross readings* of the newspapers to be equally censured?

tiful; or, as Mercerus has translated it more emphatically, *induitur, formosa est: exuitur, ipsa forma est.\**

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## DULNESS THE PARENT OF INDECENCY.

“Torquet ab obscenis jam nunc sermonibus aurem.”

HOR.

“He from the taste obscene reclaims our youth.”

“MR. SPECTATOR,

“My fortune, quality, and person are such as render me as conspicuous as any young woman in town. It is in my power to enjoy it in all its vanities; but I have, from a very careful education, contracted a great aversion to the forward air and fashion which is practised in all public places and assemblies. I attribute this very much to the style and manner of our plays. I was last night at the *Funeral*, where a confident lover in the play, speaking of his mistress, cries out, ‘Oh that Harriot! to fold these arms about the waist of that beauteous, struggling, and, at last, yielding fair!’ Such an image as this ought, by no means, to be presented to a chaste and regular audience. I expect your opinion of this sentence, and recommend to your consideration as a Spectator the conduct of the stage at present with relation to chastity and modesty.

“I am, sir,

“Your constant reader and well-wisher.”

The complaint of this young lady is so just, that the offence is gross enough to have displeased persons who cannot pretend to that delicacy and mod-

\* “Dressed she is beautiful, undressed she is beauty’s self.”

esty of which she is mistress. But there is a great deal to be said in behalf of an author. If the audience would but consider the difficulty of keeping up a sprightly dialogue for five acts together, they would allow a writer, when he wants wit, and cannot please any otherwise, to help it out with a little smuttiness. I will answer for the poets, that no one ever wrote bawdry for any other reason but dearth of invention. When the author cannot strike out of himself any more of that which he has superior to those who make up the bulk of his audience, his natural recourse is to that which he has in common with them: and a description which gratifies a sensual appetite will please, when the author has nothing about him to delight a refined imagination. It is to such a poverty we must impute this and all other sentences in plays which are of this kind, and which are commonly termed luscious expressions.\*

This expedient to supply the deficiencies of wit has been used more or less by most of the authors who have succeeded on the stage; though I know but one who has professedly written a play upon the basis of the desire of multiplying our species, and that is the polite Sir George Etheridge; if I understand what the lady would be at in the play called *She would if she could*. Other poets have here and there given an intimation that there is this design under all the disguises and affectations which a lady may put on: but no author, except this, has made sure work of it, and put the imaginations of the audience upon this one purpose from the beginning to

\* To the honour of the author of this paper, he practised the lessons which he taught, and did not reject good advice from whatever quarter it came. He published this lady's letter, and approved of her indignation. He submitted to her censure, condemned himself publicly, and corrected the obnoxious passage of his play in a subsequent edition, which was published in 1712. Yet such an expression as the above is delicacy itself when compared with some of the impassioned apostrophes of *Otway* and *Rowe*, or even with many of the feebler attempts of modern dramatists.

the end of the comedy. It has always fared accordingly; for, whether it be that all who go to this piece would if they could, or that the innocent go to it to guess only what *she would if she could*, the play has always been well received.

It lifts a heavy, empty sentence when there is added to it a lascivious gesture of body; and when it is too low to be raised even by that, a flat meaning is enlivened by making it a double one. Writers who want genius never fail of keeping this secret in reserve, to create a laugh or raise a clap. I, who know nothing of women but from seeing plays, can give great guesses at the whole structure of the fair sex, by being innocently placed in the pit, and insulted by the petticoats of their dancers, the advantages of whose pretty persons are a great help to a dull play. When a poet flags in writing lusciously, a pretty girl can move lasciviously, and have the same good consequence for the author. Dull poets, in this case, use their audiences as dull parasites do their patrons; when they cannot longer divert them with their wit or humour, they bait their ears with something which is agreeable to their temper, though below their understanding. Apicius cannot resist being pleased if you give him an account of a delicious meal: or Clodius, if you describe a wanton beauty; though, at the same time, if you do not awake those inclinations in them, no men are better judges of what is just and delicate in conversation. But, as I have before observed, it is easier to talk to the man than to the man of sense.

It is remarkable that the writers of least learning are best skilled in the luscious way. The poetesses of the age have done wonders in this kind; and we are obliged to the lady who wrote *Ibrahim*\* for introducing a preparatory scene to the very action,

\* Mrs. Mary Pix.

when the emperor throws his handkerchief as a signal for his mistress to follow him into the most retired part of the seraglio. It must be confessed, his Turkish majesty went off with a good air, but methought that we made but a sad figure who waited without. This ingenious gentlewoman, in this piece of bawdry, refined upon an author of the same sex,\* who, in the *Rover*, makes a country squire strip to his Holland drawers. For Blunt is disappointed, and the emperor is understood to go on to the utmost. The pleasantry of stripping almost naked has been since practised (where, indeed, it should have been begun) very successfully at Bartholomew fair.†

It is not here to be omitted, that, in one of the above-mentioned female compositions, the *Rover* is very frequently sent on the same errand; as, I take it, above once every act. This is not wholly unnatural; for, they say, the men authors draw themselves in their chief characters, and the women writers may be allowed the same liberty. Thus, as the male wit gives his hero great fortune, the female gives her heroine a good gallant at the end of the play. But, indeed, there is hardly a play one can go to, but the hero or fine gentleman of it struts off upon the same account, and leaves us to consider what good office he has put us to, or to employ ourselves as we please. To be plain, a man who frequents plays would have a very respectful notion of himself were he to recollect how often he has been used as pimp to ravishing tyrants or successful rakes. When the actors make their *exit* on this occasion, the ladies are sure to have an examining glance from the pit to see how they relish what passes; and a few lewd fools are very ready to employ their talents upon the composure or free-

\* Mrs. Behn.

† The appearance of Lady Mary, a rope-dancer at Bartholomew fair, gave occasion to this animadversion.



dom of their looks. Such incidents as these make ladies wholly absent themselves from the play-house; and others never miss the first day of a play,\* lest it should prove too luscious to admit their going with any countenance to it on the second.

If men of wit, who think fit to write for the stage, instead of this pitiful way of giving delight, would turn their thoughts upon raising it from such good natural impulses as are in the audience, but are choked up by vice and luxury, they would not only please, but befriend us at the same time. If a man had a mind to be new in his way of writing, might not he who is now represented as a fine gentleman, though he betrays the honour and bed of his neighbour and friend, and lies with half the women in the play, and is at last rewarded with her of the best character in it: I say, upon giving the comedy another cast, might not such a one divert the audience quite as well, if, at the catastrophe, he were found out for a traitor, and met with contempt accordingly? There is seldom a person devoted to above one darling vice at a time, so that there is room enough to catch at men's hearts to their good and advantage, if the poets will attempt it with the honesty which becomes their characters.

There is no man who loves his bottle or his mistress in a manner so very abandoned as not to be capable of relishing an agreeable character that is no way a slave to either of these pursuits. A man that is temperate, generous, valiant, chaste, faithful, and honest, may, at the same time, have wit, humour, mirth, good-breeding, and gallantry. While he exerts these latter qualities, twenty occasions might be invented to show he is master of the other noble virtues. Such characters would smite

\* On the first night of the exhibition of a new play, virtuous women about this time came to see it in masks, then generally worn by women of the town.



and reprove the heart of a man of sense when he is given up to his pleasures. He would see he has been mistaken all this while, and be convinced that a sound constitution and an innocent mind are the true ingredients for becoming and enjoying life. All men of true taste would call a man of wit, who should turn his ambition in this way, a friend and benefactor to his country; but I am at a loss what name they would give him who makes use of his capacity for contrary purposes. R.

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## THE PICTS AND THE BRITISH LADIES.

“Tu non inventa reperta es.”

OVID'S *Met.*, i., 654.

“So found, is worse than lost.”

ADDISON.

COMPASSION for the gentleman who writes the following letter should not prevail upon me to fall upon the fair sex, if it were not that I find they are frequently fairer than they ought to be. Such impostures are not to be tolerated in civil society, and I think his misfortune ought to be made public, as a warning for other men always to examine into what they admire.

“SIR,

“Supposing you to be a person of general knowledge, I make my application to you on a very particular occasion. I have a great mind to be rid of my wife, and hope, when you consider my case, you will be of opinion I have very just pretensions to a divorce. I am a mere man of the town, and have very little improvement but what I have got from plays. I remember in the *Silent Woman*, the

learned Dr. Cutbert or Dr. Otter (I forget which) makes one of the causes of separation to be *error personæ*, when a man marries a woman, and finds her not to be the same woman whom he intended to marry, but another. If that be law, it is, I presume, exactly my case. For you are to know, Mr. Spectator, that there are women who do not let their husbands see their faces till they are married.

“Not to keep you in suspense, I mean plainly that part of the sex who paint. They are, some of them, so exquisitely skilful in this way, that, give them but a tolerable pair of eyes to set up with, and they will make bosom, lips, cheeks, and eyebrows by their own industry. As for my dear, never man was so enamoured as I was of her fair forehead, neck, and arms, as well as the bright jet of her hair; but, to my great astonishment, I find they were all the effect of art. Her skin is so tarnished with this practice, that, when she first wakes in a morning, she scarce seems young enough to be the mother of her whom I carried to bed the night before. I shall take the liberty to part with her by the first opportunity, unless her father will make her portion suitable to her real, not to her assumed countenance. This I thought fit to let him and her know by your means.

“I am, sir,

“Your most obedient humble servant.”

I cannot tell what the law or the parents of the lady will do for this injured gentleman, but must allow he has very much justice on his side. I have, indeed, very long observed this evil, and distinguished those of our women who wear their own from those in borrowed complexions by the Picts and the British. There does not need any great discernment to judge which are which. The British have a lively, animated aspect; the Picts, though never so beautiful, have dead, uninformed counte-

nances. The muscles of a real face sometimes swell with soft passion, sudden surprise, and are flushed with agreeable confusions, according as the objects before them, or the ideas presented to them, affect their imagination. But the Picts behold all things with the same air, whether they are joyful or sad; the same fixed insensibility appears upon all occasions. A Pict, though she takes all that pains to invite the approach of lovers, is obliged to keep them at a certain distance; a sigh in a languishing lover, if fetched too near her, would dissolve a feature; and a kiss snatched by a forward one might transfer the complexion of the mistress to the admirer. It is hard to speak of these false fair ones without saying something uncomplaisant; but I would only recommend to them to consider how they like coming into a room new painted: they may assure themselves, the near approach of a lady who uses this practice is much more offensive.

Will Honeycomb told us one day an adventure he once had with a Pict. This lady had wit, as well as beauty, at will, and made her business to gain hearts for no other reason but to rally the torments of her lovers. She would make great advances to insnare men, but, without any manner of scruple, break off when there was no provocation. Her ill-nature and vanity made my friend very easily proof against the charms of her wit and conversation: but her beauteous form, instead of being blemished by her falsehood and inconstancy, every day increased upon him, and she had new attractions every time he saw her. When she observed Will irrevocably her slave, she began to use him as such, and, after many steps towards such a cruelty, she at last utterly banished him. The unhappy lover strove in vain, by servile epistles, to revoke his doom; till at length he was forced to the last refuge, a round sum of money to her maid. This corrupt attendant placed him early in the morning behind the hang-

ings in her mistress's dressing-room. He stood very conveniently to observe, without being seen. The Pict begins the face she designed to wear that day, and I have heard him protest she had worked a full half hour before he knew her to be the same woman. As soon as he saw the dawn of that complexion for which he had so long languished, he thought fit to break from his concealment, repeating that of Cowley :

“Th’ adorning thee with so much art  
Is but a barbarous skill ;  
’Tis like the pois’ning of a dart,  
Too apt before to kill.”

The Pict stood before him in the utmost confusion, with the prettiest smirk imaginable on the finished side of her face, pale as ashes on the other. Honeycomb seized all her gallipots and washes, and carried off his handkerchief full of brushes, scraps of Spanish wool, and vials of unguents. The lady went into the country, the lover was cured.

It is certain no faith ought to be kept with cheats, and an oath made to a Pict is of itself void. I would therefore exhort all the British ladies to single them out, nor do I know any but Lindamira who should be exempt from discovery ; for her own complexion is so delicate, that she ought to be allowed the covering it with paint, as a punishment for choosing to be the worst piece of art extant instead of the masterpiece of nature.

In the mean time, as a pattern for improving their charms, let the sex study the agreeable Statira. Her features are enlivened with the cheerfulness of her mind, and good-humour gives an alacrity to her eyes. She is graceful without affecting an air, and unconcerned without appearing careless. Her having no manner of art in her mind makes her want none in her person.

How like is this lady, and how unlike is a Pict,

to that description Dr. Donne gives of his mistress ?

“ Her pure and eloquent blood  
Spoke in her cheeks, and so distinctly wrought,  
That one would almost say her body thought.”

R.

## THE DIGNITY OF MAN A PROOF OF HIS IMMORTALITY.

“ Sentio te sedem hominum ac domum contemplari ; quæ si tibi parva (ut est) ita videtur, hæc cælestia semper spectato ; illa humana contemnito.—CICERO, *Somn. Scip.*

“ I perceive you contemplate the seat and habitation of men : which, if it appears as little to you as it really is, fix your eyes perpetually upon heavenly objects, and despise earthly.”

If the universe be the creature of an intelligent mind, this mind could have no immediate regard to himself in producing it. He needed not to make trial of his omnipotence to be informed what effects were within its reach : the world, as existing in his eternal idea, was then as beautiful as now it is drawn forth into being ; and in the immense abyss of his essence are contained far brighter scenes than will be ever set forth to view ; it being impossible that the great author of Nature should bound his own power by giving existence to a system of creatures so perfect that he cannot improve upon it by any other exertions of his almighty will. Between finite and infinite there is an unmeasured interval, not to be filled up in endless ages ; for which reason, the most excellent of all God's works must be equally short of what his power is able to produce as the most imperfect, and may be exceeded with the same ease.

This thought hath made some imagine (what, it



must be confessed, is not impossible), that the unfathomed space is ever teeming with new births, the younger still inheriting a greater perfection than the elder. But, as this doth not fall within my present view, I shall content myself with taking notice that the consideration now mentioned proves undeniably, that the ideal worlds in the divine understanding yield a prospect incomparably more ample, various, and delightful, than any created world can do ; and that, therefore, as it is not supposed that God should make a world merely of inanimate matter, however diversified, or inhabited only by creatures of no higher an order than brutes : so the end for which he designed his reasonable offspring in the contemplation of his works, the enjoyment of himself, and in both to be happy ; having, to this purpose, endowed them with correspondent faculties and desires. He can have no greater pleasure from a bare review of his works than from the survey of his own ideas ; but we may be assured that he is well pleased in the satisfaction derived to beings capable of it, and for whose entertainment he hath erected this immense theatre. Is not this more than an intimation of our immortality ? Man, who, when considered as on his probation for a happy existence hereafter, is the most remarkable instance of divine wisdom, if we cut him off from all relation to eternity, is the most wonderful and unaccountable composition in the whole creation. He hath capacities to lodge a much greater variety of knowledge than he will be ever master of, and an unsatisfied curiosity to tread the secret paths of nature and providence ; but, with this, his organs, in their present structure, are rather fitted to serve the necessities of a vile body than to minister to his understanding ; and from the little spot to which he is chained, he can frame but wandering guesses concerning the innumerable worlds of light that encompass him, which, though in themselves of a prodigious bigness, do but just glimmer



in the remote spaces of the heavens: and when, with a great deal of time and pains, he hath laboured a little way up the steep ascent of truth, and beholds with pity the grovelling multitude beneath, in a moment his foot slides, and he tumbles down headlong into the grave.

Thinking on this, I am obliged to believe, in justice to the Creator of the world, that there is another state, when man shall be better situated for contemplation, or, rather, have it in his power to remove from object to object and from world to world, and be accommodated with senses and other helps for making the quickest and most amazing discoveries. How does such a genius as Sir Isaac Newton, from amid the darkness that involves human understanding, break forth, and appear like one of another species! The vast machine we inhabit lies open to him; he seems not unacquainted with the general laws that govern it; and while, with the transport of a philosopher, he beholds and admires the glorious work, he is capable of paying at once a more devout and more rational homage to his Maker! But, alas! how narrow is the prospect even of such a mind! and how obscure to the compass that is taken in by the ken of an angel, or of a soul but newly escaped from its imprisonment of the body! For my part, I freely indulge my soul in the confidence of its future grandeur; it pleases me to think that I, who know so small a portion of the works of the Creator, and with slow and painful steps creep up and down on the surface of this globe, shall, ere long, shoot away with the swiftness of imagination, trace out the hidden springs of nature's operations, be able to keep pace with the heavenly bodies in the rapidity of their career, be a spectator of the long chain of events in the natural and moral worlds, visit the several apartments of the creation, know how they are furnished and how inhabited, compre-

hend the order, and measure the magnitudes and distances, of those orbs which to us seem disposed without any regular design, and set all in the same circle ; observe the dependance of the parts of each system, and (if our minds are big enough to grasp the theory) of the several systems upon one another, from whence results the harmony of the universe. In eternity a great deal may be done of this kind. I find it of use to cherish this generous ambition ; for, besides the secret refreshment it diffuses through my soul, it engages me in an endeavour to improve my faculties, as well as to exercise them conformably to the rank I now hold among reasonable beings, and the hope I have of being once advanced to a more exalted station.

The other, and that the ultimate end of man, is the enjoyment of God, beyond which he cannot form a wish. Dim at best are the conceptions we have of the Supreme Being, who, as it were, keeps his creatures in suspense, neither discovering nor hiding himself ; by which means the libertine hath a handle to dispute his existence, while the most are content to speak him fair, but in their heart prefer every trifling satisfaction to the favour of their Maker, and ridicule the good man for the singularity of his choice. Will there not a time come when the free-thinker shall see his impious schemes overturned, and be made a convert to the truth he hates ? when deluded mortals shall be convinced of the folly of their pursuits, and the few wise, who followed the guidance of Heaven, and, scorning the blandishments of sense and the sordid bribery of the world, aspired to a celestial abode, shall stand possessed of their utmost wish, the vision of the Creator ? Here the mind heaves a thought now and then towards him, and hath some transient glances of his presence ; when, in the instant it thinks itself to have the fastest hold, the object eludes its expectations, and it falls back, tired and

baffled, to the ground. Doubtless there is some more perfect way of conversing with heavenly beings. Are not spirits capable of mutual intelligence, unless immersed in bodies or by their intervention? Must superior natures depend on inferior for the main privilege of sociable beings, that of conversing with and knowing each other? What would they have done had matter never been created? I suppose, not have lived in eternal solitude. As incorporeal substances are of a nobler order, so be sure their manner of intercourse is answerably more expedite and intimate. This method of communication we call intellectual vision, as something analogous to the sense of seeing, which is the medium of our acquaintance with this visible world. And in some such way can God make himself the object of immediate intuition to the blessed; and as he can, it is not improbable that he will, always condescending, in the circumstances of doing it, to the weakness and proportion of finite minds. His works but faintly reflect the image of his perfections; it is a second-hand knowledge: to have a just idea of him, it may be necessary that we see him as he is. But what is that? It is something that never entered into the heart of man to conceive, yet what we can easily conceive will be a fountain of unspeakable and everlasting rapture. All created glories will fade and die away in his presence. Perhaps it will be my happiness to compare the world with the fair exemplar of it in the divine mind; perhaps to view the original plan of those wise designs that have been executing in a long succession of ages. Thus employed in finding out his works and contemplating their author, how shall I fall prostrate and adoring, my body swallowed up in the immensity of matter, my mind in the infinitude of his perfections!

## TRUE AND FALSE WIT.

## A DREAM.

• Humano capiti cervicem pictor equinam  
 Jungere si velit, et varias inducere plumas,  
 Undique collatis membris, ut turpiter atrum  
 Desinat in piscem mulier formosa superne ;  
 Spectatum admissi risum teneatis amici ?  
 Credite, Pisonis isti tabulæ, foræ librum  
 Persimilem, cujus, velut ægri somnia, vanæ  
 Finguntur species."

HOR., *Ars. Poet.*, ver. 1.

"If in a picture, 'Piso, you should see  
 A handsome woman with a fish's tail,  
 Or a man's head upon a horse's neck,  
 Or limbs of beast, of the most different kinds,  
 Cover'd with feathers of all sorts of birds ;  
 Would you not laugh, and think the painter mad ?  
 Trust me that book is as ridiculous,  
 Whose incoherent style; like sick men's dreams,  
 Varies all shapes, and mixes all extremes."

ROSCOMMON.

METHOUGHT I was transported into a country that was filled with prodigies and enchantments, governed by the Goddess of Falsehood, and entitled the Region of False Wit. There was nothing in the fields, the woods, and rivers, that appeared natural. Several of the trees blossomed in leaf-gold ; some of them produced bonelace, and some of them precious stones. The fountains bubbled in an opera tune, and were filled with stags, wild boars, and mermaids, that lived among the waters ; at the same time that dolphins and several kinds of fish played upon the banks, or took their pastime in the meadows. The birds had, many of them, golden beaks and human voices. The flowers perfumed the air

with smells of incense, ambergris, and pulvillios ;\* and were so interwoven with one another, that they grew up in pieces of embroidery. The winds were filled with sighs and messages of distant lovers. As I was walking to and fro in this enchanted wilderness, I could not forbear breaking out into soliloquies upon the several wonders which lay before me, when, to my great surprise, I found there were artificial echoes in every walk, that, by repetitions of certain words which I spoke, agreed with me or contradicted me in everything I said. In the midst of my conversation with these invisible companions, I discovered, in the centre of a very dark grove, a monstrous fabric built after the Gothic manner, and covered with innumerable devices in that barbarous kind of sculpture. I immediately went up to it, and found it to be a kind of heathen temple, consecrated to the god of Dulness. Upon my entrance, I saw the deity of the place, dressed in the habit of a monk, with a book in one hand and a rattle in the other. Upon his right hand was Industry, with a lump burning before her; and on his left Caprice, with a monkey sitting on her shoulder. Before his feet there stood an altar of a very odd make, which, as I afterward found, was shaped in that manner to comply with the inscription that surrounded it. Upon the altar there lay several offerings of axes, wings, and eggs, cut in paper and inscribed with verses. The temple was filled with votaries, who applied themselves to different diversions, as their fancies directed them. In one part of it I saw a regiment of Anagrams, who were continually in motion, turning to the right or to the left, facing about, doubling their ranks, shifting their stations, and throwing themselves into all the figures and countermarches of the most changeable and perplexed exercise.

\* Sweet scents.



Not far from these was a body of Acrostics, made up of very disproportioned persons. It was disposed into three columns, the officers planting themselves in a line on the left hand of each column. The officers were all of them at least six feet high, and made three rows of very proper men ; but the common soldiers, who filled up the spaces between the officers, were such dwarfs, cripples, and scarecrows, that one could hardly look upon them without laughing. There were behind the Acrostics two or three files of Chronograms, which differed only from the former, as their officers were equipped (like the figure of Time) with an hourglass in one hand and a scythe in the other, and took their posts promiscuously among the private men whom they commanded.

In the body of the temple, and before the very face of the deity, methought I saw the phantom of Tryphiodorus, the lipogrammatist, engaged in a ball with four-and-twenty persons, who pursued him, by turns, through all the intricacies and labyrinths of a country dance, without being able to overtake him.

Observing several to be very busy at the western end of the temple, I inquired into what they were doing, and found there was in that quarter the great magazine of Rebuses. These were several things of the most different natures tied up in bundles, and thrown one upon another in heaps like fagots. You might behold an anchor, a night-rail, and a hobbyhorse bound up together. One of the workmen, seeing me very much surprised, told me, there was an infinite deal of wit in several of those bundles, and that he would explain them to me if I pleased : I thanked him for his civility, but told him I was in very great haste at that time. As I was going out of the temple, I observed in one corner of it a cluster of men and women laughing very heartily, and diverting themselves at a game of crambo.



I heard several Double Rhymes as I passed by them, which raised a great deal of mirth.

Not far from these was another set of merry people, engaged at a diversion in which the whole jest was to mistake one person for another. To give occasion for these ludicrous mistakes, they were divided into pairs, every pair being covered from head to foot with the same kind of dress, though perhaps there was not the least resemblance in their faces. By these means an old man was sometimes mistaken for a boy, a woman for a man, and a blackamoor for a European, which very often produced great peals of laughter. These I guessed to be a party of Puns. But, being very desirous to get out of this world of magic, which had almost turned my brain, I left the temple, and crossed over the fields that lay about it with all the speed I could make. I was not gone far before I heard the sound of trumpets and alarms, which seemed to proclaim the march of an enemy; and, as I afterward found, was in reality what I apprehended it. There appeared at a great distance a very shining light, and, in the midst of it, a person of a most beautiful aspect: her name was Truth. On her right hand there marched a male deity, who bore several quivers on his shoulders, and grasped several arrows in his hand; his name was Wit. The approach of these two enemies filled all the territories of False Wit with an unspeakable consternation, insomuch that the goddess of these regions appeared in person upon her frontiers, with the several inferior deities and the different bodies of forces which I had before seen in the temple, who were now drawn up in array, and prepared to give their foes a warm reception. As the march of the enemy was very slow, it gave time to the several inhabitants who bordered upon the regions of Falsehood to draw their forces into a body, with a design to stand

upon their guard as neuters, and attend the issue of the combat.

I must here inform my reader, that the frontiers of the enchanted region which I have before described were inhabited by the species of Mixed Wit, who made a very odd appearance when they were mustered together in an army. They were men whose bodies were stuck full of darts, and women whose eyes were burning-glasses : men that had hearts of fire, and women that had breasts of snow. It would be endless to describe several monsters of the like nature that composed this great army : which immediately fell asunder, and divided itself into two parts, the one half throwing themselves behind the banners of Truth, and the others behind those of Falsehood.

The Goddess of Falsehood was of a gigantic stature, and advanced some paces before the front of her army ; but, as the dazzling light which flowed from Truth began to shine upon her, she faded insensibly, insomuch that in a little space she looked rather like a huge phantom than a real substance. At length, as the Goddess of Truth approached still nearer to her, she fell away entirely, and vanished amid the brightness of her presence, so that there did not remain the least trace or impression of her figure in the place where she had been seen.

As, at the rising of the sun, the constellations grow thin, and the stars go out one after another, till the whole hemisphere is extinguished, such was the vanishing of the goddess : and not only of the goddess herself, but of the whole army that attended her, which sympathized with their leader, and shrunk into nothing in proportion as the goddess disappeared. At the same time the whole temple sunk, the fish betook themselves to the streams, and the wild beasts to the woods, the fountains recovered their murmurs, the birds their voices, the trees their leaves, the flowers their scents, and the whole face

of nature its true and genuine appearance. Though I still continued asleep, I fancied myself, as it were, awakened out of a dream when I saw the region of prodigies restored to woods and rivers, fields and meadows.

Upon the removal of that wild scene of wonders, which had very much disturbed my imagination, I took a full survey of the persons of Wit and Truth; for, indeed, it was impossible to look upon the first without seeing the other at the same time. There was behind them a strong, compact body of figures. The Genius of Heroic Poetry appeared, with a sword in her hand and a laurel on her head. Tragedy was crowned with cypress and covered with robes dipped in blood. Satire had smiles in her look and a dagger under her garment. Rhetoric was known by her thunderbolt, and Comedy by her mask. After several other figures, Epigram marched up in the rear, who had been posted there at the beginning of the expedition, that he might not revolt to the enemy, whom he was suspected to favour in his heart. I was very much awed and delighted with the appearance of the God of Wit: there was something so amiable, and yet so piercing in his looks, as inspired me at once with love and terror. As I was gazing on him, to my unspeakable joy, he took a quiver of arrows from his shoulder in order to make me a present of it; but, as I was reaching out my hand to receive it of him, I knocked it against a chair, and by that means awaked.

C.

[We shall add to these remarks of Addison the following opinion on Anagrams, Acrostics, &c., from another part of the Spectator.]

Several kinds of false wit, that vanished in the refined ages of the world, discovered themselves again in the times of monkish ignorance.

As the monks were the masters of all that little learning which was then extant, and had their whole lives entirely disengaged from business, it is no wonder that several of them, who wanted genius for higher performances, employed many hours in the composition of such tricks in writing as required much time and little capacity. I have seen half the *Æneid* turned into Latin rhymes by one of the *beaux esprits* of that dark age, who says in his preface to it, that the *Æneid* wanted nothing but the sweets of rhyme to make it the most perfect work in its kind. I have likewise seen a hymn in hexameters to the Virgin Mary, which filled a whole book, though it consisted but of the eight following words :

“Tot, tibi, sunt, Virgo, dotes, quot, sidera, cælo.”

“Thou hast as many virtues, oh Virgin, as there are stars in heaven.”

The poet rung the changes upon these eight several words, and by that means made his verses almost as numerous as the virtues and the stars which they celebrated. It is no wonder that men who had so much time upon their hands did not only restore all the antiquated pieces of false wit, but enrich the world with inventions of their own. It was to this age that we owe the production of anagrams, which is nothing else but a transmutation of one word into another, or the turning of the same set of letters into different words ; which may change night into day, or black into white, if Chance, who is the goddess that presides over these sorts of composition, shall so direct. I remember a witty author, in allusion to this kind of writing, calls his rival, who (it seems) was distorted, and had his limbs set in places that did not properly belong to them, *the anagram of a man*.

When the anagrammatist takes a name to work upon, he considers it at first as a mine not broken

up, which will not show the treasure it contains till he shall have spent many hours in the search of it; for it is his business to find out one word that conceals itself in another, and to examine the letters in all the variety of stations in which they can possibly be ranged. I have heard of a gentleman who, when this kind of wit was in fashion, endeavoured to gain his mistress's heart by it. She was one of the finest women of her age, and known by the name of the *Lady Mary Boon*. The lover, not being able to make anything of *Mary*, by certain liberties indulged to this kind of writing, converted it into *Moll*, and, after having shut himself up for half a year, with indefatigable industry, produced an anagram. Upon the presenting it to his mistress, who was a little vexed in her heart to see herself degraded into *Moll Boon*, she told him, to his infinite surprise, that he had mistaken her surname, for that it was not *Boon*, but *Bohun*.

“Ibi omnis  
Effusus labor”

The lover was thunderstruck with his misfortune, insomuch that a little time after he lost his senses, which, indeed, had been very much impaired by that continued application he had given to his anagram.

The acrostic was probably invented about the same time with the anagram, though it is impossible to decide whether the inventor of the one or the other were the greater blockhead. The *simple acrostic* is nothing but the name or title of a person or thing made out of the initial letters of several verses, and by that means written, after the manner of the Chinese, in a perpendicular line. But, besides these, there are *compound acrostics*, when the principal letters stand two or three deep. I have seen some of them where the verses have not only been edged by a name at each extremity, but



have had the same running down like a seam through the middle of the poem.

There is another near relation of the anagrams and acrostics, which is commonly called a *chronogram*. This kind of wit appears very often on many modern medals, especially those of Germany, when they represent in the inscription the year in which they were coined. Thus we see on a medal of Gustavus Adolphus the following words: *ChrIstVs DuX ergo trIVMphVs*. If you take the pains to pick the figures out of the several words, and range them in their proper order, you will find they amount to MDCXXVII, or 1627, the year in which the medal was stamped: for as some of the letters distinguish themselves from the rest, and overtop their fellows, they are to be considered in a double capacity, both as letters and as figures. Your laborious German wits will turn over a whole dictionary for one of these ingenious devices. A man would think they were searching after an apt classical term, but, instead of that, they are looking out a word that has an L, an M, or a D in it. When, therefore, we meet with any of these inscriptions, we are not so much to look in them for the thought as for the year of the Lord.

The *bouts rimez* were the favourites of the French nation for a whole age together, and that at a time when it abounded in wit and learning. They were a list of words that rhyme to one another, drawn up by another hand, and given to a poet, who was to make a poem to the rhymes in the same order that they were placed upon the list: the more uncommon the rhymes were, the more extraordinary was the genius of the poet that could accommodate his verses to them. I do not know any greater instance of the decay of wit and learning among the French (which generally follows the declension of empire) than the endeavouring to restore this foolish kind of wit.



## CHRISTIANITY THE PARENT OF SUBLIME ELOQUENCE.

"Omnia profecto, cum se a cœlestibus rebus referet ad humanas, excelsius magnificentiusque et dicet et sentiet."—CICERO.

"The contemplation of celestial things will make a man both speak and think more sublimely and magnificently when he descends to human affairs."

It was a very common inquiry among the ancients, why the number of excellent orators, under all the encouragements the most flourishing states could give them, fell so far short of the number of those who excelled in all other sciences. A friend of mine used merrily to apply to this case an observation of Herodotus, who says, that the most useful animals are the most fruitful in their generation, whereas the species of those beasts that are fierce and mischievous to mankind are but scarcely continued. The historian instances in a hare, which always either breeds or brings forth, and a lioness, which brings forth but once, and then loses all power of conception. But, leaving my friend to his mirth, I am of opinion, that in these latter ages we have greater cause of complaint than the ancients had. And since that solemn festival is approaching which calls for all the power of oratory, and which affords as noble a subject for the pulpit as any revelation has taught us, the design of this paper shall be to show, that our moderns have greater advantages towards true and solid eloquence than any which the celebrated speakers of antiquity enjoyed.

The first great and substantial difference is, that their common places, in which almost the whole force of amplification consists, were drawn from

the profit or honesty of the action, as they regarded only this present state of duration. But Christianity, as it exalts morality to a greater perfection, as it brings the consideration of another life into the question, as it proposes rewards and punishments of a higher nature and a longer continuance, is more adapted to affect the minds of the audience, naturally inclined to pursue what it imagines its greatest interest and concern. If Pericles, as historians report, could shake the firmest resolution of his hearers, and set the passions of all Greece in a ferment, when the present welfare of his country or the fear of hostile invasions was the subject, what may be expected from that orator who warns his audience against those evils which have no remedy, when once undergone, either from prudence or time? As much greater as the evils in a future state are than these at present, so much are the motives to persuasion under Christianity greater than those which mere moral consideration could supply us with. But what I now mention relates only to the power of moving the affections. There is another part of eloquence, which is indeed its masterpiece; I mean the marvellous or sublime. In this the Christian orator has the advantage beyond contradiction. Our ideas are so infinitely enlarged by revelation, the eye of reason has so wide a prospect into eternity, the notions of a Deity are so worthy and refined, and the accounts we have of a state of happiness or misery so clear and evident, that the contemplation of such objects will give our discourse a noble vigour, an invincible force, beyond the power of any human consideration. Tully requires, in his perfect orator, some skill in the nature of heavenly bodies, because, says he, his mind will become more extensive and unconfined; and when he descends to treat of human affairs, he will both think and write in a more exalted and magnificent manner. For the same reason, that excellent mas-

ter would have recommended the study of those great and glorious mysteries which revelation has discovered to us; to which the noblest parts of this system of the world are as much inferior as the creature is less excellent than its Creator. The wisest and most knowing among the heathens had very poor and imperfect notions of a future state. They had, indeed, some uncertain hopes, either received by tradition or gathered by reason, that the existence of virtuous men would not be determined by the separation of soul and body; but they either disbelieved a future state of punishment and misery; or, upon the same account that Apelles painted Antigonus with one side only towards the spectator, that the loss of his eye might not cast a blemish upon the whole piece, so these represented the condition of man in its fairest view, and endeavoured to conceal what they thought was a deformity to human nature. I have often observed, that whenever the above-mentioned orator, in his philosophical discourses, is led by his argument to the mention of immortality, he seems like one awakened out of sleep; roused and alarmed with the dignity of the subject, he stretches his imagination to conceive something uncommon, and, with the greatness of his thoughts, casts, as it were, a glory round the sentence. Uncertain and unsettled as he was, he seems fired with the contemplation of it. And nothing but such a glorious prospect could have forced so great a lover of truth as he was to declare his resolution never to part with his persuasion of immortality, though it should be proved to be an erroneous one. But had he lived to see all that Christianity has brought to light, how would he have lavished out all the force of eloquence in those noblest contemplations which human nature is capable of, the resurrection and the judgment that follows it? How had his breast glowed with pleasure, when the whole compass of futurity lay

open and exposed to his view? How would his imagination have hurried him on in the pursuit of the mysteries of the incarnation? How would he have entered, with the force of lightning, into the affections of his hearers, and fixed their attention, in spite of all the opposition of corrupt nature, upon those glorious themes which his eloquence hath painted in such lively and lasting colours?

This advantage Christians have; and it was with no small pleasure I lately met with a fragment of Longinus, which is preserved as a testimony of that critic's judgment, at the beginning of a manuscript of the New Testament in the Vatican library. After that author has numbered up the most celebrated orators among the Grecians, he says, "add to these Paul of Tarsus, the patron of an opinion not yet fully proved." As a heathen, he condemns the Christian religion; and as an impartial critic, he judges in favour of the promoter and preacher of it. To me it seems, that the latter part of his judgment adds great weight to his opinion of St. Paul's abilities, since, under all the prejudice of opinions directly opposite, he is constrained to acknowledge the merit of that apostle. And, no doubt, such as Longinus describes St. Paul, such he appeared to the inhabitants of those countries which he visited and blessed with those doctrines he was divinely commissioned to preach. Sacred story gives us, in one circumstance, a convincing proof of his eloquence, when the men of Lystra called him Mercury, "Because he was the chief speaker," and would have paid divine worship to him, as to the god who invented and presided over eloquence. This one account of our apostle sets his character, considered as an orator only, above all the celebrated relations of the skill and influence of Demosthenes and his contemporaries. Their power in speaking was admired, but still it was thought human: their eloquence warmed and ravished the hearers,

but still it was thought the voice of man, not the voice of God. What advantage, then, had St. Paul above those of Greece or Rome? I confess I can ascribe this excellence to nothing but the power of the doctrines he delivered, which may have still the same influence on the hearers; which have still the power, when preached by a skilful orator, to make us break out in the same expressions as the disciples, who met our Saviour in their way to Emmaus, made use of: "Did not our hearts burn within us when he talked to us by the way, and while he opened to us the scriptures?" I may be thought bold in my judgment by some; but I must affirm, that no one orator has left us so visible marks and footsteps of his eloquence as our apostle. It may perhaps be wondered at, that in his reasonings upon idolatry at Athens, where eloquence was born and flourished, he confines himself to strict argument only; but my reader may remember, what many authors of the best credit have assured us, that all attempts upon the affections and strokes of oratory were expressly forbidden by the laws of that country in courts of judicature. His want of eloquence, therefore, here, was the effect of his exact conformity to the laws; but his discourse on the resurrection to the Corinthians, his harangue before Agrippa upon his own conversion, and the necessity of that of others, are truly great, and may serve as full examples to those excellent rules for the sublime which the best of critics has left us. The sum of all this discourse is, that our clergy have no farther to look for an example of the perfection they may arrive at, than to St. Paul's harangues; that when he, under the want of several advantages of nature, as he himself tells us, was heard, admired, and made a standard to succeeding ages by the best judges of a different persuasion in religion, I say, our clergy may learn that, however instructive their sermons are, they are capable of receiving a



great addition, which St. Paul has given them a noble example of, and the Christian religion has furnished them with certain means of attaining to.

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## LONDON DESCRIBED BY FOUR INDIAN KINGS.

“Numquam aliud natura, aliud sapientia dixit.”

JUVENAL.

“Good taste and nature always speak the same.”

WHEN the four Indian kings\* were in this country about twelve months ago, I often mixed with the rabble, and followed them a whole day together, being wonderfully struck with the sight of everything that is new and uncommon. I have, since their departure, employed a friend to make many inquiries of their landlord, the upholsterer, relating to their manners and conversation, as also concerning the remarks which they made in this country: for, next to the forming a right notion of such strangers, I should be desirous of learning what ideas they have conceived of us.

The upholsterer, finding my friend very inquisitive about these his lodgers, brought him some time since a little bundle of papers, which he assured him were written by king Sa Ga Yean Qua Rash Tow, and, as he supposes, left behind by some mistake. These

\* “The Spectator is written by Steele, with Addison’s help; it is often very pretty. Yesterday it was made of a noble hint I gave him long ago for his Tattlers, about an Indian king, supposed to write his travels in England. I repent he ever had it. I intended to have written a book on that subject. I believe he has spent it all in one paper, and all the under hints there are mine too; but I never see him nor Addison.”—*Swift’s Letter to Mrs. Johnson, dated London, April 28, 1711.*



papers are now translated, and contain abundance of very odd observations, which I find this little fraternity of kings made during their stay in the isle of Great Britain. I shall present my reader with a short specimen of them in this paper, and may, perhaps, communicate more to him hereafter. In the article of London are the following words, which, without doubt, are meant of the church of St. Paul.

“On the most rising part of the town there stands a huge house, big enough to contain the whole nation of which I am king. Our good brother, E Tow O Koam, king of the Rivers, is of opinion it was made by the hands of that great God to whom it is consecrated. The kings of Granajah and of the Six Nations believe that it was created with the earth, and produced on the same day with the sun and moon. But, for my own part, by the best information that I could get of this matter, I am apt to think that this prodigious pile was fashioned into the shape it now bears by several tools and instruments, of which they have a wonderful variety in this country. It was probably, at first, a huge misshapen rock, that grew upon the top of the hill, which the natives of the country (after having cut it into a kind of regular figure) bored and hollowed with incredible pains and industry, till they had wrought it into all those beautiful vaults and caverns into which it is divided at this day. As soon as this rock was thus curiously scooped to their liking, a prodigious number of hands must have been employed in chipping the outside of it, which is now as smooth as the surface of a pebble; and is in several places hewn out into pillars, that stand like the trunks of so many trees, bound about the top with garlands of leaves. It is probable that when this great work was begun, which must have been many hundred years ago, there was some religion among this people; for they give it the name of the temple, and have a tradition that it was designed for men to pay their devotion

in. And, indeed, there are several reasons which make us think that the natives of this country had formerly among them some sort of worship; for they set apart every seventh day as sacred: but upon my going into one of these holy houses on that day, I could not observe any circumstances of devotion in their behaviour. There was, indeed, a man in black, who was mounted above the rest, and seemed to utter something with a great deal of vehemence; but, as for those underneath him, instead of paying their worship to the deity of the place, they were most of them bowing and courtesying to one another, and a considerable number of them fast asleep.

“The queen of the country appointed two men to attend us that had enough of our language to make themselves understood in some few particulars. But we soon perceived these two were great enemies to one another, and did not always agree in the same story. We could make shift to gather out of one of them, that this island was very much infested with a monstrous kind of animals, in the shape of men, called Whigs; and he often told us, that he hoped we should meet with none of them in our way, for that, if we did, they would be apt to knock us down for being kings.

“Our other interpreter used to talk very much of a kind of animal called a Tory, that was as great a monster as the Whig, and would treat us as ill for being foreigners. These two creatures, it seems, are born with a secret antipathy to one another, and engage when they meet as naturally as the elephant and the rhinoceros. But, as we saw none of either of these species, we are apt to think that our guides deceived us with misrepresentations and fictions, and amused us with an account of such monsters as are not really in their country.

“These particulars we made a shift to pick out from the discourse of our interpreters, which we

put together as well as we could, being able to understand but here and there a word of what they said, and afterward making up the meaning of it among ourselves. The men of the country are very cunning and ingenious in handicraft works, but withal so very idle, that we often saw young, lusty, raw-boned fellows carried up and down the streets in little covered rooms by a couple of porters, who are hired for that service. Their dress is likewise very barbarous, for they almost strangle themselves about the neck, and bind their bodies with many ligatures, that we are apt to think are the occasion of several distempers among them, which our country is entirely free from. Instead of those beautiful feathers with which we adorn our heads, they often buy up a monstrous bush of hair, which covers their heads, and falls down in a large fleece below the middle of their backs; with which they walk up and down the streets, and are as proud of it as if it was of their own growth.

"We were invited to one of their public diversions, where we hoped to have seen the great men of their country running down a stag or pitching a bar, that we might have discovered who were the persons of the greatest abilities among them; but, instead of that, they conveyed us into a huge room, lighted up with abundance of candles, where this lazy people sat still above three hours, to see several feats of ingenuity performed by others, who, it seems, were paid for it.

"As for the women of the country, not being able to talk with them, we could only make our remarks upon them at a distance. They let the hair of their heads grow to a great length; but as the men make a great show with heads of hair that are none of their own, the women, who, they say, have very fine heads of hair, tie it up in a knot, and cover it from being seen. The women look like angels, and would be more beautiful than the sun, were it not for little

father

black spots that are apt to break out in their faces, and sometimes rise in very odd figures. I have observed that those little blemishes wear off very soon; but, when they disappear in one part of the face, they are very apt to break out in another, insomuch that I have seen a spot upon the forehead in the afternoon which was upon the chin in the morning."

The author then proceeds to show the absurdity of breeches and petticoats, with many other curious observations, which I shall reserve for another occasion. I cannot, however, conclude this paper without taking notice that, amid these wild remarks, there now and then appears something very reasonable. I cannot, likewise, forbear observing, that we are all guilty in some measure of the same narrow way of thinking which we meet with in this abstract of the Indian journal, when we fancy the customs, dresses, and manners of other countries are ridiculous and extravagant if they do not resemble those of our own.

C.

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## STAGE TRICKS.

"Garganum mugire putes nemus aut mare Thuscum;  
 Tanto cum strepitu, ludi spectantur; et artes,  
 Divitiæque peregrinæ; quibus oblitus actor  
 Cum stetit in scena, concurrat dextera levæ,  
 Dixit adhuc aliquid? Nihil sane. Quid placet ergo?  
 Lana Tarentino violas imitato veneno."

HORATIUS.

## IMITATED.

"Loud as the wolves on Orca's stormy steep  
 Howl to the roarings of the northern deep:  
 Such is the shout, the long-applauding note,  
 At Quin's high plume, or Oldfield's petticoat;  
 Or when from court a birthday suit bestow'd,  
 Sinks the lost actor in the tawdry load."

Booth enters—hark ! the universal peal !  
But has he spoken ? Not a syllable ;  
What shook the stage, and made the people stare !  
Cato's long wig, flower'd gown, and lacquer'd chair."

POPE.

ARISTOTLE has observed, that ordinary writers in tragedy endeavour to raise terror and pity in their audience, not by proper sentiments and expressions, but by the dresses and decorations of the stage. There is something of this kind very ridiculous in the English theatre. When the author has a mind to terrify us, it thunders ; when he would make us melancholy, the stage is darkened. But among all our tragic artifices, I am the most offended at those which are made use of to inspire us with magnificent ideas of the persons that speak. The ordinary method of making a hero is to clap a huge plume of feathers upon his head, which rises so very high, that there is often a greater length from his chin to the top of his head than to the sole of his foot. One would believe that we thought a great man and a tall man the same thing. This very much embarrasses the actor, who is forced to hold his neck extremely stiff and steady all the while he speaks ; and, notwithstanding any anxieties which he pretends for his mistress, his country, or his friends, one may see by his action that his greatest care and concern is to keep the plume of feathers from falling off his head. For my own part, when I see a man uttering his complaints under such a mountain of feathers, I am apt to look upon him rather as an unfortunate lunatic than a distressed hero. As these superfluous ornaments upon the head make a great man, a princess generally receives her grandeur from those additional encumbrances that fall into her tail : I mean the broad sweeping train that follows her in all her motions, and finds constant employment for a boy who stands behind her to open and spread it to advan-



tage. I do not know how others are affected at this sight, but I must confess my eyes are wholly taken up with the page's part; and, as for the queen, I am not so attentive to anything she speaks as to the right adjusting of her train, lest it should chance to trip up her heels, or incommode her as she walks to and fro upon the stage. It is, in my opinion, a very odd spectacle to see a queen venting her passions in a disordered motion, and a little boy taking care all the while that they do not ruffle the tail of her gown. The parts that the two persons act on the stage at the same time are very different. The princess is afraid lest she should incur the displeasure of the king her father, or lose the hero her lover, while her attendant is only concerned lest he should entangle her feet in her petticoat.

We are told that an ancient tragic poet, to move the pity of his audience for his exiled kings and distressed heroes, used to make the actors represent them in dresses and clothes that were threadbare and decayed. This artifice for moving pity seems as ill-contrived as that we have been speaking of, to inspire us with a great idea of the persons introduced upon the stage. In short, I would have our conceptions raised by the dignity of thought and sublimity of expression rather than by a train of robes or a plume of feathers.

Another mechanical method of making great men, and adding dignity to kings and queens, is to accompany them with halberts and battle-axes. Two or three shifters of scenes, with the two candle-snuffers, make up a complete body of guards upon the English stage; and by the addition of a few porters dressed in red coats, can represent above a dozen legions. I have sometimes seen a couple of armies drawn up together upon the stage, when the poet has been disposed to do honour to his generals. It is impossible for the reader's im-



agination to multiply twenty men into such prodigious multitudes, or to fancy that two or three hundred thousand soldiers are fighting in a room of forty or fifty yards in compass. Incidents of such nature should be told, not represented.

“ Non tamen intus  
Digna geri promes in scenam : multaque tolles  
Ex oculis, quæ mox narret facundia præsens.”

HOR., *Ars. Poet.*, ver. 182.

“ Yet there are things improper for a scene,  
Which men of judgment only will relate.”

ROSCOMMON.

I should therefore, in this particular, recommend to my countrymen the example of the French stage, where the kings and queens always appear unattended, and leave their guards behind the scenes. I should likewise be glad if we imitated the French in banishing from our stage the noise of drums, trumpets, and huzzas ; which is sometimes so very great, that when there is a battle in the Haymarket Theatre, one may hear it as far as Charing Cross.

I have here only touched upon those particulars which are made use of to raise and aggrandize the persons of a tragedy, and shall show in another paper the several expedients which are practised, by authors of a vulgar genius, to move terror, pity, or admiration, in their hearers.

The tailor and the painter often contribute to the success of a tragedy more than the poet. Scenes affect ordinary minds as much as speeches ; and our actors are very sensible that a well-dressed play has sometimes brought them as full audiences as a well-written one. The Italians have a very good phrase to express this art of imposing upon the spectators by appearances ; they call it the *fourberia della scena*, “ the knavery, or trickish part of the drama.” But however the show and outside of the tragedy may work upon the vulgar, the

more understanding, part of the audience immediately see through it and despise it.

A good poet will give the reader a more lively idea of an army or a battle in a description, than if he actually saw them drawn up in squadrons and battalions, or engaged in the confusion of a fight. Our minds should be opened to great conceptions, and inflamed with glorious sentiments, by what the actor speaks more than by what he appears. Can all the trappings or equipage of a king or hero give Brutus half that pomp and majesty which he receives from a few lines in Shakspeare?

Among the several artifices which are put in practice by the poets to fill the minds of an audience with terror, the first place is due to thunder and lightning, which are often made use of at the descending of a god or the rising of a ghost, at the vanishing of a devil or at the death of a tyrant. I have known a bell introduced into several tragedies with good effect, and have seen the whole assembly in a very great alarm all the while it has been ringing. But there is nothing which delights and terrifies our English theatre so much as a ghost, especially when he appears in a bloody shirt. A spectre has very often saved a play, though he has done nothing but stalked across the stage, or rose through a cleft of it, and sunk again without speaking one word. There may be a proper season for these several terrors; and when they only come in as aids and assistances to the poet, they are not only to be excused, but to be applauded. Thus the sounding of the clock in *Venice Preserved* makes the hearts of the whole audience quake, and conveys a stronger terror to the mind than it is possible for words to do. The appearance of the ghost in *Hamlet* is a masterpiece in its kind, and wrought up with all the circumstances that can create either attention or horror. The mind of the reader is wonderfully prepared for his reception by the dis-

courses that precede it. His dumb behaviour at his first entrance strikes the imagination very strongly; but every time he enters, he is still more terrifying. Who can read the speech with which young Hamlet accosts him without trembling?

“*Hor.* Look, my lord, it comes!

*Ham.* Angels and ministers of grace defend us!  
Be thou a spirit of health or goblin damned;  
Bring with thee airs from heaven or blasts from hell;  
Be thy *events* wicked or charitable;  
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape,  
That I will speak to thee. I'll call thee Hamlet,  
King, Father, Royal Dane. Oh! answer me!  
Let me not burst in ignorance; but tell  
Why thy canoniz'd bones, hearsed in death,  
Have burst their cerements? Why the sepulchre,  
Wherein we saw thee quietly inurn'd,  
Hath oped his ponderous and marble jaws  
To cast thee up again? What may this mean?  
That thou, dead corse, again in complete steel  
Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon  
Making night hideous?”

I do not, therefore, find fault with the artifices above mentioned when they are introduced with skill, and accompanied by proportionable sentiments and expressions in the writing.

For the moving of pity, our principal machine is the handkerchief; and, indeed, in our common tragedies, we should not know very often that the persons are in distress by anything they say, if they did not, from time to time, apply their handkerchief to their eyes. Far be it from me to think of banishing this instrument of sorrow from the stage; I know a tragedy could not subsist without it: all that I would contend for is to keep it from being misapplied. In a word, I would have the actor's tongue sympathize with his eyes.

A disconsolate mother, with a child in her hand, has frequently drawn compassion from the audience, and has therefore gained a place in several trage-

dies. A modern writer, who observed how this had taken in other plays, being resolved to double the distress, and melt his audience twice as much as those before him had done, brought a princess upon the stage, with a little boy in one hand and a girl in the other. This, too, had a very good effect. A third poet, being resolved to outwrite all his predecessors, a few years ago introduced three children with great success ; and, as I am informed, a young gentleman, who is fully determined to break the most obdurate hearts, has a tragedy by him, where the first person that appears upon the stage is an afflicted widow in her mourning weeds, with half a dozen fatherless children attending her, like those that usually hang about the figure of Charity. Thus several incidents that are beautiful in a good writer, become ridiculous by falling into the hands of a bad one.

But, among all our methods of moving pity or terror, there is none so absurd and barbarous, and what more exposes us to the contempt and ridicule of our neighbours, than that dreadful butchering of one another which is very frequent upon the English stage. To delight in seeing men stabbed, poisoned, racked, or impaled, is certainly the sign of a cruel temper ; and as this is often practised before the British audience, several French critics, who think these are grateful spectacles to us, take occasion from them to represent us as a people who delight in blood. It is, indeed, very odd to see our stage strewed with carcasses in the last scene of a tragedy ; and to observe in the wardrobe of the playhouse several daggers, poniards, wheels, bowls of poison, and other instruments of death. Murders and executions are always transacted behind the scenes in the French theatre, which, in general, is very agreeable to the manners of a polite and civilized people : but as there are no exceptions to this rule on the French stage, it leads them into absurdities almost as ridicu-

lous as that which falls under our present censure. I remember in the famous play of *Corneille*, written upon the subject of the *Horatii* and *Curiatii*, the fierce young hero who had overcome the *Curiatii* one after another (instead of being congratulated by his sister for his victory, being upbraided by her for having slain her lover), in the height of his passion and resentment, kills her. If anything could extenuate so brutal an action, it would be the doing of it on a sudden, before the sentiments of nature, reason, or manhood could take place in him. However, to avoid public bloodshed, as soon as his passion is wrought to its height, he follows his sister the whole length of the stage, and forbears killing her till they are both withdrawn behind the scenes. I must confess, had he murdered her before the audience, the indecency might have been greater; but as it is, it appears very unnatural, and looks like killing in cold blood. To give my opinion upon this case, the fact ought not to have been represented, but to have been told, if there was any occasion for it.

It may not be unacceptable to the reader to see how *Sophocles* has conducted a tragedy under the like delicate circumstances. *Orestes* was in the same condition with *Hamlet* in *Shakspeare*, his mother having murdered his father, and taken possession of his kingdom in conspiracy with her adulterer. That young prince, therefore, being determined to revenge his father's death upon those who had filled his throne, conveys himself, by a beautiful stratagem, into his mother's apartment, with a resolution to kill her. But, because such a spectacle would have been too shocking to the audience, this dreadful resolution is executed behind the scenes: the mother is heard calling out to her son for mercy; and the son answering her, that she showed no mercy to his father: after which she shrieks out that she is wounded, and, by what follows, we find



that she is slain. I do not remember that in any of our plays there are speeches made behind the scenes, though there are other instances of this nature to be met with in those of the ancients; and I believe my reader will agree with me, that there is something infinitely more affecting in this dreadful dialogue between the mother and her son behind the scenes, than could have been in anything transacted before the audience. Orestes immediately after meets the usurper at the entrance of his palace; and, by a very happy thought of the poet, avoids killing him before the audience, by telling him that he should live some time in his present bitterness of soul before he would despatch him, and by ordering him to retire into that part of the palace where he had slain his father, whose murder he would revenge in the very same place where it was committed. By these means the poet observes that decency which Horace afterward established by a rule, of forbearing to commit parricides or unnatural murders before the audience.

“Nec coram populo natos Medea trucidet.”

*Ars. Poet.*, ver. 185.

“Let not Medea draw her murd’ring knife,  
And spill her children’s blood upon the stage.”

ROSCOMMON.

The French have therefore refined too much upon Horace’s rule, who never designed to banish all kinds of death from the stage, but only such as had too much horror in them, and which would have a better effect upon the audience when transacted behind the scenes. I would therefore recommend to my countrymen the practice of the ancient poets, who were very sparing of their public executions, and rather chose to perform them behind the scenes, if it could be done with as great effect upon the audience. At the same time I must observe, that though the devoted persons of the tragedy were



seldom slain before the audience, which has generally something ridiculous in it, their bodies were often produced after their death, which has always in it something melancholy or terrifying; so that the killing on the stage does not seem to have been avoided only as an indecency, but also as an improbability.

“Nec pueros coram populo Medea trucidet;  
Aut humana palam coquat exta nefarius Atreus;  
Aut in avem Progne vertatur, Cadmus in anguem,  
Quodcunque ostendis mihi sic, incredulis odi.”

HOR., *Ars. Poet.*, ver. 115.

“Medea must not draw her murd’ring knife,  
Nor Atreus there his horrid feast prepare;  
Cadmus and Progne’s metamorphoses  
(She to a swallow turn’d, he to a snake);  
And whatsoever contradicts my sense,  
I hate to see, and never can believe.”

ROSCOMMON.

I have now gone through the several dramatic inventions which are made use of by the ignorant poets to supply the place of tragedy, and by the skilful to improve it: some of which I could wish entirely rejected, and the rest to be used with caution. It would be an endless task to consider comedy in the same light, and to mention the innumerable shifts that small wits put in practice to raise a laugh. Bullock in a short coat, and Norris in a long one, seldom fail of this effect. In ordinary comedies, a broad and a narrow brimmed hat are different characters. Sometimes the wit of the scene lies in a shoulder-belt, and sometimes in a pair of whiskers. A lover running about the stage with his head peeping out of a barrel,\* was thought a good joke in King Charles the Second’s time, and invented by one of the first wits of that age. But because ridicule is not so delicate as compassion, and

\* The comedy of *The Comical Revenge, or, Love in a Tub*, by Sir George Ethridge, 1664.

because the objects that make us laugh are infinitely more numerous than those that make us weep, there is a much greater latitude for *comic* than *tragic* artifices, and, by consequence, a much greater indulgence to be allowed them.

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## ON THE PROPER READING OF THE COMMON PRAYER.

“Pronunciatio est vocis et vultus et gestus moderatio cum venustate.”

“Delivery is a graceful management of the voice, countenance, and gesture.”

THE well reading of the common prayer is of so great importance, and so much neglected, that I take the liberty to offer to the consideration of the reader some particulars on that subject; and what more worthy his observation than this? A thing so public and of so high consequence. It is indeed wonderful, that the frequent exercise of it should not make the performers of that duty more expert in it. This inability, as I conceive, proceeds from the little care that is taken of their reading while boys at school, where the reading of English is wholly neglected, or, at least, read to very little purpose, without any due observations made to them on the proper accent and manner of reading: by this means they have acquired such ill habits as will not easily be removed. The only way that I know of to remedy this, is to propose some person of great ability that way as a pattern for them; example being most effectual to convince the learned as well as instruct the ignorant.

I have been a constant frequenter of the service

of the Church of England for above these four years last past, and until Sunday was seven-night never discovered, to so great a degree, the excellence of the common prayer. When, being at St. James's, Garlick Hill Church, I heard the service read so distinctly, so emphatically, and so fervently, that it was next to an impossibility to be unattentive. My eyes and my thoughts could not wander as usual, but were confined to my prayers: I then considered I addressed myself to the Almighty, and not to a beautiful face. And when I reflected on my former performances of that duty, I found I had run it over as a matter of form in comparison to the manner in which I then discharged it. My mind was really affected, and fervent wishes accompanied my words. The confession was read with such a resigned humility, the absolution with such a comfortable authority, the thanksgiving with such a religious joy, as made me feel those affections of the mind in the manner I never did before. To remedy, therefore, the grievance above complained of, I humbly propose that this excellent reader, upon the next and every annual assembly of the clergy of Sion College, and all other conventions, should read prayers before them. For then those that are afraid of stretching their mouths and spoiling their soft voices will learn to read with clearness, loudness, and strength. Others that affect a rakish, negligent air, by folding their arms and lolling on their books, will be taught a decent behaviour and comely erection of the body. Those that read so fast as if impatient of their work, may learn to speak deliberately. There is another sort of persons whom I call Pindaric readers, as being confined to no set measure; these pronounce five or six words with great deliberation, and the five or six subsequent ones with as great celerity; the first part of a sentence with a very exalted voice, and the latter part with a submissive one; some-

times again with one sort of a tone, and immediately after with a different one. These gentlemen will learn of my admired reader an evenness of voice and delivery. And all who are innocent of these affectations, but read with such an indifference as if they did not understand the language, may then be informed of the art of reading movingly and fervently; how to place the emphasis, and give the proper accent to each word and how to vary the voice according to the nature of the sentence. There is certainly a very great difference between the reading of a prayer and a gazette, which I beg to inform a set of readers who affect, forsooth, a certain gentleman-like familiarity of tone, and mend the language as they go on, crying instead of pardoneth and absolveth, pardons and absolves. These are often pretty classical scholars, and would think it an unpardonable sin to read Virgil or Martial with so little taste as they do divine service.

This indifference seems to me to arise from the endeavour of avoiding the imputation of cant, and the false notion of it. It will be proper, therefore, to trace the original and signification of this word. Cant is, by some people, derived from one Andrew Cant, who, they say, was a Presbyterian minister in some illiterate part of Scotland, who, by exercise and use, had obtained the faculty, alias gift, of talking in the pulpit in such a dialect that it is said he was understood by none but his own congregation, and not by all of them. Since Master Cant's time it has been understood in a larger sense, and signifies all sudden exclamations, whinings, unusual tones, and, in fine, all praying and preaching, like the unlearned of the Presbyterians. But I hope a proper elevation of voice, a due emphasis and accent, are not to come within this description; so that our readers may still be as unlike the Presbyterians as they please. The Dissenters, I mean

such as I have heard, do indeed elevate their voices, but it is with sudden jumps from the lower to the higher part of them, and that with so little sense or skill, that their elevation and cadence is bawling and muttering. They make use of an emphasis, but so improperly that it is often placed on some insignificant particle, as upon *if*, or *and*. Now if these improprieties have so great an effect on the people as we see they have, how great an influence would the service of our church, containing the best prayers that ever were composed, and that in terms most affecting, most humble, and most expressive of our wants and dependance on the object of our worship, disposed in most proper order, and void of all confusion; what influence, I say, would these prayers have were they delivered with a due emphasis, and apposite rising and variation of voice, the sentence concluded with a gentle cadence, and, in a word, with such an accent and turn of speech as is peculiar to prayer?

As the matter of worship is now managed in dissenting congregations, you find insignificant words and phrases raised by a lively vehemence; in our own churches, the most exalted sense depreciated by a dispassionate indolence. I remember to have heard Dr. S——e say in his pulpit, of the Common Prayer, that at least it was as perfect as anything of human institution; if the gentlemen who err in this kind would please to recollect the many pleasantries they have read upon those who recite good things with an ill grace, they would go on to think, that what in that case is only ridiculous, in themselves is impious. But, leaving this to their own reflections, I shall conclude this trouble with what Cæsar said upon the irregularity of tone in one who read before him, "Do you read or sing? If you sing, you sing very ill."

T.



## DISGRACE OF SPIES AND THEIR PATRONS.

"Hi narrata ferunt alio : mensuraque ficti  
Crescit ; et auditis aliquid novus adjicit auctor."

OVIDIUS.

"Some tell what they have heard, or tales devise :  
Each fiction still improved with added lies."

OVID describes the Palace of Fame as situated in the very centre of the universe, and perforated with so many windows and avenues as gave her the sight of everything that was done in the heavens, in the earth, and in the sea. The structure of it was contrived in so admirable a manner, that it echoed every word which was spoken in the whole compass of nature : so that the palace, says the poet, was always filled with a confused hubbub of low dying sounds, the voices being almost spent and worn out before they arrived at this general rendezvous of speeches and whispers.

I consider courts with the same regard to the governments which they superintend, as Ovid's Palace of Fame with regard to the universe. The eyes of a watchful minister run through the whole people. There is scarce a murmur or complaint that does not reach his ears. They have news-gatherers and intelligencers distributed into their several walks and quarters, who bring in their respective quotas, and make them acquainted with the discourse and conversation of the whole kingdom or commonwealth where they are employed. The wisest of kings, alluding to these invisible and unsuspected spies, who are planted by kings and rulers over their fellow-citizens, as well as to those voluntary informers that are buzzing about the ears



of a great man, and making their court by such secret methods of intelligence, has given us a very prudent caution : "Curse not the king, no, not in thy thought, and curse not the rich in thy bedchamber: for a bird of the air shall carry the voice, and that which hath wings shall tell the matter."

As it is absolutely necessary for rulers to make use of other people's eyes and ears, they should take particular care to do it in such a manner that it may not bear too hard on the person whose life and conversation are inquired into. A man who is capable of so infamous a calling as that of a spy, is not very much to be relied upon. He can have no great ties of honour or checks of conscience to restrain him in those covert evidences, where the person accused has no opportunity of vindicating himself. He will be more industrious to carry that which is grateful than that which is true. There will be no occasion for him, if he does not hear and see things worth discovery; so that he naturally inflames every word and circumstance, aggravates what is faulty, perverts what is good, and misrepresents what is indifferent. Nor is it to be doubted but that such ignominious wretches let their private passions into these their clandestine informations, and often wreak their particular spite or malice against the person whom they are set to watch. It is a pleasant scene enough, which an Italian author describes between a spy and a cardinal who employed him. The cardinal is represented as minuting down everything that is told him. The spy begins with a low voice, Such a one, the advocate, whispered to one of his friends, within my hearing, that your eminence was a very great poltron: and after having given his patron time to take it down, adds, that another called him a mercenary rascal in a public conversation. The cardinal replies, Very well, and bids him go on. The spy proceeds, and loads him with reports of the same nature, till the

cardinal rises in great wrath, calls him an impudent scoundrel, and kicks him out of the room.

It is observed of great and heroic minds, that they have not only shown a particular disregard to those unmerited reproaches which have been cast upon them, but have been altogether free from that impertinent curiosity of inquiring after them, or the poor revenge of resenting them. The histories of Alexander and Cæsar are full of this kind of instances. Vulgar souls are of a quite contrary character. Dionysius, the tyrant of Sicily, had a dungeon which was a very curious piece of architecture, and of which, as I am informed, there are still to be seen some remains in that island. It was called "Dionysius's Ear," and built with several little windings and labyrinths in the form of a real ear. The structure of it made it a kind of whispering place, but such a one as gathered the voice of him who spoke into a funnel which was placed at the very top of it. The tyrant used to lodge all his state criminals, or those whom he supposed to be engaged together in any evil designs upon him, in this dungeon. He had, at the same time, an apartment over it, where he used to apply himself to the funnel, and by that means overhear anything that was whispered in the dungeon. I believe one may venture to affirm, that a Cæsar or an Alexander would rather have died by the treason than have used such disingenuous means for the detecting of it.

A man who in ordinary life is very inquisitive after everything which is spoken ill of him, passes his time but very indifferently. He is wounded by every arrow that is shot at him, and puts it in the power of every insignificant enemy to disquiet him. Nay, he will suffer from what has been said of him when it is forgotten by those who said or heard it. For this reason, I could never bear one of those officious friends that would be telling every malicious

report, every idle censure that passed upon me. The tongue of man is so petulant, and his thoughts so variable, that one should not lay too great a stress upon any present speeches and opinions. Praise and obloquy proceed very frequently out of the same mouth, upon the same person and upon the same occasion. A generous enemy will sometimes bestow commendations, as the dearest friend cannot sometimes refrain from speaking ill. The man who is indifferent in either of these respects, gives his opinion at random, and praises or disapproves as he finds himself in humour.

I shall conclude this essay with a part of a character, which is finely drawn by the Earl of Clarendon, in the first book of his History, and which gives us the lively picture of a great man teasing himself with an absurd curiosity.

“He had not that application and submission, and reverence for the queen as might have been expected from his wisdom and breeding; and often crossed her pretences and desires with more rudeness than was natural to him. Yet he was impertinently solicitous to know what her majesty said of him in private, and what resentments she had towards him. And when, by some confidants, who had their ends upon him from those offices, he was informed of some bitter expressions fallen from her majesty, he was so exceedingly afflicted and tormented with the sense of it, that sometimes, by passionate complaints and representations to the king, sometimes by more dutiful addresses and expostulations with the queen, in bewailing his misfortune, he frequently exposed himself, and left his condition worse than it was before; and the eclaireissement commonly ended in the discovery of the person from whom he had received his most secret intelligence.”

# DISPLAY OF VARIOUS CHARCTERS IN A VISION.

“Animam pictura pascit inani.”

VIRG.

“And with an empty picture feeds his mind.”

DRYDEN.

THE following morning's dream I shall communicate to my reader, rather as the first sketch and outlines of a vision than as a finished piece.

I dreamed that I was admitted into a long spacious gallery, which had one side covered with pieces of all the famous painters who are now living, and the other with the works of the greatest masters that are dead.

On the side of the living, I saw several persons busy in drawing, colouring, and designing. On the side of the dead painters, I could not discover more than one person at work, who was exceeding slow in his motions, and wonderfully nice in his touches.

I was resolved to examine the several artists that stood before me, and accordingly applied myself to the side of the living. The first I observed at work in this part of the gallery was Vanity, with his hair tied behind him in a riband, and dressed like a Frenchman. All the faces he drew were very remarkable for their smiles, and a certain smirking air which he bestowed indifferently on every age and degree of either sex. The *toujours gai* appeared even in his judges, bishops, and privy-counsellors. In a word, all his men were *petits maîtres*, and all his women *coquettes*. The drapery of his figures was extremely well suited to his faces, and was made up of all the glaring colours that could

be mixed together; every part of the dress was in a flutter, and endeavoured to distinguish itself above the rest.

On the left hand of Vanity stood a laborious workman, who I found was his humble admirer, and copied after him. He was dressed like a German, and had a very hard name that sounded something like Stupidity.

The third artist that I looked over was Fantastique, dressed like a Venetian scaramouch. He had an excellent hand at chimera, and dealt very much in distortions and grimaces. He would sometimes affright himself with the phantoms that flowed from his pencil. In short, the most elaborate of his pieces was at best but a terrifying dream; and one could say nothing more of his finest figures than that they were agreeable monsters.

The fourth person I examined was very remarkable for his hasty hand, which left his pictures so unfinished, that the beauty in the picture (which was designed to continue as a monument of it to posterity) faded sooner than in the person after whom it was drawn. He made so much haste to despatch his business, that he neither gave himself time to clean his pencils nor mix his colours. The name of this expeditious workman was Avarice.

Not far from this artist I saw another of a quite different nature, who was dressed in the habit of a Dutchman, and known by the name of Industry. His figures were wonderfully laboured. If he drew the portraiture of a man, he did not omit a single hair in his face; if the figure of a ship, there was not a rope among the tackle that escaped him. He had likewise hung a great part of the wall with night-pieces, that seemed to show themselves by the candles which were lighted up in several parts of them; and were so inflamed by the sunshine which accidentally fell upon them, that at first sight I could scarce forbear crying out *fire*.



The five foregoing artists were the most considerable on this side of the gallery; there were, indeed, several others whom I had not time to look into. One of them, however, I could not forbear observing, who was very busy in retouching the finest pieces, though he produced no originals of his own. His pencil aggravated every feature that was before overcharged, loaded every defect, and poisoned every colour it touched. Though this workman did so much mischief on the side of the living, he never turned his eye towards that of the dead. His name was Envy.

Having taken a cursory view of one side of the gallery, I turned myself to that which was filled by the works of those great masters that were dead; when immediately I fancied myself standing before a multitude of spectators, and thousands of eyes looking upon me at once; for all before me appeared so like men and women, that I almost forgot they were pictures. Raphael's figures stood in one row, Titian's in another, Guido Rheni's in a third. One part of the wall was peopled by Hannibal Carrache, another by Correggio, and another by Rubens. To be short, there was not a great master among the dead who had not contributed to the embellishment of this side of the gallery. The persons that owed their being to these several masters appeared all of them to be real and alive, and differed among one another only in the variety of their shapes, complexions, and clothes; so that they looked like different nations of the same species.

Observing an old man (who was the same person I before mentioned, as the only artist that was at work on this side of the gallery) creeping up and down from one picture to another, and retouching all the fine pieces that stood before me, I could not but be very attentive to all his motions. I found his pencil was so very light, that it worked imperceptibly, and, after a thousand touches, scarce



produced any visible effect on the picture in which he was employed. However, as he busied himself incessantly, and repeated touch after touch without rest or intermission, he wore off insensibly every little disagreeable gloss that hung upon a figure. He also added such a beautiful brown to the shades and mellowness to the colours, that he made every picture appear more perfect than when it came fresh from the master's pencil. I could not forbear looking upon the face of this ancient workman, and immediately, by the long lock of hair upon his forehead, discovered him to be Time.

Whether it was because the thread of my dream was at an end, I cannot tell, but, upon my taking a survey of this imaginary old man, my sleep left me. C.

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## GLOOMY PRESAGES RIDICULED.

"Somnia, terrores magicos, miracula, sagas  
Nocturnos lemures, portentaque Thessala rides!"

HOR.

"Visions and magic spells can you despise,  
And laugh at witches, ghosts, and prodigies!"

GOING yesterday to dine with an old acquaintance, I had the misfortune to find his whole family very much dejected. Upon asking him the occasion of it, he told me that his wife had dreamed a strange dream the night before, which they were afraid portended some misfortune to themselves or to their children. At her coming into the room I observed a settled melancholy in her countenance, which I should have been troubled for had I not heard from whence it proceeded. We were no

sooner sat down, but, after having looked upon me a little while, "My dear," says she, turning to her husband, "you may now see the stranger that was in the candle last night." I was reflecting with myself on the oddness of the fancy. In the midst of these my musings, she desired me to reach her a little salt upon the point of my knife, which I did in such a trepidation and hurry of obedience, that I let it drop by the way; at which she immediately startled, and said it fell towards her. Upon this I looked very blank; and, observing the concern of the whole table, began to consider myself, with some confusion, as a person that had brought a disaster upon the family. The lady, however, recovering herself, after a little space said to her husband with a sigh, "My dear, misfortunes never come single." My friend, I found, acted but an under part at his table, and, being a man of more good-nature than understanding, thinks himself obliged to fall in with all the passions and humours of his yoke-fellow: "Do not you remember, child," says she, "that the pigeon-house fell the very afternoon that our careless wench spilled the salt upon the table?" "Yes," says he, "my dear, and the next post brought us an account of the battle of Almanza." The reader may guess at the figure I made after having done all this mischief. I despatched my dinner as soon as I could with my usual taciturnity; when, to my utter confusion, the lady, seeing me quitting my knife and fork, and laying them across one another upon my plate, desired me that I would humour her so far as to take them out of that figure, and place them side by side. What the absurdity was which I had committed I did not know, but I suppose there was some traditional superstition in it; and therefore, in obedience to the lady of the house, I disposed of my knife and fork in two parallel lines, which is the figure I shall always lay them in for the future, though I do not know any reason for it.

It is not difficult for a man to see that a person has conceived an aversion to him. For my own part, I quickly found, by the lady's looks, that she regarded me as a very odd kind of fellow with an unfortunate aspect, for which reason I took my leave immediately after dinner, and withdrew to my own lodgings. Upon my return home, I fell into a profound contemplation on the evils that attend these superstitious follies of mankind; how they subject us to imaginary afflictions and additional sorrows, that do not properly come within our lot. As if the natural calamities of life were not sufficient for it, we turn the most indifferent circumstances into misfortunes, and suffer as much from trifling accidents as from real evils. I have known the shooting of a star spoil a night's rest; and have seen a man in love grow pale and lose his appetite upon the plucking of a merry-thought. A screech-owl at midnight has alarmed a family more than a band of robbers; nay, the voice of a cricket hath struck more terror than the roaring of a lion. There is nothing so inconsiderable, which may not appear dreadful to an imagination that is filled with omens and prognostics. A rusty nail or a crooked pin shoot up into prodigies.

I remember I was once in a mixed assembly, that was full of noise and mirth, when, on a sudden, an old woman unluckily observed there were thirteen of us in company. This remark struck a panic terror into several who were present, insomuch that one or two of the ladies were going to leave the room; but a friend of mine, taking notice that one of our female companions was big with child, affirmed there were fourteen in the room, and that, instead of portending one of the company should die, it plainly foretold one of them should be born. Had not my friend found this expedient to break the omen, I question not but half the women in the company would have fallen sick that very night.

An old maid that is troubled with the vapours pro-

duces infinite disturbances of this kind among her friends and neighbours. I know a maiden aunt, of a great family, who is one of these antiquated sibyls, that forebodes and prophesies from one end of the year to the other. She is always seeing apparitions and hearing deathwatches; and was the other day almost frightened out of her wits by the great house-dog, that howled in the stable at a time when she lay ill of the toothache. Such an extravagant cast of mind engages multitudes of people, not only in impertinent terrors, but in supernumerary duties of life; and arises from that fear and ignorance which are natural to the soul of man. The horror with which we entertain the thoughts of death (or, indeed, of any future evil), and the uncertainty of its approach, fill a melancholy mind with innumerable apprehensions and suspicions, and consequently dispose it to the observation of such groundless prodigies and predictions. For as it is the chief concern of wise men to retrench the evils of life by the reasoning of philosophy, it is the employment of fools to multiply them by the sentiments of superstition.

For my own part, I should be very much troubled were I endowed with this divining quality, though it should inform me truly of everything that can befall me. I would not anticipate the relish of any happiness, nor feel the weight of any misery, before it actually arrives.

I know but one way of fortifying my soul against these gloomy presages and terrors of mind, and that is by securing to myself the friendship and protection of that Being who disposes of events and governs futurity. He sees, at one view, the whole thread of my existence, not only that part of it which I have already passed through, but that which runs forward into all the depths of eternity. When I lay me down to sleep, I recommend myself to his care; when I awake, I give myself up to his

direction. Amid all the evils that threaten me, I will look up to him for help, and question not but he will either avert them or turn them to my advantage. Though I know neither the time nor the manner of the death I am to die, I am not at all solicitous about it, because I am sure that he knows them both, and that he will not fail to comfort and support me under them. C.

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### AN ABSENT MAN.

“Non convivere licet, nec urbe tota  
Quisquam est tam prope tam proculque nobis.”  
MART.

“What correspondence can I hold with you,  
Who are so near, and yet so distant too?”

HAVING reflected on the little absences and distractions in mankind, I have resolved to make them the subject of this speculation. I have been the more confirmed in my design when I have considered that they were very often blemishes in the characters of men of excellent sense, and helped to keep up the reputation of that Latin proverb, which Mr. Dryden has translated in the following lines :

“Great wit to madness sure is near allied,  
And thin partitions do their bounds divide.”\*

My reader will, I hope, perceive that I distinguish between a man that is absent because he thinks of something else, from one who is absent because he thinks of nothing at all. The latter is too innocent a creature to be taken notice of ; but the distractions of the former may, I believe, be generally accounted for from one of these reasons.

\* “Nullum magnum ingenium sine mixtura dementiæ.”—  
*Seneca, de Tranquil. Anim.*, cap. xv.

Either their minds are wholly fixed on some particular science, which is often the case of mathematicians and other learned men, or are wholly taken up with some violent passion, such as anger, fear, or love, which ties the mind to some distant object; or, lastly, these distractions proceed from a certain vivacity and fickleness in a man's temper, which, while it raises up infinite numbers of ideas in the mind, is continually pushing it on, without allowing it to rest on any particular image. Nothing, therefore, is more unnatural than the thoughts and conceptions of such a man, which are seldom occasioned either by the company he is in or any of those objects which are placed before him. While you fancy he is admiring a beautiful woman, it is an even wager that he is solving a position in Euclid; and while you may imagine he is reading the Paris Gazette, it is far from being impossible that he is pulling down and rebuilding the front of his country house.

At the same time that I am endeavouring to expose this weakness in others, I shall readily confess that I once laboured under the same infirmity myself. The method I took to conquer it was a firm resolution to learn something from whatever I was obliged to see or hear. There is a way of thinking, if a man can attain to it, by which he may strike somewhat out of anything. I can at present observe those starts of good sense and struggles of unimproved reason in the conversation of a clown, with as much satisfaction as the most shining periods of the most finished orator; and can make a shift to command my attention at a puppet-show or an opera as well as at Hamlet or Othello. I always make one of the company I am in; for, though I say little myself, my attention to others, and those nods of approbation which I never bestow unmerited, sufficiently show that I am among them. Whereas an absent man, though of good sense, is



every day doing and saying a hundred things which he afterward confesses were somewhat *mal-a-propos* and undesigned.

Monsieur Bruyère has given us the character of an absent man with a great deal of humour, which he has pushed to an agreeable extravagance; with the heads of it I shall conclude my present paper.

“Menalcas (says that excellent author) comes down in a morning, opens his door to go out, but shuts it again, because he perceives that he has his nightcap on; and, examining himself farther, finds that he is but half-shaved, that he has stuck his sword on his right side, that his stockings are about his heels, and that his shirt is over his breeches. When he is dressed he goes to court, comes into the drawing-room, and, walking bolt-upright under a branch of candlesticks, his wig is caught up by one of them and hangs dangling in the air. All the courtiers fall a laughing, but Menalcas laughs louder than any of them, and looks about for the person that is the jest of the company. Coming down to the court gate he finds a coach, which, taking for his own, he whips into it; and the coachman drives off, not doubting but he carries his master. As soon as he stops, Menalcas throws himself out of the coach, crosses the court, ascends the staircase, and runs through all the chambers with the greatest familiarity; reposes himself on a couch, and fancies himself at home. The master of the house at last comes in; Menalcas rises to receive him, and desires him to sit down; he talks, muses, and then talks again. The gentleman of the house is tired and amazed: Menalcas is no less so, but is every moment in hopes that his impertinent guest will at last end his tedious visit. Night comes on, when Menalcas is hardly undeceived.

“When he is playing at backgammon, he calls for a full glass of wine and water; it is his turn to throw; he has the box in one hand and his glass in

the other; and, being extremely dry, and unwilling to lose time, he swallows down both the dice, and, at the same time, throws his wine into the tables. He writes a letter, and flings the sand into the ink-bottle; he writes a second, and mistakes the superscription. A nobleman receives one of them, and, upon opening it, reads as follows: 'I would have you, honest Jack, immediately upon the receipt of this, take in hay enough to serve me the winter.' His farmer receives the other, and is amazed to see in it, 'My Lord, I received your grace's commands, with an entire submission to.' If he is at an entertainment, you may see the pieces of bread continually multiplying round his plate. It is true, the rest of the company want it, as well as their knives and forks, which Menalcas does not let them keep long. Sometimes in a morning he puts his whole family in a hurry, and at last goes out without being able to stay for his coach or dinner; and for that day you may see him in every part of the town except the very place where he had appointed to be upon a business of importance. You would often take him for everything that he is not; for a fellow quite stupid, for he hears nothing; for a fool, for he talks to himself, and has a hundred grimaces and motions in his head, which are altogether involuntary; for a proud man, for he looks full upon you, and takes no notice of your saluting him. The truth of it is, his eyes are open, but he makes no use of them, and neither sees you, nor any man, nor anything else. He came once from his country-house, and his own footmen undertook to rob him, and succeeded. They held a flambeau to his throat, and bid him deliver his purse; he did so, and, coming home, told his friends he had been robbed; they desired to know the particulars; 'Ask my servants,' says Menalcas, 'for they were with me.' " X.

## HISTORY OF INKLE AND YARICO.

Mr. THOMAS INKLE, of London, aged twenty years, embarked in the Downs, in the good ship the *Achilles*, bound for the West Indies, on the 16th of June, 1647, in order to improve his fortune by trade and merchandise. Our adventurer was the third son of an eminent citizen, who had taken particular care to instil into his mind an early love of gain, by making him a perfect master of numbers, and, consequently, giving him a quick view of loss and advantage, and preventing the natural impulses of his passions, by prepossession towards his interests. With a mind thus turned, young Inkle had a person every way agreeable, a ruddy vigour in his countenance, strength in his limbs, with ringlets of fair hair loosely flowing on his shoulders. It happened in the course of the voyage that the *Achilles*, in some distress, put into a creek on the main of America in search of provisions; the youth, who is the hero of my story, among others, went ashore on this occasion. From their first landing they were observed by a party of Indians, who hid themselves in the woods for that purpose. The English unadvisedly marched a great distance from the shore into the country, and were intercepted by the natives, who slew the greatest number of them. Our adventurer escaped, among others, by flying into a forest. Upon his coming into a remote and pathless part of the wood, he threw himself, tired and breathless, on a little hillock, when an Indian maid rushed from a thicket behind him. After the first surprise, they appeared mutually agreeable to each other. If the European was highly charmed with the limbs, features, and wild graces of the naked American, the

American was no less taken with the dress, complexion, and shape of a European, covered from head to foot. The Indian grew immediately enamoured of him, and, consequently, solicitous for his preservation; she therefore conveyed him to a cave, where she gave him a delicious repast of fruits, and led him to a stream to slake his thirst. In the midst of these good offices she would sometimes play with his hair, and delight in the opposition of its colour to that of her fingers; then open his bosom, then laugh at him for covering it. She was, it seems, a person of distinction, for she every day came to him in a different dress, of the most beautiful shells, bugles, and breches. She likewise brought him a great many spoils, which her other lovers had presented to her; so that his cave was richly adorned with all the spotted skins of beasts, and most party-coloured feathers of fowls which that world afforded. To make his confinement more tolerable, she would carry him in the dusk of the evening, or by the favour of moonlight, to unfrequented groves and solitudes, and show him where to lie down in safety and sleep amid the falls of waters and melody of nightingales. Her part was to watch and hold him awake in her arms for fear of her countrymen, and wake him on occasions to consult his safety. In this manner did the lovers pass away their time till they had learned a language of their own, in which the voyager communicated to his mistress how happy he should be to have her in his country, where she should be clothed in such silks as his waistcoat was made of, and be carried in houses drawn by horses, without being exposed to wind or weather. All this he promised her the enjoyment of without such fears and alarms as they were there tormented with. In this tender correspondence these lovers lived for several months, when Yarico, instructed by her lover, discovered a vessel on the coast, to which she made signals; and in the night, with the utmost joy and

satisfaction, accompanied him to a ship's crew of his countrymen, bound for Barbadoes. When a vessel from the main arrives at that island, it seems the planters come down to the shore, where there is an immediate market of the Indians and other slaves, as with us of horses and oxen.

To be short, Mr. Thomas Inkle, now coming into English territories, began seriously to reflect upon his loss of time, and to weigh with himself how many days' interest of his money he had lost during his stay with Yarico. This thought made the young man very pensive, and careful what account he should be able to give his friends of his voyage. Upon which considerations, the prudent and frugal young man sold Yarico to a Barbadian merchant; notwithstanding that the poor girl, to incline him to commiserate her condition, told him that she was with child by him; but he only made use of that information to rise in his demands upon the purchaser.

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## DREAMS,

### TOKENS OF THE GRANDEUR OF THE SOUL.

"Cum prost rata sopore  
Urget membra quies et mens sine pondere ludit."  
PETR.

"While sleep oppresses the tired limbs, the mind  
Plays without weight, and wantons unconfined."

THOUGH there are many authors who have written on dreams, they have generally considered them only as revelations of what has already happened in distant parts of the world, or as presages of what is to happen in future periods of time.



I shall consider this subject in another light, as dreams may give us some idea of the great excellence of a human soul, and some intimation of its independence on matter.

In the first place, our dreams are great instances of that activity which is natural to the human soul, and which it is not in the power of sleep to deaden or abate. When the man appears tired and worn out with the labours of the day, this active part in his composition is still busied and unwearied. When the organs of sense want their due repose and necessary reparations, and the body is no longer able to keep pace with that spiritual substance to which it is united, the soul exerts herself in her several faculties, and continues in action till her partner is again qualified to bear her company. In this case, dreams look like the relaxations and amusements of the soul, when she is disencumbered of her machine; her sports and recreations, when she has laid her charge asleep.

In the second place, dreams are an instance of that agility and perfection which is natural to the faculties of the mind when they are disengaged from the body. The soul is clogged and retarded in her operations when she acts in conjunction with a companion that is so heavy and unwieldy in its motions. But in dreams it is wonderful to observe with what a sprightliness and alacrity she exerts herself. The slow of speech make unpremeditated harangues, or converse readily in languages that they are but little acquainted with. The grave abound in pleasantries, the dull in repartees and points of wit. There is not a more painful action of the mind than invention; yet in dreams it works with that ease and activity that we are not sensible when the faculty is employed. For instance, I believe every one, some time or other, dreams that he is reading papers, books, or letters; in which case the invention prompts so readily, that the mind is



imposed upon, and mistakes its own suggestions for the compositions of another.

I shall, under this head, quote a passage out of the *Religio Medici*, in which the ingenious author gives an account of himself in his dreaming and his waking thoughts. "We are somewhat more than ourselves in our sleeps, and the slumbers of the body seem to be but the waking of the soul. It is the ligation of sense, but the liberty of reason: and our waking conceptions do not match the fancies of our sleeps. At my nativity, my ascendant was the watery sign of Scorpius: I was born in the planetary hour of Saturn, and I think I have a piece of that leaden planet in me. I am no way facetious, nor disposed for the mirth and galliardize of company; yet in one dream I can compose a whole comedy, behold the action, apprehend the jests, and laugh myself awake at the conceits thereof. Were my memory as faithful as my reason is then fruitful, I would never study but in my dreams; and this time also would I choose for my devotions; but our grosser memories have then so little hold of our abstracted understandings, that they forget the story, and can only relate to our awakened souls a confused and broken tale of that that has passed. Thus it is observed, that men sometimes, upon the hour of their departure, do speak reason above themselves; for then the soul, beginning to be freed from the ligaments of the body, begins to reason like herself, and to discourse in a strain above mortality."

We may likewise observe, in the third place, that the passions affect the mind with greater strength when we are asleep than when we are awake. Joy and sorrow gives us more vigorous sensations of pain or pleasure at this time than at any other. Devotion, likewise, as the excellent author above mentioned has hinted, is in a very particular manner heightened and inflamed, when it rises in the soul

at a time that the body is thus laid at rest. Every man's experience will inform him in this matter, though it is very probable that this may happen differently in different constitutions. I shall conclude this head with the two following problems, which I shall leave to the solution of my reader. Supposing a man always happy in his dreams and miserable in his waking thoughts, and that his life was equally divided between them, whether would he be more happy or miserable? Were a man a king in his dreams and a beggar awake, and dreamed as consequentially, and in as continued unbroken schemes as he thinks when awake, whether he would be in reality a king or beggar, or rather whether he would not be both?

There is another circumstance which, methinks, gives us a very high idea of the nature of the soul in regard to what passes in dreams: I mean that innumerable multitude and variety of ideas which then arise in her. Were that active, watchful being only conscious of her own existence at such a time, what a painful solitude would her hours of sleep be? Were the soul sensible of her being alone in her sleeping moments, after the same manner that she is sensible of it while awake, the time would hang very heavy on her, as it often actually does when she dreams that she is in such solitude.

“Semperque relinqui  
Sola sibi, semper longam incommittata videtur  
Ire viam.”

VIRG.

“She seems alone  
To wander in her sleep through ways unknown,  
Guileless and dark.”

DRYDEN.

But this observation I only can make by the way. What I would here remark is that wonderful power in the soul of producing her own company on these occasions. She converses with numberless beings

of her own creation, and is transported into ten thousand scenes of her own raising. She is herself the theatre, the actors, and the beholder. This puts me in mind of a saying which I am infinitely pleased with, and which Plutarch ascribes to Heraclitus; that all men, while they are awake, are in one common world; but that each of them, when he is asleep, is in a world of his own. The waking man is conversant in the world of nature; when he sleeps, he retires to a private world that is particular to himself. There seems something in this consideration that intimates to us a natural grandeur and perfection in the soul, which is rather to be admired than explained.

I must not omit that argument for the excellence of the soul which I have seen quoted out of Turtulian, namely, its power of divining in dreams. That several such divinations have been made, none can question who believes the Holy Writings, or who has but the least degree of a common historical faith; there being innumerable instances of this nature in several authors, both ancient and modern, sacred and profane. Whether such dark presages, such visions of the night, proceed from any latent power in the soul during this her state of abstraction, or from any communication with the Supreme Being, or from any operation of subordinate spirits, has been a great dispute among the learned: the matter of fact is, I think, incontestable, and has been looked upon as such by the greatest writers, who have been never suspected either of superstition or enthusiasm.

I do not suppose that the soul in these instances is entirely loose and unfettered from the body; it is sufficient if she is not so far sunk and immersed in matter, nor entangled and perplexed in her operations, with such motions of blood and spirits, as when she actuates the machine in its waking hours. The corporeal union is slackened enough

to give the mind more play. The soul seems gathered within herself, and recovers that spring which is broke and weakened when she operates more in concert with the body.

The speculations I have here made, if they are not arguments, they are at least strong intimations, not only of the excellence of a human soul, but of its independence on the body; and if they do not prove, do at least confirm, these two great points, which are established by many other reasons that are altogether unanswerable. O.

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## DEFINITION OF A FINE GENTLEMAN.

“Omnis Aristippum decuit color, et status, et res.”

HOR., 1, Ep. xvii., 23.

“All fortune fitted Aristippus well.”

CREECH.

THE generality (the fair sex especially) have very false impressions of what should be intended when they say a Fine Gentleman. I have revolved this subject in my thoughts, and settled, as it were, an idea of that character in my own imagination.

No man ought to have the esteem of the rest of the world for any actions which are disagreeable to those maxims which prevail, as the standards of behaviour, in the country wherein he lives. What is opposite to the eternal rules of reason and good sense, must be excluded from any place in the carriage of a well-bred man. When a gentleman speaks coarsely, he has dressed himself clean to no purpose. The clothing of our minds certainly ought to be regarded before that of our bodies. To betray in a man's talk a corrupt imagination, is a

much greater offence against the conversation of gentlemen than any negligence of dress imaginable. But this sense of the matter is so far from being received among people even of condition, that Vocifer even passes for a fine gentleman. He is loud, haughty, gentle, soft, lewd, and obsequious by turns, just as a little understanding and great impudence prompt him at the present moment. He passes among the silly part of our women for a man of wit, because he is generally in doubt. He contradicts with a shrug, and confutes with a certain sufficiency, in professing such and such a thing is above his capacity. What makes his character the pleasanter is, that he is a professed deluder of women; and because the empty coxcomb has no regard to anything that is of itself sacred and inviolable. I have heard an unmarried lady of fortune say, It is a pity so fine a gentleman as Vocifer is so great an atheist. The crowds of such inconsiderable creatures, that infest all places of assembling, every reader will have in his eye from his own observation; but would it not be worth considering what sort of a figure a man who formed himself upon those principles among us, which are agreeable to the dictates of honour and religion, would make in the familiar and ordinary occurrences of life?

I hardly have observed any one fill his several duties of life better than Ignotus. All the under parts of his behaviour, and such as are exposed to common observation, have their rise in him from great and noble motives. A firm and unshaken expectation of another life makes him become this; humanity and good-nature, fortified by the sense of virtue, has the same effect upon him as the neglect of all goodness has upon many others. Being firmly established in all matters of importance, that certain inattention which makes men's actions look easy, appears in him with greater



beauty: by a thorough contempt of little excellences, he is perfectly master of them. This temper of mind leaves him under no necessity of studying his air, and he has this peculiar distinction, that his negligence is unaffected.

He that can work himself into a pleasure in considering this being as an uncertain one, and think to reap an advantage by its discontinuance, is in a fair way of doing all things with a graceful unconcern and a gentleman-like ease. Such a one does not behold his life as a short, transient, perplexing state, made up of trifling pleasures and great anxieties, but sees it in quite another light: his griefs are momentary, and his joys immortal. Reflection upon death is not a gloomy and sad thought of resigning everything that he delights in, but it is a short night followed by an endless day. What I would here contend for is, that the more virtuous the man is, the nearer he will naturally be to the character of genteel and agreeable. A man whose fortune is plentiful shows an ease in his countenance and confidence in his behaviour, which he that is under wants and difficulties cannot assume. It is thus with the state of the mind; he that governs his thoughts with the everlasting rules of reason and sense, must have something so inexpressibly graceful in his words and actions, that every circumstance must become him. The change of persons or things around him do not at all alter his situation, but he looks disinterested in the occurrences with which others are distracted, because the greatest purpose of his life is to maintain an indifference both to it and all its enjoyments. In a word, to be a Fine Gentleman is to be a generous and a brave man. What can make a man so much in constant good-humour, and shine, as we call it, than to be supported by what can never fail him, and to believe that whatever happens to him was the best thing that could pos-



sibly befall him, or else he on whom it depends would not have permitted it to have befallen him at all!

R.

## REMARKS ON THE ENGLISH TONGUE.

“Est brevitatem opus, ut currat sententia.”

HOR.

“Express your sentiments with brevity.”

I HAVE somewhere read of an eminent person, who used in his private offices of devotion to give thanks to Heaven that he was born a Frenchman: for my own part, I look upon it as a peculiar blessing that I was born an Englishman. Among many other reasons, I think myself very happy in my country, as the language of it is wonderfully adapted to a man who is sparing of his words and an enemy to loquacity.

As I have frequently reflected on my good fortune in this particular, I shall communicate to the public my speculations upon the English tongue, not doubting but they will be acceptable to all my curious readers.

The English delight in silence more than any other European nation, if the remarks which are made on us by foreigners are true. Our discourse is not kept up in conversation, but falls into more pauses and intervals than in our neighbouring countries; as it is observed that the matter of our writings is thrown much closer together, and lies in a narrower compass than is usual in the works of foreign authors: for, to favour our natural taciturnity, when we are obliged to utter our thoughts, we do it in the shortest way we are able, and give as quick a birth to our conception as possible.

This humour shows itself in several remarks that we may make upon the English language. As first of all by its abounding in monosyllables, which gives us an opportunity of delivering our thoughts in a few sounds. This indeed takes off from the elegance of our tongue, but, at the same time, expresses our ideas in the readiest manner, and, consequently, answers the first design of speech better than the multitude of syllables which make the words of other languages more tunable and sonorous. The sounds of our English words are commonly like those of string music, short and transient, which rise and perish upon a single touch; those of other languages are like the notes of wind instruments, sweet and swelling, and lengthened out into variety of modulation.

In the next place we may observe, that where the words are not monosyllables, we often make them so, as much as lies in our power, by our rapidity of pronunciation; as it generally happens in most of our long words which are derived from the Latin, where we contract the length of the syllables that gives them a grave and solemn air in their own language, to make them more proper for despatch and more conformable to the genius of our tongue. This we may find in a multitude of words, as liberty, conspiracy, theatre, orator, &c.

The same natural aversion to loquacity has of late years made a very considerable alteration in our language, by closing in one syllable the termination of our preterperfect tense, as in the words drown'd, walk'd, arriv'd, for drowned, walked, arrived, which has very much disfigured the tongue, and turned a tenth part of our smoothest words into so many clusters of consonants. This is the more remarkable, because the want of vowels in our language has been the general complaint of our politest authors, who nevertheless are the men that

have made these retrenchments, and, consequently, very much increased our former scarcity.

This reflection on the words that end in *ed*, I have heard in conversation from one of the greatest geniuses this age has produced. I think we may add to the foregoing observation the change which has happened in our language by the abbreviation of several words that are terminated in *eth*, by substituting an *s* in the room of the last syllable, as in *drowns*, *walks*, *arrives*, and in innumerable other words, which in the pronunciation of our forefathers were *drowneth*, *walketh*, *arriveth*. This has wonderfully multiplied a letter which was before too frequent in the English tongue, and added to that hissing in our language which is taken so much notice of by foreigners; but, at the same time, humours our taciturnity, and eases us of many superfluous syllables.

I might here observe, that the same single letter on many occasions does the office of a whole word, and represents the *his* or *her* of our forefathers. There is no doubt but the ear of a foreigner, which is the best judge in this case, would very much disapprove of such innovations, which indeed we do ourselves in some measure, by retaining the old termination in writing, and in all the solemn offices of our religion.

As in the instance I have given we have epitomized many of our particular words to the detriment of our tongue, so on other occasions we have drawn two words into one, which has likewise very much untuned our language, and clogged it with consonants, as *mayn't*, *can't*, *sha'n't*, *won't*, and the like, for *may not*, *can not*, *shall not*, *will not*, &c.

It is perhaps this humour of speaking no more than we needs must, which has so miserably curtailed some of our words, that in familiar writings and conversations they often lose all but their first syllables, as in *mob.*, *red.*, *pos.*, *incog.*, and the like;

and as all ridiculous words make their first entry into a language by familiar phrases, I dare not answer for these that they will not in time be looked upon as a part of our tongue. We see some of our poets have been so indiscreet as to imitate Hudibras's doggerel expressions in their serious compositions, by throwing out the signs of our substantives, which are essential to the English language. Nay, this humour of shortening our language had once run so far that some of our celebrated authors, among whom we may reckon Sir Roger l'Estrange in particular, began to prune their words of all superfluous letters, as they termed them, in order to adjust the spelling to the pronunciation, which would have confounded all our etymologies, and have quite destroyed our tongue.

We may here likewise observe, that our proper names, when familiarized in English, generally, dwindle to monosyllables, whereas in other modern languages they receive a softer turn on this occasion by the addition of a new syllable. Nick, in Italian, is Nicolini; Jack, in French, Janot, and so of the rest.

There is another particular in our language which is a great instance of our frugality of words, and that is the suppression of several particles which must be produced in other tongues to make a sentence intelligible; this often perplexes the best writers when they find the relatives whom, which, or they at their mercy, whether they may have admission or not, and will never be decided until we have something like an academy, that, by the best authorities, and rules drawn from the analogy of languages, shall settle all controversies between grammar and idiom.

I have only considered our language as it shows the genius and natural temper of the English, which is modest, thoughtful, and sincere, and which, perhaps, may recommend the people, though it has

spoiled the tongue. We might, perhaps, carry the same thought into other languages, and deduce a great part of what is peculiar to them from the genius of the people who speak them. It is certain the talkative humour of the French has not a little infected their tongue, which might be shown by many instances; as the genius of the Italians, which is so much addicted to music and ceremony, has moulded all their words and phrases to those particular uses. The stateliness and gravity of the Spaniards shows itself to perfection in the solemnity of their language, and the blunt, honest humour of the German sounds better in the roughness of the High Dutch than it would in a politer tongue.

C.

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## SUPPORTS OF PUBLIC CREDIT.

*“ Quoi quisque fere studio devinctus adhæret :  
Aut quibus in rebus multum sumus ante morati ;  
Atque in qua ratione fuit contenta magis mens ;  
In somnis eadem plerumque videmur obire.”*

LUCR.

*“ What studies please, what most delight  
And fill men's thoughts, they dream them o'er at night.”*

CREECH.

IN one of my late rambles, or, rather, speculations, I looked into the great hall where the bank is kept, and was not a little pleased to see the directors, secretaries, and clerks, with all the other members of that wealthy corporation, ranged in their several stations, according to the parts they act in that just and regular economy. This revived in my memory the many discourses which I had both read and heard concernig the decay of public credit, with



the methods of restoring it, and which, in my opinion, have always been defective, because they have always been made with an eye to separate interests and party principles.

The thoughts of the day gave my mind employment for the whole night, so that I fell insensibly into a kind of methodical dream, which disposed all my contemplations into a vision, or allegory, or what else the reader shall please to call it.

Methought I returned to the great hall where I had been the morning before, but, to my surprise, instead of the company that I left there, I saw towards the upper end of the hall a beautiful virgin, seated on a throne of gold. Her name (as they told me) was Public Credit. The walls, instead of being adorned with pictures and maps, were hung with many acts of parliament, written in golden letters. At the upper end of the hall was the Magna Charta, with the Act of Uniformity on the right hand, and the Act of Toleration on the left. At the lower end of the hall was the Act of Settlement, which was placed full in the eye of the Virgin that sat upon the throne. Both the sides of the hall were covered with such acts of parliament as had been made for the establishment of Public Funds. The lady seemed to set an unspeakable value upon these several pieces of furniture, insomuch that she often refreshed her eyes with them, and often smiled with a secret pleasure as she looked upon them; but, at the same time, showed a very particular uneasiness if she saw anything approaching that might hurt them. She appeared, indeed, infinitely timorous in all her behaviour; and, whether it was from the delicacy of her constitution, or that she was troubled with vapours, as I was afterward told by one who I found was none of her well wishers, she changed colour, and startled at everything she heard. She was likewise (as I afterward found) a greater valetudinarian than any I had ever met



with, even in her own sex, and subject to such momentary consumption, that, in the twinkling of an eye, she would fall away from the most florid complexion and the most healthful state of body, and wither into a skeleton. Her recoveries were often as sudden as her decays, insomuch that she would revive in a moment out of a wasting distemper into a habit of the highest health and vigour.

I had very soon an opportunity of observing these quick turns and changes in her constitution. There sat at her feet a couple of secretaries, who received every hour letters from all parts of the world, which the one or the other of them was perpetually reading to her; and according to the news she heard, to which she was exceedingly attentive, she changed colour, and discovered many symptoms of health or sickness.

Behind the throne was a prodigious heap of bags of money, which were piled upon one another so high that they touched the ceiling. The floor on her right hand and on<sup>d</sup> her left was covered with vast sums of gold, that rose up in pyramids on either side of her. But this I did not so much wonder at, when I heard, upon inquiry, that she had the same virtues in her touch which the poets tell us a Lydian king was formerly possessed of; and that she could convert whatever she pleased into that precious metal.

After a little dizziness and confused hurry of thought, which a man often meets with in a dream, methought the hall was alarmed, the doors flew open, and there entered half a dozen of the most hideous phantoms that I had ever seen (even in a dream) before that time. They came in two by two, though matched in the most dissociable manner, and mingled together in a kind of dance. It would be tedious to describe their habits and persons, for which reason I shall only inform my reader that the first couple were Tyranny and Anarchy, the

second were Bigotry and Atheism, the third the Genius of a Commonwealth and a young man about twenty-two years of age, whose name I could not learn. He had a sword in his right hand, which, in the dance, he often brandished at the Act of Settlement; and a citizen who stood by me whispered in my ear that he saw a sponge in his left hand. The dance of so many jarring natures put me in mind of the sun, moon, and earth, in *The Rehearsal*, that danced together for no other end but to eclipse one another.

The reader will easily suppose, by what has been before said, that the lady on the throne would have been almost frightened to distraction, had she seen but any one of these spectres; what, then, must have been her condition when she saw them all in a body? She fainted and died away at the sight.

“Et neque jam color est misto candore rubori;  
Nec vigor, et vires, et quæ modo visa placebant;  
Nec corpus remanet.”

OVID.

There was as great a change in the hill of money-bags and the heaps of money, the former shrinking and falling into so many empty bags, that I now found not above a tenth part of them had been filled with money. The rest, that took up the same space and made the same figure as the bags that were really filled with money, had been blown up with air, and called into my memory the bags full of wind which Homer tells us his hero received as a present from Æolus. The great heaps of gold on either side the throne now appeared to be only heaps of paper, or little piles of notched sticks, bound up together in bundles like Bath-fagots.

While I was lamenting this sudden desolation that had been made before me, the whole scene vanished; in the room of the frightful spectres there now entered a second dance of apparitions, very agree-

ably matched together, and made up of very amiable phantoms. The first pair was Liberty, with Monarchy at her right hand; the second was Moderation leading in Religion; and the third a person I had never seen, with the Genius of Great Britain. At their first entrance the lady revived, the bags swelled to their former bulk, the piles of fagots and heaps of paper changed into pyramids of guineas: and, for my own part, I was so transported with joy that I awaked, though, I must confess, I would fain have fallen asleep again to have closed my vision if I could have done it. C.

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## INFIDELITY CONDEMNED.

“Cælum ipsum petimus stultitia.”

HOR.

“Scarce the gods and heav’nly climes  
Are safe from our audacious crimes.”

DRYDEN.

A BELIEVER may be excused by the most hardened atheist for endeavouring to make him a convert, because he does it with an eye to both their interests. The atheist is inexcusable who tries to gain over a believer, because he does not propose the doing himself or the believer any good by such a conversion.

The prospect of a future state is the secret comfort and refreshment of my soul; it is that which makes nature look gay about me; it doubles all my pleasure, and supports me under all my afflictions. I can look at disappointments and misfortunes, pain and sickness, death itself, and, what is worse than death, the loss of those who are dearest to me, with indifference, so long as I keep in view the pleasures

of eternity, and the state of being in which there will be no fears or apprehensions, pains nor sorrows, sickness nor separation. Why will any man be so impertinently officious as to tell me all this is only fancy and delusion? Is there any merit in being the messenger of ill-news? If it is a dream, let me enjoy it, as it makes me both the happier and better man.

I must confess, I do not know how to trust a man who believes neither Heaven nor hell, or, in other words, a future state of rewards and punishments. Not only natural self-love, but reason directs us to promote our own interest above all things. It can never be for the interest of a believer to do me a mischief, because he is sure, upon the balance of accounts, to find himself a loser by it. On the contrary, if he considers his own welfare in his behaviour towards me, it will lead him to do me all the good he can, and, at the same time, restrain him from doing me an injury. An unbeliever does not act like a reasonable creature if he favours me contrary to his present interest, or does not distress me when it turns to his present advantage. Honour and good-nature may, indeed, tie up his hands; but as these would be very much strengthened by reason and principle, so, without them, they are only instincts, or wavering unsettled notions which rest on no foundation.

Infidelity has been attacked with so good success of late years, that it is driven out of all its outworks. The atheist has not found his post tenable, and is therefore retired into deism, and a disbelief of revealed religion only. But the truth of it is, the greatest number of this set of men are those who, for want of a virtuous education or examining the grounds of religion, know so very little of the matter in question, that their infidelity is but another term for their ignorance.

As folly and inconsiderateness are the foundations

of infidelity, the great pillars and supports of it are either a vanity of appearing wiser than the rest of mankind, or an ostentation of courage in despising the terrors of another world, which have so great an influence on what they call weaker minds; or an aversion to a belief that must cut them off from many of those pleasures they propose to themselves, and fill them with remorse for many of those they have already tasted.

The great received articles of the Christian religion have been so clearly proved, from the authority of that divine revelation in which they are delivered, that it is impossible for those who have ears to hear, and eyes to see, not to be convinced of them. But were it possible for anything in the Christian faith to be erroneous, I can find no ill consequences in adhering to it. The great points of the incarnation and sufferings of our Saviour produce naturally such habits of virtue in the mind of man, that I say, supposing it were possible for us to be mistaken in them, the infidel himself must at least allow that no other system of religion could so effectually contribute to the heightening of morality. They give us great ideas of the dignity of human nature, and of the love which the Supreme Being bears to his creatures, and, consequently, engage us in the highest acts of duty towards our Creator, our neighbour, and ourselves. How many noble arguments has St. Paul raised from the chief articles of our religion, for the advancing of morality in its three great branches? To give a single example in each kind: What can be a stronger motive to a firm trust and reliance on the mercies of our Maker, than the giving his Son to suffer for us? What can make us love and esteem even the most inconsiderable of mankind more than the thought that Christ died for him? Or what dispose us to set a stricter guard upon the purity of our own hearts, than our being members of Christ, and a part of the



society of which that immaculate person is the head? But these are only a specimen of those admirable enforcements of morality which the apostle has drawn from the history of our blessed Saviour.

If our modern infidels considered these matters with that candour and seriousness which they deserve, we should not see them act with such a spirit of bitterness, arrogance, and malice; they would not be raising such insignificant cavils, doubts, and scruples, as may be started against everything that is not capable of mathematical demonstration, in order to unsettle the minds of the ignorant, disturb the public peace, subvert morality, and throw all things into confusion and disorder. If none of these reflections can have any influence on them, there is one that, perhaps, may, because it is adapted to their vanity, by which they seem to be guided much more than their reason. I would therefore have them consider, that the wisest and best of men, in all ages of the world, have been those who lived up to the religion of their country, and to the best lights they had of the divine nature. Pythagoras's first rule directs us to worship the gods "as it is ordained by law," for that is the most natural interpretation of the precept. Socrates, who was the most renowned among the heathens, both for wisdom and virtues, in his last moments desires his friends to offer a cock to Æsculapius: doubtless out of a submissive deference to the established worship of his country. Xenophon tells us that his prince (whom he sets forth as a pattern of perfection), when he found his death approaching, offered sacrifices on the mountains to the Persian Jupiter and the sun, according to the custom of the Persians; for those are the words of the historian. Nay, the Epicureans and atomical philosophers showed a very remarkable modesty in this particular; for though the being of a God was entirely repugnant to their schemes of natural philosophy, they contented them-



selves with the denial of a providence, asserting, at the same time, the existence of gods in general, because they would not shock the common belief of mankind and the religion of their country. L.

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## PRIVATE LIFE OF PHARAMOND or FRANCE.

*"Ut tu fortunam, sic nos te Celse, feremus."*

HOR.

*"As you your fortune bear, we will bear you."*

CREECH.

THERE is nothing so common as to find a man whom, in the general observation of his carriage, you take to be of a uniform temper, subject to such unaccountable starts of humour and passion, that he is as much unlike himself, and differs as much from the man you first thought him, as any two distinct persons can differ from each other. This proceeds from the want of forming some law of life to ourselves, or fixing some notions of things in general, which may affect us in such manner as to create proper habits both in our minds and bodies. The negligence of this leaves us exposed not only to an unbecoming levity in our usual conversation, but also to the same instability in our friendships, interests, and alliances. A man who is but a mere spectator of what passes around him, and not engaged in commerces of any consideration, is but an ill judge of the secret motions of the heart of man, and by what degrees it is actuated, to make such visible alterations in the same person: but, at the same time, when a man is no way concerned in the effect of such inconsistencies in the behaviour of men of the world, the speculation must be, in the utmost degree, both diverting and instructive: yet, to enjoy such obser-

vations in the highest relish, he ought to be placed in a post of direction, and have the dealing of their fortunes to them. I have therefore been wonderfully diverted with some pieces of secret history which an antiquary, my very good friend, lent me as a curiosity. They are memoirs of the private life of Pharamond of France. "Pharamond," says my author, "was a prince of infinite humanity and generosity, and, at the same time, the most pleasant and facetious companion of his time. He had a peculiar taste in him, which would have been unlucky in any prince but himself; he thought there could be no exquisite pleasure in conversation but among equals; and would pleasantly bewail himself that he always lived in a crowd, but was the only man in France that could never get into company. This turn of mind made him delight in midnight rambles, attended only with one person of his bedchamber. He would, in these excursions, get acquainted with men (whose temper he had a mind to try), and recommend them privately to the particular observation of his first minister. He generally found himself neglected by his new acquaintance as soon as they had hopes of growing great; and used on such occasions to remark, that it was a great injustice to tax princes of forgetting themselves in their high fortunes, when there were so few that could, with constancy, bear the favour of their very creatures." My author, in these loose hints, has one passage that gives us a very lively idea of the uncommon genius of Pharamond. He met with one man whom he had put to all the usual proofs he had made of those he had a mind to know thoroughly, and found him for this purpose. In discourse with him one day, he gave him an opportunity of saying how much would satisfy all his wishes. The prince immediately revealed himself, doubled the sum, and spoke to him in this manner: "Sir, you have twice what you desired, by the favour of Pharamond; but look

to it that you are satisfied with it, for it is the last you shall ever receive. I from this moment consider you as mine; and, to make you truly so, I give you my royal word you shall never be greater or less than you are at present. Answer me not (concluded the prince, smiling), but enjoy the fortune I have put you in, which is above my own condition; for you have hereafter nothing to hope or to fear."

His majesty having thus well chosen and bought a friend and companion, he enjoyed alternately all the pleasures of an agreeable private man and a great and powerful monarch. He gave himself, with his companion, the name of the merry tyrant; for he punished his courtiers for their insolence and folly, not by any act of public disfavour, but by humorously practising upon their imaginations. If he observed a man untractable to his inferiors, he would find an opportunity to take some favourable notice of him, and render him insupportable. He knew all his own looks, words, and actions had their interpretations; and his friend, Monsieur Eucrate (for so he was called), having a great soul without ambition, he could communicate all his thoughts to him, and fear no artful use would be made of that freedom. It was no small delight, when they were in private, to reflect upon all which had passed in public.

Pharamond would often, to satisfy a vain fool of power in his country, talk to him in a full court, and with one whisper make him despise all his old friends and acquaintance. He was come to that knowledge of men by long observation, that he would profess altering the whole mass of blood in some tempers by thrice speaking to them. As fortune was in his power, he gave himself constant entertainment in managing the mere followers of it with the treatment they deserved. He would, by a skilful cast of his eye and half a smile, make two fellows who hated, embrace, and fall upon each other's necks with as much eagerness as if they

followed their real inclinations, and intended to stifle one another. When he was in high good-humour, he would lay the scene with Eucrate, and on a public night exercise the passions of his whole court. He was pleased to see a haughty beauty watch the looks of the man she had long despised, from observation of his being taken notice of by Pharamond; and the lover conceive higher hopes than to follow the woman he was dying for the day before. In a court, where men speak affection in the strongest terms and dislike in the faintest, it was a comical mixture of incidents to see disguises thrown aside in one case and increased in the other, according as favour or disgrace attended the respective objects of men's approbation or disesteem. Pharamond, in his mirth upon the meanness of mankind, used to say, "As he could take away a man's five senses, he could give him a hundred. The man in disgrace shall immediately lose all his natural endowments, and he that finds favour have the attributes of an angel." He would carry it so far as to say, "It should not be only so in the opinion of the lower part of his court, but the men themselves shall think thus meanly or greatly of themselves as they are out or in the good graces of a court."

A monarch who had wit and humour like Pharamond, must have pleasures which no man else can ever have opportunity of enjoying. He gave fortune to none but those whom he knew could receive it without transport. He made a noble and generous use of his observations, and did not regard his ministers as they were agreeable to himself, but as they were useful to his kingdom. By these means, the king appeared in every officer of state; and no man had a participation of the power who had not a similitude of the virtue of Pharamond.

\* \* \* \* \*

Pharamond, when he had a mind to retire for an

hour or two from the hurry of business and fatigue of ceremony, made a signal to Eucrate, by putting his hand to his face, placing his arm negligently on a window, or some such action as appeared indifferent to all the rest of the company. Upon such notice, unobserved by others (for their entire intimacy was always a secret), Eucrate repaired to his own apartment to receive the king. There was a secret access to this part of the court, at which Eucrate used to admit many whose mean appearance in the eyes of the ordinary waiters and doorkeepers made them be repulsed from other parts of the palace. Such as these were let in here by order of Eucrate, and had audiences of Pharamond. This entrance Pharamond called *the Gate of the Unhappy*; and the tears of the afflicted who came before him, he would say, were bribes received by Eucrate; for Eucrate had the most compassionate spirit of all men living, except his generous master, who was always kindled at the least affliction that was communicated to him. In regard for the miserable, Eucrate took particular care that the common forms of distress, and the idle pretenders to sorrow about courts, who wanted only supplies to luxury, should never obtain favour by his means: but the distresses which arise from the many inexplicable occurrences that happen among men, the unaccountable alienation of parents from their children, cruelty of husbands to wives, poverty occasioned from shipwreck or fire, the falling out of friends, or such other terrible disasters to which the life of man is exposed; in cases of this nature Eucrate was the patron, and enjoyed this part of the royal favour so much without being envied, that it was never inquired into by whose means what no one else cared for doing was brought about.

One evening, when Pharamond came into the apartment of Eucrate, he found him extremely dejected; upon which he asked (with a smile which



was natural to him), "What, is there any one too miserable to be relieved by Pharamond, that Eucrate is melancholy?" "I fear there is," answered the favourite: "a person without, of a good air, well dressed, and, though a man in the strength of his life, seems to faint under some inconsolable calamity. All his features seem suffused with agony of mind; but I can observe in him that it is more inclined to break away in tears than rage. I asked him what he would have. He said he would speak to Pharamond. I desired his business. He could hardly say to me, Eucrate, carry me to the king, my story is not to be told twice; I fear I shall not be able to speak it at all." Pharamond commanded Eucrate to let him enter; he did so, and the gentleman approached the king with an air which spoke him under the greatest concern in what manner to demean himself. The king, who had a quick discernment, relieved him from the oppression he was under: and with the most beautiful complacency said to him, "Sir, do not add to that load of sorrow I see in your countenance the awe of my presence. Think you are speaking to your friend. If the circumstances of your distress will admit of it, you shall find me so." To whom the stranger: "Oh, excellent Pharamond, name not a friend to the unfortunate Spinamont. I had one, but he is dead by my own hand; but, oh, Pharamond! though it was by the hand of Spinamont, it was by the guilt of Pharamond. I come not, oh excellent prince, to implore your pardon; I come to relate my sorrow, a sorrow too great for human life to support: from henceforth shall all occurrences appear dreams or short intervals of amusement from this one affliction which has seized my very being. Pardon me, oh Pharamond, if my griefs give me leave, that I lay before you, in the anguish of a wounded mind, that you, good as you are, are guilty of the generous blood spilled this day by this unhappy hand. Oh, that



it had perished before that instant!" Here the stranger paused, and recollecting his mind, after some little meditation, he went on, in a calmer tone and gesture, as follows :

"There is an authority due to distress, and as none of the human race is above the reach of sorrow, none should be above hearing the voice of it ; I am sure Pharamond is not. Know, then, that I have this morning unfortunately killed in a duel the man whom, of all men living, I most loved. I command myself too much in your royal presence to say, Pharamond, give me my friend! Pharamond has taken him from me! I will not say, Shall the merciful Pharamond destroy his own subjects? Will the father of his country murder his people? But the merciful Pharamond does destroy his subjects, the father of his country does murder his people. Fortune is so much the pursuit of mankind, that all glory and honour is in the power of a prince, because he has the distribution of their fortunes. It is therefore the inadvertence, negligence, or guilt of princes, to let anything grow into custom which is against their laws. A court can make fashion and duty walk together ; it can never, without the guilt of a court, happen, that it shall not be unfashionable to do what is unlawful. But, alas! in the dominions of Pharamond, by the force of a tyrant custom, which is misnamed a point of honour, the duellist kills his friend whom he loves ; and the judge condemns the duellist, while he approves his behaviour. Shame is the greatest of all evils ; what avail laws, when death only attends the breach of them, and shame obedience to them? As for me, oh Pharamond, were it possible to describe the nameless kinds of compunctions and tenderness I feel when I reflect upon the little accidents in our former familiarity, my mind swells into sorrow which cannot be resisted enough to be silent in the presence of Pharamond. (With that he fell into a

flood of tears, and wept aloud.) Why should not Pharamond hear the anguish he only can relieve others from in time to come? Let him hear from me what they feel who have given death by the false mercy of his administration, and form to himself the vengeance called for by those who have perished by his negligence.”\*

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## FASHIONABLE AND COURTLY MOURNINGS.

“Hic vivimus ambitiosa  
Paupertate omnes.”

Juv., *Sat.* iii., 183.

“The face of wealth in poverty we wear.”

THE most improper things we commit in the conduct of our lives, we are led into by the force of fashion. Instances might be given in which a prevailing custom makes us act against the rules of nature, law, and common sense; but, at present, I shall confine my consideration to the effect it has upon men’s minds, by looking into our behaviour when it is the fashion to go into mourning. The custom of representing the grief we have for the loss of the dead by our habits certainly had its rise from the real sorrow of such as were too much distressed to take the proper care they ought of their dress. By degrees it prevailed, that such as had this inward oppression upon their minds made an

\* This essay is written by Steele, who often wrote with great ardour and strong reasoning against duelling. The reader will find an account of a duel of his own, and of the anxiety which resulted to him from success, in his *Life*, prefixed to this edition.

apology for not joining with the rest of the world in their ordinary diversions by a dress suited to their condition. This, therefore, was at first assumed by such only as were under real distress, to whom it was a relief that they had nothing about them so light and gay as to be irksome to the gloom and melancholy of their inward reflections, or that might misrepresent them to others. In process of time, this laudable distinction of the sorrowful was lost, and mourning is now worn by heirs and widows. You see nothing but magnificence and solemnity in the equipage of the relict, and an air of release from servitude in the pomp of a son who has lost a wealthy father. This fashion of sorrow is now become a generous part of the ceremonial between princes and sovereigns, who, in the language of all nations, are styled brothers to each other, and put on the *purple*\* upon the death of any potentate with whom they live in amity. Courtiers, and all who wish themselves such, are immediately seized with grief from head to foot upon this disaster to their prince; so that one may know, by the very buckles of a gentleman-usher, what degree of friendship any deceased monarch maintained with the court to which he belongs. A good courtier's habit and behaviour is hieroglyphical on these occasions. He deals much in whispers, and you may see he dresses according to the best intelligence.

The general affectation among men of appearing greater than they are, makes the whole world run into the habit of the court. You see that lady, who the day before was as various as the rainbow, upon the time appointed for beginning to mourn, as dark as a cloud. This humour does not prevail only on those whose fortunes can support any change in their equipage, nor on those only whose

\* Royal and princely mourners are clad in purple.

incomes demand the wantonness of new appearances, but on such also who have just enough to clothe them. An old acquaintance of mine, of ninety pounds a year, who has naturally the vanity of being a man of fashion deep at his heart, is very much put to it to bear the mortality of princes. He made a new black suit upon the death of the King of Spain; he turned it for the King of Portugal; and he now keeps his chamber while it is scouring for the emperor. He is a good economist in his extravagance, and makes only a fresh black button upon his iron-gray suit for any potentate of small territories; he indeed adds his crape hatband for a prince whose exploits he has admired in the Gazette: but, whatever compliments may be made on these occasions, the true mourners are the mercers, silkmen, lacemen, and milliners. A prince of a merciful and royal disposition would reflect with great anxiety upon the prospect of his death, if he considered what numbers would be reduced to misery by that accident only. He would think it of moment enough to direct that, in the notification of his departure, the honour done to him might be restrained to those of the household of the prince to whom it should be signified. He would think a general mourning to be, in a less degree, the same ceremony which is practised in barbarous nations, of killing their slaves to attend the obsequies of their kings.

I had been wonderfully at a loss, for many months together, to guess at the character of a man who came now and then to our coffee-house. He ever ended a newspaper with this reflection, "Well, I see all the foreign princes are in good health." If you asked, "Pray, sir, what says the postman from Vienna?" he answered, "Make us thankful, the German princes are all well." "What does he say from Barcelona?" "He does not speak but that the country agrees very well with the new

queen." After very much inquiry, I found this man of universal loyalty was a wholesale dealer in silks and ribands. His way is, it seems, if he hires a weaver or workman, to have it inserted in his articles, "that all this shall be well and truly performed, provided no foreign potentate shall depart this life within the time above mentioned." It happens, in all public mournings, that the many trades which depend upon our habits are, during that folly, either pinched with present want or terrified with the apparent approach of it. All the atonement which men can make for wanton expenses (which is a sort of insulting the scarcity under which others labour) is, that the superfluities of the wealthy give supplies to the necessities of the poor; but, instead of any other good arising from the affectation of being in courtly habits of mourning, all order seems to be destroyed by it, and the true honour which one court does to another on that occasion loses its force and efficacy. When a foreign minister beholds the court of a nation (which flourishes in riches and plenty) lay aside, upon the loss of his master, all marks of splendour and magnificence, though the head of such a joyful people, he will conceive a greater idea of the honour done to his master than when he sees the generality of the people in the same habit. When one is afraid to ask the wife of a tradesman whom she has lost of her family, and, after some preparation, endeavours to know whom she mourns for, how ridiculous is it to hear her explain herself, "That we have lost one of the house of Austria!" Princes are elevated so highly above the rest of mankind, that it is a presumptuous distinction to take a part in honours done to their memories, except we have authority for it, by being related in a particular manner to the court which pays the veneration to their friendship, and seems to express, on such an occasion, the sense of the uncertainty of human



life in general, by assuming the habit of sorrow, though in the full possession of triumph and loyalty.  
R.

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## ERRORS OF FEMALE EDUCATION.

*“Motus doceri gaudet Ionicos  
Matura virgo et fingitur artibus  
Tam nunc, et incestos amores  
De tenero meditatur ungui.”*

HOR.

*“Behold a ripe and melting maid  
Bound ’prentice to the wanton trade :  
Ionian artists, at a mighty price,  
Instruct her in the mysteries of vice,  
What nets to spread, where subtle baits to lay ;  
And with an early hand they form the temper’d clay.”*

ROSCOMMON.

THE general mistake among us in the educating our children is, that in our daughters we take care of their persons and neglect their minds ; in our sons we are so intent upon adorning their minds, that we wholly neglect their bodies. It is from this that you shall see a young lady celebrated and admired in all the assemblies about town, when her elder brother is afraid to come into a room. From this ill-management it arises, that we frequently observe a man’s life is half spent before he is taken notice of, and a woman in the prime of her years is out of fashion and neglected. When a girl is safely brought from her nurse, before she is capable of forming one simple notion of anything in life, she is delivered to the hands of her dancing-master ; and with a collar round her neck, the pretty wild thing is taught a fantastical gravity of behaviour, and forced to a particular way of holding her head, heaving her breast,



and moving with her whole body, and all this under pain of never having a husband if she steps, looks, or moves awry. This gives the young lady wonderful workings of imagination, what is to pass between her and this husband that she is every moment told of, and for whom she seems to be educated. Thus her fancy is engaged to turn all her endeavours to the ornament of her person, as what must determine her good and ill in this life; and she naturally thinks, if she is tall enough, she is wise enough for anything for which her education makes her think she is designed. To make her an agreeable person is the main purpose of her parents; to that are all their costs, to that all their care directed; and from this general folly of parents we owe our present numerous race of coquettes. Sure there is a middle way to be followed: the management of a young lady's person is not to be overlooked, but the erudition of her mind is more to be regarded. According as this is managed, you will see the mind follow the appetites of the body, or the body express the virtues of the mind.

Cleomira dances with all the elegance of motion imaginable: but her eyes are so chastised with the simplicity and innocence of her thoughts, that she raises in her beholders admiration and good-will, but no loose hope or wild imagination. The true art in this case is to make the mind and body improve together; and, if possible, to make gesture follow thought; and not let thought be employed upon gesture.

R.

## THE ENVIOUS MAN.

*"Di bene fecerunt, inopis me quodque pusilli  
Finxerunt animi, raro et perpauca loquentis."*

HOR.

*"Thank Heav'n that made me of an humble mind;  
To action little, less to words inclined!"*

ROSCOMMON.

OBSERVING one person behold another, who was an utter stranger to him, with a cast of his eye, which, methought, expressed an emotion of heart very different from what could be raised by an object so agreeable as the gentleman he looked at, I began to consider, not without some secret sorrow, the condition of an envious man. Some have fancied that envy has a certain magical force in it, and that the eyes of the envious have, by their fascination, blasted the enjoyments of the happy. Sir Francis Bacon says, some have been so curious as to remark the times and seasons when the stroke of an envious eye is most effectually pernicious, and have observed that it has been when the person envied has been in any circumstance of glory and triumph. At such a time the mind of the prosperous man goes, as it were, abroad among things without him, and is more exposed to the malignity. But I shall not dwell upon speculations so abstracted as this, or repeat the many excellent things which one might collect out of authors upon this miserable affection; but, keeping in the road of common life, consider the envious man with relation to these three heads: his pains, his reliefs, and his happiness.

The envious man is in pain upon all occasions  
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which ought to give him pleasure. The relish of his life is inverted; and the objects which administer the highest satisfaction to those who are exempt from this passion, give the quickest pangs to persons who are subject to it. All the perfections of their fellow-creatures are odious: youth, beauty, valour, and wisdom are provocations of their displeasure. What a wretched and apostate state is this! To be offended with excellence, and to hate a man because we approve him! The condition of the envious man is the most emphatically miserable; he is not only incapable of rejoicing in another's merit or success, but lives in a world wherein all mankind are in a plot against his quiet, by studying their own happiness and advantage. Will Prosper is an honest talebearer; he makes it his business to join in conversation with envious men. He points to such a handsome young fellow, and whispers that he is secretly married to a great fortune: when they doubt, he adds circumstances to prove it; and never fails to aggravate their distress by assuring them that, to his knowledge, he has an uncle will leave him some thousands. Will has many arts of this kind to torture this sort of temper, and delights in it. When he finds them change colour, and say faintly they wish such a piece of news is true, he has the malice to speak some good or other of every man of their acquaintance.

The reliefs of the envious man are those little blemishes and imperfections that discover themselves in an illustrious character. It is matter of great consolation to an envious person, when a man of known honour does a thing unworthy himself: or when any action which was well executed, upon better information appears so altered in its circumstances, that the fame of it is divided among many instead of being attributed to one. This is a secret satisfaction to these malignants; for the person whom they before could not but admire, they fancy

is nearer their own condition as soon as his merit is shared among others. I remember some years ago there came out an excellent poem, without the name of the author. The little wits, who were incapable of writing it, began to pull in pieces the supposed writer. When that would not do, they took great pains to suppress the opinion that it was his. That again failed. The next refuge was to say it was overlooked by one man, and many pages wholly written by another. An honest fellow, who sat among a cluster of them in debate on this subject, cried out, "Gentlemen, if you are sure none of you yourselves had a hand in it, you are but where you were, whoever writ it." But the most usual succour to the envious, in cases of nameless merit of this kind, is to keep the property, if possible, unfixed, and by that means to hinder the reputation of it from falling upon any particular person. You see an envious man clear up his countenance, if, in the relation of any man's great happiness in one point, you mention his uneasiness in another. When he hears such a one is very rich, he turns pale, but recovers when you add that he has many children. In a word, the only sure way to an envious man's favour is not to deserve it.

But if we consider the envious man in delight, it is like reading of the seat of a giant in a romance; the magnificence of his house consists in the many limbs of men whom he has slain. If any who promised themselves success in any uncommon undertaking miscarry in the attempt, or he that aimed at what would have been useful and laudable meets with contempt and derision, the envious man, under the colour of hating vainglory, can smile with an inward wantonness of heart at the ill effect it may have upon an honest ambition for the future.

R.

## THE TRUE ART OF BEING AGREEABLE.

“Cum tristibus severe, cum remissis jucunde cum senibus graviter, cum juventute comiter vivere.”—TULL.

THE piece of Latin on the head of this paper is part of a character extremely vicious, but I have set down no more than may fall in with the rules of justice and honour. Cicero spoke it of Catiline, “who,” he said, “lived with the sad severely, with the cheerful agreeably, with the old gravely, with the young pleasantly ;” he added, “with the wicked boldly, with the wanton lasciviously.” The two last instances of his complaisance I forbear to consider, having it in my thoughts at present only to speak of obsequious behaviour as it sits upon a companion in pleasure, not a man of design and intrigue. To vary with every humour in this manner cannot be agreeable, except it comes from a man’s own temper and natural complexion ; to do it out of an ambition to excel that way, is the most fruitless and unbecoming prostitution imaginable. To put on an artful part, to obtain no other end but an unjust praise from the undiscerning, is of all endeavours the most despicable. A man must be sincerely pleased to become pleasure or not to interrupt that of others : for this reason, it is a most calamitous circumstance that many people who want to be alone, or should be so, will come into conversation. It is certain that all men who are in the least given to reflection, are seized with an inclination that way, when, perhaps, they had rather be inclined to company ; but, indeed, they had better go home and be tired with themselves, than force themselves upon others to recover their good-

humour. In all this the cases of communicating to a friend a sad thought or difficulty, in order to relieve a heavy heart, stands excepted; but what is here meant is, that a man should always go with inclination to the turn of the company he is going into, or not pretend to be of the party. It is certainly a very happy temper to be able to live with all kinds of dispositions, because it argues a mind that lies open to receive what is pleasing to others, and not obstinately bent on any particularity of its own.

This is it which makes me pleased with the character of my good acquaintance Acasto. You meet him at the tables and conversations of the wise, the impertinent, the grave, the frolicksome, and the witty, and yet his own character has nothing in it that can make him particularly agreeable to any one set of men; but Acasto has natural good sense, good nature, and discretion, so that every man enjoys himself in his company; and though Acasto contributes nothing to the entertainment, he never was at a place where he was not welcome a second time. Without these subordinate good qualities of Acasto, a man of wit and learning would be painful to the generality of mankind instead of being pleasing. Witty men are apt to imagine they are agreeable as such, and by that means grow the worst companions imaginable; they deride the absent or rally the present in a wrong manner, not knowing if you pinch or tickle a man till he is uneasy in his seat, or ungracefully distinguished from the rest of the company, you equally hurt him.

I was going to say the true art of being agreeable in company (but there can be no such thing as art in it) is to appear well pleased with those you are engaged with, and rather to seem well entertained than to bring entertainment to others. A man thus disposed is not indeed what we ordinarily call a good companion, but essentially is such, and



in all the parts of his conversation has something friendly in his behaviour, which conciliates men's minds more than the highest sallies of wit or starts of humour can possibly do. The feebleness of age in a man of this turn has something which should be treated with respect even in a man no otherwise venerable. The forwardness of youth, when it proceeds from alacrity and not insolence, has also its allowances. The companion who is formed for such by nature, gives to every character of life its due regards, and is ready to account for their imperfections, and receive their accomplishments as if they were his own. It must appear that you receive law from, and not give it to, your company to make you agreeable.

I remember Tully, speaking, I think, of Antony, says, that *in eo facetiæ erant quæ nulla arte tradi possunt*. "He had a witty mirth which could be acquired by no art." This quality must be of the kind of which I am now speaking; for all sorts of behaviour which depend upon observation and knowledge of life are to be acquired; but that which no one can describe, and is apparently the act of nature, must be everywhere prevalent; because everything it meets is a fit occasion to exert it, for he who follows nature can never be improper or unseasonable.

How unaccountable, then, must their behaviour be, who, without any manner of consideration of what the company they have just now entered are upon, give themselves the air of a messenger, and make as distinct relations of the occurrences they last met with as if they had been despatched from those they talk to to be punctually exact in a report of those circumstances; it is unpardonable to those who are met to enjoy one another, that a fresh man shall pop in, and give us only the last part of his own life, and put a stop to ours during the history. If such a man comes from 'Change, whether you

will or not, you must hear how the stocks go; and if you are ever so intensely employed on a graver subject, a young fellow of the other end of the town will take his place, and tell you Mrs. Such-a-one is charmingly handsome, because he just now saw her. But I think I need not dwell on this subject; since I have acknowledged there can be no rules made for excelling this way, and precepts of this kind fare like rules for writing poetry, which, it is said, may have prevented ill poets, but never made good ones.

T.

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## A GREAT GENIUS.

"*Gui mens divini or atque os  
Magna sonaturum, des nominis hujus honorem.*"

HOR.

"He alone can claim that name, who writes  
With fancy high, and bold and daring flights."

CREECH.

THERE is no character more frequently given than that of being a genius. I have heard many a little sonneteer called a fine genius. There is not a heroic scribbler in the nation that has not his admirers who think him a great genius.

My design is to consider what is properly a great genius, and to throw some thoughts together on so uncommon a subject.

Among great geniuses, those few draw the admiration of all the world upon them, and stand up as the prodigies of mankind, who, by the mere strength of natural parts, and without any assistance of art or learning, have produced works that were the delight of their own times and the won-

der of posterity. There appears something nobly wild and extravagant in these great natural geniuses, that is infinitely more beautiful than all the turn and polishing of what the French call a *bel-esprit*, by which they would express a genius refined by conversation, reflection, and the reading of the most polite authors. The greatest genius which runs through the arts and sciences takes a kind of tincture from them, and falls unavoidably into imitation.

Many of these great natural geniuses, that were never disciplined and broken by rules of art, are to be found among the ancients, and, in particular, among those of the more eastern parts of the world. Homer has innumerable flights that Virgil was not able to reach, and in the Old Testament we find several passages more elevated and sublime than any in Homer. At the same time that we allow a greater and more daring genius to the ancients, we must own that the greatest of them very much failed in, or, if you will, that they were much above the nicety and correctness of the moderns. In their similitudes and allusions, provided there was a likeness, they did not much trouble themselves about the decency of the comparison: thus Solomon resembles the nose of his beloved to the tower of Lebanon, which looketh towards Damascus; as the coming of a thief in the night is a similitude of the same kind in the New Testament. It would be endless to make collections of this nature; Homer illustrates one of his heroes encompassed with the enemy by an ass in a field of corn, that has his sides belaboured by all the boys of the village, without stirring a foot for it: and another tossing to and fro in his bed and burning with resentment, to a piece of flesh broiled on the coals. This particular failure in the ancients opens a large field of raillery to the little wits who can laugh at an indecency, but not relish the sublime in these

sorts of writings. The present Emperor of Persia, conformable to this eastern way of thinking, amid a great many pompous titles, denominates himself the Sun of Glory and the Nutmeg of Delight. In short, to cut off all cavilling against the ancients, and particularly those of the warmer climates, who had most heat and life in their imaginations, we are to consider that the rule of observing what the French call the bienséance in an allusion, has been found out of late years, and in the colder regions of the world, where we would make some amends for our want of force and spirit by a scrupulous nicety and exactness in our compositions. Our countryman, Shakspeare, was a remarkable instance of this first kind of great geniuses.

I cannot quit this head without observing that Pindar was a great genius of the first class, who was hurried on by a natural fire and impetuosity to vast conceptions of things and noble sallies of imagination. At the same time, can anything be more ridiculous than for men of a sober and moderate fancy to imitate this poet's way of writing, in those monstrous compositions which go among us under the name of Pindarics? When I see people copying works, which, as Horace has represented them, are singular in their kind, and inimitable; when I see men following irregularities by rule, and by the little tricks of art straining after the most unbounded flights of nature, I cannot but apply to them that passage in Terence;

“ *Incerta hæc si tu postules  
Ratione certa facere, nihilo plus agas,  
Quam si des operam, ut cum ratione insanias.*”

“ You may as well pretend to be mad and in your senses at the same time, as to think of reducing these uncertain things to any certainty by reason.”

In short, a modern Pindaric writer, compared with Pindar, is like a sister among the Camisars compared with Virgil's Sibyl: there is the distor-

tion, grimace, and outward figure, but nothing of that divine impulse which raises the mind above itself, and makes the sounds more than human.

There is another kind of great geniuses which I shall place in a second class, not as I think them inferior to the first, but only for distinction' sake, as they are of a different kind. This second class of great geniuses are those that have formed themselves by rules, and submitted the greatness of their natural talents to the corrections and restraints of art. Such among the Greeks were Plato and Aristotle; among the Romans, Virgil and Tully; among the English, Milton and Sir Francis Bacon.

The genius in both these classes of authors may be equally great, but shows itself after a different manner. In the first it is like a rich soil in a happy climate, that produces a whole wilderness of noble plants, rising in a thousand beautiful landscapes, without any certain order or regularity. In the other it is the same rich soil under the same happy climate, that has been laid out in walks and parterres, and cut into shape and beauty by the skill of the gardener.

The great danger in these latter kind of geniuses is, lest they cramp their own abilities too much by imitation, and form themselves altogether upon models, without giving the full play to their own natural parts. An imitation of the best authors is not to compare with a good original; and I believe we may observe that very few writers make an extraordinary figure in the world who have not something in their way of thinking or expressing themselves that is peculiar to them and entirely their own.

C.

## DISSOLUTION OF NATURE.

THE admirable writer of "The Theory of the Earth" has communicated to us, with the most striking eloquence, his thoughts on the dissolution of nature. When this admirable author has reviewed all that is passed or is to come which relates to the habitable world, and run through the whole face of it, how could a guardian angel, that had attended it through all its courses or changes, speak more emphatically at the end of his charge than does our author when he makes, as it were, a funeral oration over this globe, looking to the point where it once stood?

"Let us only, if you please, to take leave of this subject, reflect upon this occasion on the vanity and transient glory of this habitable world. How, by the force of one element breaking loose upon the rest, all the vanities of nature, all the works of art, all the labours of men, are reduced to nothing! All that we admired and adored before as great and magnificent, is obliterated or vanished; and another form and face of things, plain, simple, and everywhere the same, overspreads the whole earth. Where are now the great empires of the world, and their great imperial cities? Their pillars, trophies, and monuments of glory? Show me where they stood, read the inscription, tell me the victor's name. What remains, what impressions, what difference or distinction do you see in this mass of fire? Rome itself, eternal Rome, the great city, the empress of the world, whose domination and superstition, ancient and modern, make a great part of the history of this earth, what is become of her now? 'She laid her foundations deep, and her palaces



were strong and sumptuous :’ ‘ She glorified herself, and lived deliciously, and said in her heart, I sit a queen, and shall see no sorrow :’ but her hour is come, she is wiped away from the face of the earth, and buried in everlasting oblivion. But it is not cities only and works of men’s hands, but the everlasting hills, the mountains and rocks of the earth, are melted as wax before the sun, and their place is nowhere found.” “ Here stood the Alps, the load of the earth, that covered many countries, and reached their arms from the ocean to the Black Sea : this huge mass of stone is softened and dissolved as a tender cloud into rain. Here stood the African mountains, and Atlas with his top above the clouds ; there was frozen Caucasus ; and Taurus, and Imaus, and the mountains of Asia ; and yonder, towards the north, stood the Riphæan Hills clothed in ice and snow. All these are vanished, dropped away as the snow upon their heads. Great and marvellous are thy works, just and true are thy ways, thou King of Saints ! Hallelujah.” T.

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### POVERTY OF DRESS.

‘ Nil habet infelix paupertas durius in se,  
Quam quod ridiculos homines facit.’

JUV.

“ Want is the scorn of every wealthy fool,  
And wit in rags is turn’d to ridicule.”

DRYDEN.

As I was walking in my chamber the morning before I went last into the country, I heard the hawkers, with great vehemence, crying about a paper, entitled “ The ninety-nine Plagues of an empty Purse.” I had, indeed, some time before, observed

that the orators of Grub-street had dealt very much in plagues. They have already published, in the same month, "The Plagues of Matrimony; the Plagues of a single Life; the nineteen Plagues of a Chambermaid; the Plagues of a Coachman; the Plagues of a Footman; and the Plague of Plagues." The success these several plagues met with probably gave occasion to the above-mentioned poem on an empty purse. However that be, the same noise, so frequently repeated under my window, drew me insensibly to think on some of those inconveniences and mortifications which usually attend on poverty, and, in short, gave birth to the present speculation; for, after my fancy had run over the most obvious and common calamities which men of mean fortunes are liable to, it descended to those little insults and contempts which, though they may seem to dwindle into nothing when a man offers to describe them, are perhaps in themselves more cutting and insupportable than the former. Juvenal, with a great deal of reason and humour, tells us that nothing bore harder upon a poor man in his time than the continual ridicule which his habit and dress afforded to the beaux of Rome.

"Quid, quod materiam præbet causasque jocorum  
 Omnibus hic idem; si fæda et scissa lacerna,  
 Si toga sordidula est, et rupta calceus alter  
 Pelle patet, vel si consuto vulnere crassum  
 Atque recens linum ostendit non una cicatrix."

Juv., *Sat.* iii., v. 147.

"Add that the rich have still a gibe in store,  
 And will be monstrous witty on the poor;  
 For the torn surtout and the tatter'd vest,  
 The wretch and all his wardrobe are a jest;  
 The greasy gown sullied with often turning,  
 Gives a good hint to say the man's in mourning;  
 Or if the shoe be ripped, or patch is put,  
 He's wounded, see the plaster on his foot."

DRYDEN.

It must be confessed that few things make a man appear more despicable, or more prejudice his hearers against what he is going to offer, than an awkward or pitiful dress; insomuch that I fancy, had Tully himself pronounced one of his orations with a blanket about his shoulders, more people would have laughed at his dress than have admired his eloquence. This last reflection made me wonder at a set of men who, without being subjected to it by the unkindness of their fortunes, are contented to draw upon themselves the ridicule of the world in this particular: I mean such as take it into their heads that the first regular step to be a wit is to commence a sloven. It is certain nothing has so much debased that which must have been otherwise so great a character; and I know not how to account for it, unless it may possibly be in complaisance to those narrow minds who can have no notion of the same person's possessing different accomplishments, or that it is a sort of sacrifice which some men are contented to make to calumny, by allowing it to fasten on one part of their character, while they are endeavouring to establish another. Yet, however unaccountable this foolish custom is, I am afraid it could plead a long prescription, and probably give too much occasion for the vulgar definition still remaining among us of a heathen philosopher.

I have seen the speech of a *Terræ-filius*, spoken in King Charles the Second's reign, in which he describes two very eminent men, who were, perhaps, the greatest scholars of their age; and, after having mentioned the entire friendship between them, concludes, "That they had but one mind, one purse, one chamber, and one hat." The men of business were also infected with a sort of singularity little better than this. I have heard my father say that a broad-brimmed hat, short hair, and unfolded handkerchief were in his time absolutely necessary to

denote a notable man ; and that he had known two or three, who aspired to the character of very notable, wear shoestrings with great success.

To the honour of our present age, it must be allowed that some of our greatest geniuses for wit and business have almost entirely broken the neck of these absurdities.

Victor, after having despatched the most important affairs of the commonwealth, has appeared at an assembly, where all the ladies have declared him the genteeldest man in the company ; and in Atticus, though every way one of the greatest geniuses the age has produced, one sees nothing particular in his dress or carriage to denote his pretensions to wit and learning : so that, at present, a man may venture to cock up his hat and wear a fashionable wig without being taken for a rake or a fool.

The medium between a fop and a sloven is what a man of sense would endeavour to keep ; yet I remember Mr. Osborn advises his son to appear in his habit rather above than below his fortune, and tells him that he will find a handsome suit of clothes always procure some additional respect.

I shall conclude this paper with an adventure which I was myself an eyewitness of very lately.

I happened the other day to call in at a celebrated coffee-house near the Temple. I had not been there long, when there came in an elderly man very meanly dressed, and sat down by me ; he had a threadbare loose coat on, which it was plain he wore to keep himself warm, and not to favour his under-suit, which seemed to have been at least its contemporary : his short wig and hat were both answerable to the rest of his apparel. He was no sooner seated than he called for a dish of tea ; but, as several gentlemen in the room wanted other things, the boys of the house did not think themselves at leisure to mind him. I could observe the

old fellow was very uneasy at the affront, and at his being obliged to repeat his commands several times to no purpose : until at last one of the lads presented him with some stale tea in a broken dish, accompanied with a plate of brown sugar, which so raised his indignation, that, after several obliging appellations of dog and rascal, he asked him aloud, before the whole company, "Why he must be used with less respect than that fop there," pointing to a well-dressed young gentleman who was drinking tea at the opposite table. The boy of the house replied, with a great deal of pertness, that his master had two sorts of customers, and that the gentleman at the other table had given him many a sixpence for wiping his shoes. By this time the young Templar, who found his honour concerned in the dispute, and that the eyes of the whole coffee-house were upon him, had thrown aside a paper he had in his hand, and was coming towards us, while we at the table made what haste we could to get away from the impending quarrel, but were all of us surprised to see him, as he approached nearer, put on an air of deference and respect. To whom the old man said, "Hark you, sirrah, I will pay off your extravagant bills once more, but will take effectual care for the future that your prodigality shall not spirit up a parcel of rascals to insult your father."

Though I by no means approve either the impudence of the servants or the extravagance of the son, I cannot but think the old gentleman was in some measure justly served for walking in masquerade ; I mean, appearing in a dress so much beneath his quality and estate.

X.

## ZEALOTS IN RELIGION AND ATHEISM.

“Tantæne animis cælestibus iræ ?

VIRG.

“And dwells such fury in celestial breasts ?”

THERE is nothing in which men more deceive themselves than in what the world calls zeal. There are so many passions which hide themselves under it, and so many mischiefs arising from it, that some have gone so far as to say it would have been for the benefit of mankind if it had never been reckoned in the catalogue of virtues. It is certain, where it is once laudable and prudential, it is a hundred times criminal and erroneous; nor can it be otherwise, if we consider that it operates with equal violence in all religions, however opposite they may be to one another, and in all the subdivisions of each religion in particular.

We are told by some of the Jewish Rabbins, that the first murder was occasioned by a religious controversy; and if we had the whole history of zeal from the days of Cain to our own times, we should see it filled with so many scenes of slaughter and bloodshed, as would make a wise man very careful how he suffers himself to be actuated by such a principle, when it only regards matters of opinion and speculation.

I would have every zealous man examine his heart thoroughly, and I believe he will often find that what he calls a zeal for his religion is either pride, interest, or ill-nature. A man who differs from another in opinion sets himself above him in his own judgment, and in several particulars pretends to be the wiser person. This is a great provocation to the



proud man, and gives a very keen edge to what he calls his zeal. And that this is the case very often, we may observe from the behaviour of some of the most zealous for orthodoxy, who have often great friendships and intimacies with vicious, immoral men, provided they do but agree with them in the same scheme of belief. The reason is, because the vicious believer gives the precedence to the virtuous man, and allows the good Christian to be the worthier person, at the same time that he cannot come up to his perfections. This we find exemplified in that trite passage which we see quoted in almost every system of ethics, though upon another occasion :

“Video meliora proboque,  
Deteriora sequor.”

OVID.

“I see the right, and I approve it too ;  
Condemn the wrong, and yet the wrong pursue.”

TATE.

On the contrary, it is certain, if our zeal were true and genuine, we should be much more angry with a sinner than a heretic ; since there are several cases which may excuse the latter before his great Judge, but none which can excuse the former.

Interest is likewise a great inflamer, and sets a man on persecution under the colour of zeal. For this reason, we find none are so forward to promote the true worship by fire and sword as those who find their present account in it. But I shall extend the word interest to a larger meaning than what is generally given it, as it relates to our spiritual safety and welfare, as well as to our temporal. A man is glad to gain numbers on his side, as they serve to strengthen him to his private opinions. Every proselyte is like a new argument for the establishment of his faith. It makes him believe that his principles carry conviction with them, and are the more likely to be true when he finds they are conformable to the reason of others as well as to his own.

And that this temper of mind deludes a man very often into an opinion of his zeal, may appear from the common behaviour of the atheist, who maintains and spreads his opinions with as much heat as those who believe they do it only out of a passion for God's glory.

Ill-nature is another dreadful imitator of zeal. Many a good man may have a natural rancour and malice in his heart, which has been in some measure quelled and subdued by religion ; but if it finds any pretence of breaking out, which does not seem to him inconsistent with the duties of a Christian, it throws off all restraint, and rages in its full fury. Zeal is therefore a great ease to a malicious man, by making him believe he does God service, while he is gratifying the bent of a perverse, revengeful temper. For this reason, we find that most of the massacres and devastations which have been in the world, have taken their rise from a furious, pretended zeal.

I love to see a man zealous in a good matter, and especially when his zeal shows itself for advancing morality and promoting the happiness of mankind ; but when I find the instruments he works with racks and gibbets, galleys and dungeons ; when he imprisons men's persons, confiscates their estates, ruins their families, and burns the body to save the soul, I cannot stick to pronounce of such a one that (whatever he may think of his faith and religion) his faith is vain and his religion unprofitable.

After having treated of these false zealots in religion, I cannot forbear mentioning a monstrous species of men, who one would not think had any existence in nature were they not to be met with in ordinary conversation. I mean the zealots in Atheism. One would fancy that these men, though they fall short in every other respect of those who make a profession of religion, would at least outshine them in this particular, and be exempt from that

single fault which seems to grow out of the imprudent fervours of religion: but so it is, that infidelity is propagated with as much fierceness and contention, wrath and indignation, as if the safety of mankind depended upon it. There is something so ridiculous and perverse in this kind of zealots, that one does not know how to set them out in their proper colours. They are a sort of gamesters, who are eternally upon the fret, though they play for nothing. They are perpetually teasing their friends to come over to them, though at the same time they allow that neither of them shall get anything by the bargain. In short, the zeal of spreading atheism is, if possible, more absurd than atheism itself.

Since I have mentioned this unaccountable zeal which appears in atheists and infidels, I must farther observe that they are likewise in a most particular manner possessed with the spirit of bigotry. They are wedded to opinions full of contradiction and impossibility, and, at the same time, look upon the smallest difficulty in an article of faith as a sufficient reason for rejecting it. Notions that fall in with the common reason of mankind, that are conformable to the sense of all ages and all nations, not to mention their tendency for promoting the happiness of societies, of particular persons, are exploded as errors and prejudices, and schemes erected in their stead that are altogether monstrous and irrational, and require the most extravagant credulity to embrace them. I would fain ask one of these bigoted infidels, supposing all the great points of atheism, as the casual or eternal formation of the world, the materiality of a thinking substance, the mortality of the soul, the fortuitous organization of the body, the motions and gravitation of matter with the like particulars, were laid together and formed into a kind of creed, according to the opinions of the most celebrated atheists; I say, supposing such a creed as this were formed, and imposed upon any

one people in the world, whether it would not require an infinitely greater measure of faith than any set of articles which they so violently oppose? Let me, therefore, advise this generation of wranglers, for their own and for the public good, to act at least so consistently with themselves as not to burn with zeal for irreligion and with bigotry for nonsense.

C.

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### THE VISION OF MIRZA.

*"Omnem, quæ nunc obducta tuenti  
Mortales habet visus tibi, et humida circum  
Caligat, nubem eripiam."*

VIRG.

*"The cloud, which, intercepting the clear light,  
Hangs o'er the eyes, and blunts thy mortal sight,  
I will remove."*

WHEN I was at Grand Cairo, I picked up several Oriental manuscripts, which I have still by me. Among others, I met with one entitled *The Vision of Mirza*, which I have read over with great pleasure, and which I have translated word for word, as follows:

"On the fifth day of the moon, which, according to the custom of my forefathers, I always kept holy, after having washed myself and offered up my morning devotions, I ascended the high hills of Bagdat, in order to pass the rest of the day in meditation and prayer. As I was here airing myself on the tops of the mountain, I fell into a profound contemplation on the vanity of human life; and, passing from one thought to another, surely, said I, man is but a shadow, and life a dream. While I was thus musing, I cast my eyes towards the summit of a rock

that was not far from me, where I discovered one in the habit of a shepherd, with a little musical instrument in his hand. As I looked upon him, he applied it to his lips and began to play upon it. The sound of it was exceeding sweet, and wrought into a variety of tunes that were inexpressibly melodious, and altogether different from anything I had ever heard: they put me in mind of those heavenly airs that are played to the departed souls of good men upon their first arrival in Paradise, to wear out the impressions of the last agonies, and qualify them for the pleasures of that happy place. My heart melted away in secret raptures.

“I had been often told that the rock before me was the haunt of a Genius, and that several had been entertained with music who had passed by it, but never heard that the musician had before made himself visible. When he had raised my thoughts by those transporting airs which he played, to taste the pleasures of his conversation, as I looked upon him like one astonished, he beckoned to me, and by the waving of his hand directed me to approach the place where he sat. I drew near with that reverence which is due to a superior nature; and as my heart was entirely subdued by the captivating strains I had heard, I fell down at his feet and wept. The Genius smiled upon me with a look of compassion and affability that familiarized him to to my imagination, and at once dispelled all the fears and apprehensions with which I approached him. He lifted me from the ground, and taking me by the hand, Mirza, said he, I have heard thee in thy soliloquies; follow me.

“He then led me to the highest pinnacle of the rock, and placing me on the top of it, Cast thy eyes eastward, said he, and tell me what thou seest. I see, said I, a huge valley, and a prodigious tide of water rolling through it. The valley that thou seest is part of the great tide of eternity. What



is the reason, said I, that the tide I see rises out of a thick mist at one end, and again loses itself in a thick mist at the other? What thou seest, said he, is that portion of eternity which is called time, measured out by the sun, and reaching from the beginning of the world to its consummation. Examine now, said he, this sea that is thus bounded with darkness at both ends, and tell me what thou discoverest in it. I see a bridge, said I, standing in the midst of the tide. The bridge thou seest, said he, is human life; consider it attentively. Upon a more leisurely survey of it, I found that it consisted of threescore and ten entire arches, with several broken arches, which, added to those that were entire, made up the number about a hundred. As I was counting the arches, the Genius told me that this bridge consisted at first of a thousand arches: but that a great flood swept away the rest, and left the bridge in the ruinous condition I now beheld it: but tell me farther, said he, what thou discoverest on it. I see multitudes of people passing over it, said I, and a black cloud hanging on each end of it. As I looked more attentively, I saw several of the passengers dropping through the bridge into the great tide that flowed underneath it; and, upon farther examination, perceived there were innumerable trapdoors that lay concealed in the bridge, which the passengers no sooner trod upon, but they fell through them into the tide and immediately disappeared. These hidden pitfalls were set very thick at the entrance of the bridge, so that throngs of people no sooner broke through the cloud but many of them fell into them. They grew thinner towards the middle, but multiplied and lay closer together towards the end of the arches that were entire.

“There were indeed some persons, but their number was very small, that continued a kind of hobbling march on the broken arches, but fell



through one after another, being quite tired and spent with so long a walk.

"I passed some time in the contemplation of this wonderful structure, and the great variety of objects which it presented. My heart was filled with a deep melancholy to see several dropping unexpectedly in the midst of mirth and jollity, and catching at everything that stood by them to save themselves. Some were looking up towards the heavens in a thoughtful posture, and in the midst of a speculation stumbled and fell out of sight. Multitudes were very busy in the pursuit of bubbles that glittered in their eyes and danced before them; but often, when they thought themselves within the reach of them, their footing failed and down they sunk. In this confusion of objects I observed some with cimeters in their hands, and others with urinals, who ran to and fro upon the bridge, thrusting several persons on trapdoors which did not seem to lie in their way, and which they might have escaped had they not been thus forced upon them.

"The Genius, seeing me indulge myself in this melancholy prospect, told me I had dwelt long enough upon it; take thine eyes off the bridge, said he, and tell me if thou yet seest anything thou dost not comprehend. Upon looking up, what mean, said I, those great flights of birds that are perpetually hovering about the bridge, and settling upon it from time to time? I see vultures, harpies, ravens, cormorants, and, among many other feathered creatures, several little winged boys, that perch in great numbers upon the middle arches. These, said the Genius, are envy, avarice, superstition, despair, love, with the like cares and passions that infest human life.

"I here fetched a deep sigh. Alas, said I, man was made in vain! How is he given away to misery and mortality! tortured in life and swal-

lowed up in death ! The Genius, being moved with compassion towards me, bid me quit so uncomfortable a prospect. Look no more, said he, on man in the first stage of his existence, in his setting out for eternity ; but cast thine eye on that thick mist into which the tide bears the several generations of mortals that fall into it. I directed my sight as I was ordered, and whether or no the good Genius strengthened it with any supernatural force, or dissipated part of the mist that was before too thick for the eye to penetrate, I saw the valley opening at the farther end, and spreading forth into an immense ocean, that had a huge rock of adamant running through the midst of it, and dividing it into two equal parts. The clouds still rested on one half of it, insomuch that I could discover nothing in it ; but the other appeared to me a vast ocean, planted with innumerable islands, that were covered with fruits and flowers, and interwoven with a thousand little shining seas that ran among them. I could see persons dressed in glorious habits, with garlands upon their heads, passing among the trees, lying down by the sides of fountains, or resting on beds of flowers ; and could hear a confused harmony of singing birds, falling waters, human voices, and musical instruments. Gladness grew in me upon the discovery of so delightful a scene. I wished for the wings of an eagle, that I might fly away to those happy seats ; but the Genius told me there was no passage to them, except through the gates of death that I saw opening every moment upon the bridge. The islands, said he, that lie so fresh and green before thee, and with which the whole face of the ocean appears spotted as far as thou canst see, are more in number than the sands of the seashore ; there are myriads of islands behind those which thou here discoverest, reaching farther than thine eye, or even thy imagination can extend itself. These are the mansions of good

men after death, who, according to the degree and kinds of virtue in which they excelled, are distributed among these several islands, which abound with pleasures of different kinds and degrees, suitable to the relishes and perfections of those who are settled in them; every island is a paradise accommodated to its respective inhabitants. Are not these, oh Mirza, habitations worth contending for? Does life appear miserable, that gives thee opportunities of earning such a reward? Is death to be feared, that will convey thee to so happy an existence? Think not man was made in vain, who has such an eternity reserved for him. I gazed with inexpressible pleasure on these happy islands. At length, said I, show me now, I beseech thee, the secrets that lie hid under those dark clouds which cover the ocean on the other side of the rock of adamant. The Genius making me no answer, I turned about to address myself to him a second time, but I found that he had left me; I then turned again to the vision which I had been so long contemplating: but instead of the rolling tide, the arched bridge, and the happy islands, I saw nothing but the long hollow valley of Bagdat, with oxen, sheep, and camels grazing upon the sides of it."

C.

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### GHOSTS RIDICULED.

"Veteris avias tibi de pulmone revello."

PERSEUS.

"I root th' old woman from my trembling heart."

I REMEMBER last winter there were several young girls of the neighbourhood sitting about the fire with my landlady's daughters, and telling stories of

spirits and apparitions. Upon my opening the door, the young women broke off their discourse; but my landlady's daughters telling them that it was nobody but the gentleman (for that is the name which I go by in the neighbourhood as well as in the family), they went on without minding me. I seated myself by the candle that stood on a table at one end of the room; and pretending to read a book that I took out of my pocket, heard several dreadful stories of ghosts as pale as ashes that had stood at the feet of a bed, or walked over a churchyard by moonlight: and of others that had been conjured into the Red Sea for disturbing people's rest and drawing their curtains at midnight; with many other old women's fables of the like nature. As one spirit raised another, I observed at the end of every story the whole company closed their ranks, and crowded about the fire: I took notice in particular of a little boy, who was so attentive to every story that I am mistaken if he ventures to go to bed by himself this twelvemonth. Indeed, they talked so long that the imaginations of the whole assembly were manifestly crazed, and I am sure will be the worse for it as long as they live. I heard one of the girls, that had looked upon me over her shoulder, asking the company how long I had been in the room, and whether I did not look paler than I used to do. This put me under some apprehensions that I should be forced to explain myself if I did not retire; for which reason I took the candle in my hand and went up into my chamber, not without wondering at this unaccountable weakness in reasonable creatures, that they should love to astonish and terrify one another. Were I a father, I should take a particular care to preserve my children from these little horrors of imagination, which they are apt to contract when they are young, and are not able to shake off when they are in years. I have known a soldier that has entered a breach, affright-

ed at his own shadow, and look pale upon a little scratching at his door, who the day before had marched up against a battery of cannon. There are instances of persons who have been terrified, even to distraction, at the figure of a tree or the shaking of a bulrush. The truth of it is, I look upon a sound imagination as the greatest blessing of life, next to a clear judgment and a good conscience. In the mean time, since there are very few whose minds are not more or less subject to these dreadful thoughts and apprehensions, we ought to arm ourselves against them by the dictates of reason and religion, "to pull the old woman out of our hearts" (as Perseus expresses it in the motto of my paper), and extinguish those impertinent notions which we imbibed at a time that we were not able to judge of their absurdity. Or if we believe, as many wise and good men have done, that there are such phantoms and apparitions as those I have been speaking of, let us endeavour to establish to ourselves an interest in Him who holds the reins of the whole creation in his hand, and moderates them after such a manner that it is impossible for one being to break loose upon another without his knowledge and permission.

For my own part, I am apt to join in opinion with those who believe that all the regions of nature swarm with spirits: and that we have multitudes of spectators on all our actions, when we think ourselves most alone; but, instead of terrifying myself with such a notion, I am wonderfully pleased to think that I am always engaged with such an innumerable society, in searching out the wonders of the creation, and joining in the same comfort of praise and adoration.

Milton has finely described this mixed communion of men and spirits in paradise: and had doubtless his eye upon a verse in old Hesiod, which is almost word for word the same with his third line in the following passage:



“ Nor think, though men were none,  
 That Heav’n would want spectators, God want praise :  
 Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth  
 Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep ;  
 All these with ceaseless praise his works behold  
 Both day and night. How often from the steep  
 Of echoing hill or thicket have we heard  
 Celestial voices in the midnight air,  
 Sole, or responsive each to other’s note,  
 Singing their great Creator ! Oft in bands  
 While they keep watch, or nightly rounding walk,  
 With heav’nly touch of instrumental sounds,  
 In full harmonic number join’d, their songs  
 Divide the night, and lift our thoughts to Heav’n.”

C.

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 ENGLISH COMMERCE.

“ *Hi segetes, illic veniunt felicius uvæ :*  
*Arborei fœtus alibi atque injussa virescunt*  
*Gramina. Nonne vides, croceos ut Tmolus odores,*  
*India mittit ebur, molles sua thura Sabæi ?*  
*At chalybes nudi ferrum viroscum Pontus*  
*Castorea, Eliadum palmas Epirus equarum ?*  
*Continuo has leges æternaque fœdera certis*  
*Imposuit natura locis.”*

VIRG.

“ This ground with Bacchus, that with Ceres suits ;  
 That other loads the trees with happy fruits ;  
 A fourth with grass unbidden decks the ground :  
 Thus Tmolus is with yellow saffron crown’d ;  
 India black ebon and white iv’ry bears ;  
 And soft Idume weeps her od’rous tears !  
 Thus Pontus sends her bever stones from far ;  
 And naked Spaniards temper steel for war ;  
 Epirus for th’ Elean chariot breeds  
 (In hopes of palms) a race of running steeds.  
 This is th’ original contract ; these the laws  
 Imposed by nature, and by nature’s cause.

DRYDEN.

THERE is no place in town which I so much love  
 to frequent as the Royal Exchange. It gives me a



secret satisfaction, and, in some measure, gratifies my vanity, as I am an Englishman, to see so rich an assembly of countrymen and foreigners consulting together upon the private business of mankind, and making this metropolis a kind of emporium for the whole earth. I must confess that I look upon High-Change to be a great council, in which all considerable nations have their representative. Factors in the trading world are what ambassadors are in the politic world; they negotiate affairs, conclude treaties, and maintain a good correspondence between those wealthy societies of men that are divided from one another by seas and oceans, or live on the different extremities of a continent. I have often been pleased to hear disputes adjusted between an inhabitant of Japan and an alderman of London, or to see a subject of the Great Mogul entering into a league with one of the Czar of Muscovy. I am infinitely delighted in mixing with these several ministers of commerce, as they are distinguished by their different walks and different languages. Sometimes I am jostled among a body of Armenians; sometimes I am lost in a crowd of Jews; and sometimes make one in a group of Dutchmen. I am a Dane, Swede, or Frenchman, at different times; or rather fancy myself like the old philosopher, who, upon being asked what countryman he was, replied that he was a citizen of the world.

This grand scene of business gives me an infinite variety of solid and substantial entertainments. As I am a great lover of mankind, my heart naturally overflows with pleasure at the sight of a prosperous and happy multitude, insomuch that at many public solemnities I cannot forbear expressing my joy with tears that have stolen down my cheeks. For this reason I am wonderfully delighted to see such a body of men thriving in their own private fortunes, and, at the same time, promoting the public stock, or, in other words, raising estates for their own fam-

ilies, by bringing into their country whatever is wanting, and carrying out of it whatever is superfluous.

Nature seems to have taken a particular care to disseminate her blessings among the different regions of the world, with an eye to this mutual intercourse and traffic among mankind, that the natives of the several parts of the globe might have a kind of dependance upon one another, and be united together by their common interest. Almost every degree produces something peculiar to it. The food often grows in one country, and the sauce in another. The fruits of Portugal are corrected by the products of Barbadoes, and the infusion of a China plant is sweetened with the pith of an Indian cane. The Philippic islands give a flavour to our European bowls. The single dress of a woman of quality is often the product of a hundred climates. The muff and the fan come together from the different ends of the earth. The scarf is sent from the torrid zone, and the tippet from beneath the pole. The brocade petticoat rises out of the mines of Peru, and the diamond necklace out of the bowels of Indostan.

If we consider our own country in its natural prospect, without any of the benefits and advantages of commerce, what a barren, uncomfortable spot of earth falls to our share! Natural historians tell us that no fruit grows originally among us besides hips and haws, acorns and pig-nuts, with other delicacies of the like nature: that our climate of itself, and without the assistance of art, can make no farther advances towards a plum than to a sloe, and carries an apple to no greater a perfection than a crab: that our melons, our peaches, our figs, our apricots and cherries, are strangers among us, imported in different ages, and naturalized in our English gardens; and that they would all degenerate and fall away into the trash of our own country, if they were wholly neglected by the planter, and left

to the mercy of our sun and soil. Nor has traffic more enriched our vegetable world than it has improved the whole face of nature among us. Our ships are laden with the harvest of every climate. Our tables are stored with spices, and oils, and wines. Our rooms are filled with pyramids of China, and adorned with the workmanship of Japan. Our morning's draught comes to us from the remotest corners of the earth.

We repair our bodies with the drugs of America, and repose ourselves under Indian canopies. The vineyards of France are our gardens; the spice-islands our hotbeds; the Persians our silk-weavers, and the Chinese our potters. Nature, indeed, furnishes us with the bare necessities of life, but traffic gives us a great variety of what is useful, and, at the same time, supplies us with everything that is convenient and ornamental. Nor is it the least part of this our happiness, that while we enjoy the remotest products of the north and south, we are free from those extremities of weather which give them birth; that our eyes are refreshed with the green fields of Britain at the same time that our palates are feasted with fruits that rise between the tropics.

For these reasons there are not more useful members in a commonwealth than merchants. They knit mankind together in a mutual intercourse of good offices, distribute the gifts of nature, find work for the poor, add wealth to the rich, and magnificence to the great. Our English merchant converts the tin of his own country into gold, and exchanges its wool for rubies. The Mohammedans are clothed in our British manufacture, and the inhabitants of the frozen zone warmed with the fleeces of our sheep.

When I have been upon the 'Change, I have often fancied one of our old kings standing in person, where he is represented in effigy, and looking down upon the wealthy concourse of people with which

that place is every day filled. In this case, how would he be surprised to hear all the languages of Europe spoken in this little spot of his former dominions, and to see so many private men, who in his time would have been the vassals of some powerful baron, negotiating like princes for greater sums of money than were formerly to be met with in the royal treasury! Trade, without enlarging the British territories, has given us a kind of additional empire. It has multiplied the number of the rich, made our landed estates infinitely more valuable than they were formerly, and added to them an accession of other estates as valuable as the lands themselves. C.

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### THE CAVE OF TROPHONIUS.\*

“Ubique  
Luctus, Ubique pavor.”  
VIRG.

“All parts resound with tumults, complaints, and fears.”  
DRYDEN.

It has been my custom, as I grow old, to allow myself some little indulgences which I never took

\* Pausanias has given a very particular description of this cave: he tells us that it was made in the form of a huge oven, and had many particular circumstances, which disposed the person who was in it to be more pensive and thoughtful than ordinary. It was usual in these times, when any one carried more than common gloominess in his features, to tell him that he looks like one just come out of Trophonius's cave.

Plutarch mentions that prophecies of evil events were uttered from the cave of Trophonius; but the allegorical story, that whoever entered this cavern were never again seen to smile, seems to have been designed to warn the contemplative from considering too much the dark side of nature.

in my youth. Among others is that of an afternoon's nap, which I fell into in the fifty-fifth year of my age, and have continued for the last three years past. By this means I enjoy a double morning, and rise twice a day fresh to my speculations. It happens, very luckily for me, that some of my dreams have proved instructive to my countrymen, so that I may be said to sleep, as well as to wake, for the good of the public. I was yesterday meditating on the *Cave of Trophonius*. I was no sooner fallen into my usual slumber, but I dreamed that this cave was put into my possession, and that I gave public notice of its virtue, inviting every one to it who had a mind to be a serious man for the remaining part of his life. Great multitudes immediately resorted to me. The first who made the experiment was a merry-andrew, who was put into my hands by a neighbouring justice of the peace, in order to reclaim him from that profligate kind of life. Poor pickle-herring had not taken above one turn in it, when he came out of the cave like a hermit from his cell, with a penitential look and a most rueful countenance. I then put in a young laughing fop, and, watching for his return, asked him, with a smile, how he liked the place. He replied, Prithee, friend, be not impertinent; and stalked by me as grave as a judge. A citizen then desired me to give free ingress and egress to his wife, who was dressed in the gayest-coloured ribands I had ever seen. She went in with a flirt of her fan and a smirking countenance, but came out with the severity of a vestal, and, throwing from her several female gewgaws, told me, with a sigh, that she resolved to go into deep mourning, and to wear black all the rest of her life. As I had many coquettes recommended to me by their parents, their husbands, and their lovers, I let them in all at once, desiring them to divert themselves together as well as they could. Upon their emerging again into daylight, you would have fancied my cave to have



been a nunnery, and that you had seen a solemn procession of religious marching out, one behind another, in the most profound silence and the most exemplary decency. As I was very much delighted with so edifying a sight, there came towards me a great company of males and females, laughing, singing, and dancing in such a manner that I could hear them a great while before I saw them. Upon my asking their leader what brought them thither, they told me, all at once, that they were French Protestants lately arrived in Great Britain, and that, finding themselves of too gay a humour for my country, they applied themselves to me in order to compose them for British conversation. I told them that, to oblige them, I would soon spoil their mirth; upon which I admitted a whole shoal of them, who, after having taken a survey of the place, came out in very good order, and with looks entirely English. I afterward put in a Dutchman, who had a great fancy to see the kelder, as he called it, but I could not observe that I had made any alteration in him.

A comedian, who had gained great reputation in parts of humour, told me that he had a mighty mind to act Alexander the Great, and fancied that he should succeed very well in it if he could strike two or three laughing features out of his face: he tried the experiment, but contracted so very solid a look by it, that I am afraid he will be fit for no part hereafter but a Timon of Athens, or a mute in the Funeral.

I then clapped up an empty fantastic citizen, in order to qualify him for an alderman. He was succeeded by a young rake of the Middle Temple, who was brought to me by his grandmother; but, to her great sorrow and surprise, he came out a Quaker. Seeing myself surrounded with a body of free-thinkers and scoffers at religion, who were making themselves merry at the sober looks and thoughtful brows of those who had been in the cave, I thrust



them all in, one after another, and locked the door upon them. Upon my opening it, they all looked as if they had been frightened out of their wits, and were marching away with ropes in their hands to a wood that was within sight of the place. I found they were not able to bear themselves in their first serious thoughts; but knowing these would quickly bring them to a better frame of mind, I gave them into the custody of their friends until that happy change was wrought in them.

The last that was brought to me was a young woman, who, at the first sight of my short face, fell into an immoderate fit of laughter, and was forced to hold her sides all the while her mother was speaking to me. Upon this I interrupted the old lady, and, taking her daughter by the hand, Madam, said I, be pleased to retire into my closet while your mother tells me your case. I then put her into the mouth of the cave, when the mother, after having begged pardon for the girl's rudeness, told me that she often treated her father and the gravest of her relations in the same manner; that she would sit giggling and laughing with her companions from one end of a tragedy to the other; nay, that she would sometimes burst out in the middle of a sermon, and set the whole congregation a staring at her. The mother was going on, when the young lady came out of the cave to us with a composed countenance and a low courtesy. She was a girl of such exuberant mirth, that her visit to Trophonius only reduced her to a more than ordinary decency of behaviour, and made a very pretty prude of her. After having performed innumerable cures, I looked about me with great satisfaction, and saw all my patients walking by themselves in a very pensive and musing posture, so that the whole place seemed covered with philosophers. I was at length resolved to go into the cave myself, and see what it was that produced such wonderful effects upon the

company; but as I was stooping at the entrance, the door being something low, I gave such a nod in my chair that I awaked. After having recovered myself from the first startle, I was very well pleased at the accident which had befallen me, as not knowing but a little stay in the place might have spoiled my Spectators.

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## THE MOTHER SHOULD BE THE NURSE.\*

“Οὐκ ἀρα σοι γε πατήρ ἦν ἱπποτα Πηλεὺς,  
 Οὐδὲ Θετὶς μητὴρ γλαυκὴ δὲ σ’ ἐτίκτε θαλασσα,  
 Πέτραι τ’ ἠλίσσασσι, οἳ τοι νοσὸς ἐστὶν ἀπητής.”

HOM., *Il.*, xiv., v. 33.

“No amorous hero ever gave thee birth,  
 Nor ever tender goddess brought thee forth :  
 Some rugged rock’s hard entrails gave thee form,  
 And raging seas produced thee in a storm ;  
 A soul well suiting thy tempestuous kind,  
 So rough thy manners, so untamed thy mind.”

POPE.

OF all the abuses that moralists should endeavour to reform, certainly not one wants so much their

\* The following anecdote, recorded of Blanche of Castile, shows strong maternal feelings, and has a tendency to recommend the duty enforced in this essay. Blanche of Castile performed for Lewis, her son, in his infancy, with peculiar attention, the duties of a nurse. A lady of the court, who, in imitation of her royal mistress, nursed her own child, took upon her, during a severe indisposition of the queen, to relieve the wants of the prince, who languished for his accustomed nourishment. Blanche, on reviving, having called for her son, put him to the breast, when the child, already satisfied, refused the feverish milk. The queen, suspecting what had passed, affected a desire to see and thank the person who had performed for the young Lewis this maternal office. The lady, summoned to the chamber of her mistress, confessed the fact, alleging that she had

assistance as the abuse in nursing children. It is unmerciful to see that a woman, endowed with all the perfections and blessings of nature, can, as soon as she is delivered, turn off her innocent, tender, and helpless infant, and give it up to a woman that is, ten thousand to one, neither in health nor good condition, neither sound in mind nor body, that has neither honour nor reputation, neither love nor pity for the poor babe, but more regard for the money than for the child, and never will take farther care of it than what by all the encouragement of money and presents she is forced to; like *Æsop's* earth, which would not nurse the plant of another ground, although never so much improved, by reason that plant was not of its own production. And since another's child is no more natural to a nurse than a plant to a strange and different ground, how can it be supposed that the child should thrive? And if it thrives, must it not imbibe the gross humours and qualities of the nurse, like a plant in a different ground, or like a graft upon a different stock? Do not we observe, that a lamb sucking a goat changes very much its nature, nay, even its skin and wool, into the goat kind? The power of a nurse over a child, by infusing into it, with her milk, her qualities and disposition, is sufficiently and daily observed: hence came that old saying concerning an ill-natured and malicious fellow, that he had imbibed his malice with his nurse's milk, or that some brute or other had been his nurse. Hence *Romulus* and *Remus* were said to have been nursed by a wolf; *Telephus*, the son of *Hercules*, by a hind; *Pelias*, the son of *Neptune*, by a mare; and *Ægisthus* by a goat; not that they had actually sucked such crea-

been moved by the cries of the infant prince. *Blanche*, without speaking, darted a scornful glance towards the officious proxy, and compelled the child to throw back the milk he had swallowed, declaring, "that no other woman should dare to dispute with her the title of mother to her son."

tures, as some simpletons have imagined, but that their nurses had been of such a nature and temper, and infused such into them.

Many instances may be produced from good authorities and daily experience, that children actually suck in the several passions and depraved inclinations of their nurses, as anger, malice, fear, melancholy, sadness, desire, and aversion. This Diodorus, lib. 2, witnesses, when he speaks, saying that Nero, the Emperor's nurse, had been very much addicted to drinking; which habit Nero received from his nurse, and was so very particular in this that the people took so much notice of it, as instead of Tiberius Nero, they called him Biberius Nero. The same Diodorus also relates of Caligula, predecessor to Nero, that his nurse used to moisten the nipples of her breast frequently with blood, to make Caligula take the better hold of them: which, says Diodorus, was the cause that made him so bloodthirsty and cruel all his lifetime after; that he not only committed frequent murder by his own hand, but likewise wished that all human kind wore but one neck, that he might have the pleasure to cut it off. Such like degeneracies astonish the parents, who, not knowing after whom the child can take, see one incline to stealing, another to drinking, cruelty, and stupidity; yet all these are not minded. Nay, it is easy to demonstrate, that a child, although it be born from the best of parents, may be corrupted by an ill-tempered nurse. How many children do we see daily brought into fits, consumption, rickets, &c., merely by sucking their nurses when in a passion or fury? But, indeed, almost any disorder of the nurse is a disorder to the child, and few nurses can be found in this town but what labour under some distemper or other. The first question that is generally asked a young woman that wants to be a nurse, why she should be a nurse to other people's children, is answered by her hav-

ing an ill husband, and that she must make shift to live. I think now this very answer is enough to give anybody a shock, if duly considered; for an ill husband may, or ten to one if he does not, bring home to his wife an ill-distemper, or at least vexation and disturbance. Besides, as she takes the child out of mere necessity, her food will be accordingly, or else very coarse at best; whence proceeds an ill-concocted and coarse food for the child; for as the blood, so is the milk; and hence, I am very well assured, proceeds the scurvy, the evil, and many other distempers. I beg of you, for the sake of many poor infants that may and will be saved by weighing this case seriously, to exhort the people with the utmost vehemence to let the children suck their own mothers, both for the benefit of mother and child. For the general argument that a mother is weakened by giving suck to her children is vain and simple; I will maintain that the mother grows stronger by it, and will have her health better than she would have otherwise; she will find it the greatest cure and preservative for the vapours and future miscarriages, much beyond any other remedy whatsoever. Her children will be like giants, whereas otherwise they are but living shadows, and like unripe fruit; and, certainly, if a woman is strong enough to bring forth a child, she is, beyond all doubt, strong enough to nurse it afterward. It grieves me to observe and consider how many poor children are daily ruined by careless nurses; and yet how tender ought they to be of a poor infant, since the least hurt or blow, especially upon the head, may make it senseless, stupid, or otherwise miserable for ever!

But I cannot well leave this subject as yet; for it seems to me very unnatural, that a woman that has fed a child as part of herself for nine months, should have no desire to nurse it farther when brought to light and before her eyes, and when, by

its cry, it implores her assistance and the office of a mother. Do not the very cruellest of brutes tend their young ones with all the care and delight imaginable? For how can she be called a mother that will not nurse her young ones? The earth is called the mother of all things, not because she produces, but because she maintains and nurses what she produces. The generation of the infant is the effect of the desire, but the care of it argues virtue and choice. I am not ignorant but that there are some cases of necessity where a mother cannot give suck, and then out of two evils the least must be chosen; but these are so very few that I am sure in a thousand there is hardly one real instance; for if a woman does but know that her husband can spare about three or four shillings per week extraordinary, although this is but seldom considered, she certainly, with the assistance of her gossips, will soon persuade the good man to send the child to nurse, and easily impose upon him by pretended indisposition. Thus cruelty is supported by fashion, and nature gives place to custom. T



## WILLIAM III.

"Immortale odium et nunquam sanabile vulnus,  
Inde furor vulgo, quod numina vicinorum  
Odit uturquelocus; quum solos credit habendos  
Esse deos, quos ipse colat."

JUV.

"A grudge, time out of mind, begun,  
And mutually bequeathed from sire to son ;  
Religious spite and pious spleen bred first  
The quarrel, which so long the bigots nursed :  
Each calls the other's god a senseless stock ;  
His own divine."

TATE.

OF all the monstrous passions and opinions which have crept into the world, there is none so wonderful as that those who profess the common name of Christians should pursue each other with rancour and hatred for differences in their way of following the example of their Saviour. It seems so natural that all who pursue the steps of any leader should form themselves after his manners, that it is impossible to account for effects so different from what we might expect from those who profess themselves followers of the highest pattern of meekness and charity, but by ascribing such effects to the ambition and corruption of those who are so audacious, with souls full of fury, to serve at the altars of the God of Peace.

The massacres to which the Church of Rome has animated the ordinary people, are dreadful instances of the truth of this observation ; and whoever reads the history of the Irish rebellion, and the cruelties which ensued thereupon, will be sufficiently convinced to what rage poor ignorants may be worked up by those who profess holiness and be-

come incendiaries, and, under the dispensation of grace, promote evils abhorrent to nature.

This subject and catastrophe, which deserves so well to be remarked by the Protestant world, I will transcribe out of a little tract, called *The Christian Hero*, published in 1701, what I find there in honour of the renowned hero William III., who rescued that nation from the repetition of the same disasters. His late majesty, of glorious memory, and the most Christian king, are considered at the conclusion of that treatise as heads of the Protestant and Roman Catholic world in the following manner:

“There were not ever, before the entrance of the Christian name into the world, men who have maintained a more renowned carriage than the two great rivals who possess the full fame of the present age, and will be the theme and examination of the future. They are exactly formed by nature for those ends to which Heaven seems to have sent them among us: both animated with a restless desire of glory, but pursue it by different means and with different motives. To one it consists in an extensive, undisputed empire over his subjects, to the other in their rational and voluntary obedience; one’s happiness is founded in their want of power, the other’s in their want of desire to oppose him. The one enjoys the summit of fortune with the luxury of a Persian, the other with the moderation of a Spartan: one is made to oppress, the other to relieve the oppressed: the one is satisfied with the pomp and ostentation of power to prefer and debase his inferiors, the other delighted only with the cause and foundation of it to cherish and protect them. To one, therefore, religion is but a convenient disguise, to the other a vigorous motive of action.

“For without such ties of real and solid honour, there is no way of forming a monarch but after the Machiavelian scheme, by which a prince must

ever seem to have all virtues, but really to be master of none; he is to be liberal, merciful, and just, only as they serve his interests; while, with the noble art of hypocrisy, empire would be to be extended, and new conquests be made by new devices, by which prompt address his creatures might insensibly give law in the business of life, by leading men in the entertainment of it.

“ Thus, when words and show are apt to pass for the substantial things they are only to express, there would need no more to enslave a country but to adorn a court: for, while every man’s vanity makes him believe himself capable of becoming luxury, enjoyments are a ready bait for sufferings, and the hopes of preferment invitations to servitude, which slavery would be coloured with all the agreements, as they call it, imaginable. The noblest arts and artists, the finest pens and most elegant minds, jointly employed to set it off with the various embellishments of sumptuous entertainments, charming assemblies, and polished discourses; and those apostate abilities of men, the adored monarch might profusely and skilfully encourage, while they flatter his virtue, and gild his vice at so high a rate, that he, without scorn of the one or love of the other, would alternately and occasionally use both: so that his bounty should support him in his rapines, his mercy in his cruelties.

“ Nor is it to give things a more severe look than is natural, to suppose such must be the consequences of a prince’s having no other pursuit than that of his own glory; for if we consider an infant born into the world, and beholding itself the mightiest thing in it, itself the present admiration and future prospect of a fawning people, who profess themselves great or mean, according to the figure he is to make among them, what fancy would not be debauched to believe they were but what they professed themselves, his mere creatures, and use

them as such by purchasing with their lives a boundless renown, which he, for want of a more just prospect, would place in the number of his slaves and the extent of his territories? Such undoubtedly would be the tragical effects of a prince's living with no religion, which are not to be surpassed but by his having a false one.

"If ambition were spirited with zeal, what would follow but that his people should be converted into an army, whose swords can make right in power, and solve controversy in belief? And if men should be stiff-necked to the doctrine of that visible church, let them be contented with an oar and a chain, in the midst of stripes and anguish, to contemplate him 'whose yoke is easy and whose burden is light.'

"With a tyranny begun on his own subjects, and indignation that others draw their breath independent of his frown or smile, why should he not proceed to the seizure of the world? And if nothing but the thirst of sway were the motive of his actions, why should treaties be other than mere words, or solemn national compacts be anything else but a halt in the march of that army who are never to lay down their arms till all men are reduced to the necessity of hanging their lives on his wayward will; who might supinely, and at leisure, expiate his own sins by other men's sufferings, while he daily meditates new slaughter and new conquests?

"For mere man, when giddy with unbridled power, is an insatiate idol, not to be appeased with myriads offered to his pride, which may be puffed up by the adulation of a base and prostrate world into an opinion that he is something more than human by being something less: and, alas, what is there that mortal man will not believe of himself when complimented with the attributes of God? He can then conceive thoughts of a power as *omni-*

*present* as his. But, should there be such a foe of mankind now upon earth, have our sins so far provoked Heaven that we are left utterly naked to his fury? Is there no power, no leader, no genius, that can conduct and animate us to our death or our defence? Yes; our great God never gave one to reign by his permission, but he gave to another also to reign by his grace.

“All the circumstances of the illustrious life of our prince seem to have conspired to make him the check and bridle of tyranny; for his mind has been strengthened and confirmed by one continual struggle, and Heaven has educated him by adversity to a quick sense of the distresses and miseries of mankind, which he was born to redress. In just scorn of the trivial glories and light ostentations of power, that glorious instrument of Providence moves, like that, in a steady, calm, and silent course, independent either of applause or calumny; which renders him, if not in a political, yet in a moral, a philosophic, an heroic, and a Christian sense, an absolute monarch; who, satisfied with this unchangeable, just, and ample glory, must needs turn all his regards from himself to the service of others; for he begins his enterprises with his own share in the success of them; for integrity bears in itself its reward, nor can that which depends not on event ever know disappointment.

“With the undoubted character of a glorious captain, and (what he much more values than the most splendid titles) that of a sincere and honest man, he is the hope and stay of Europe, a universal good not to be engrossed by us only, for distant potentates implore his friendship, and injured empires court his assistance. He rules the world, not by an invasion of the people of the earth, but the address of its princes: and if that world should be again roused from the repose which his prevailing arms had given it, why should we not hope that

there is an Almighty, by whose influence the terrible enemy that thinks himself prepared for battle may find he is but ripe for destruction? and that there may be in the womb of time great incidents, which may make the catastrophe of a prosperous life as unfortunate as the particular scenes of it were successful? For there does not want a skilful eye and resolute arm to observe and grasp the occasion: a prince, who from—

“Fuit Ilium et ingens  
Gloria.”

VIRG.

“Troy is no more, and Ilium was a town.”

DRYDEN.

T.

## A HUMANE MASTER AND AFFECTIONATE SERVANT.

“Æsopo ingentum statuam posuere Attic,  
Servumque collocarunt æterna in basi,  
Patere honoris scirent ut cunctis viam.”

PHÆDR., *Epilog.*, 1, 2.

“The Athenians erected a large statue to Æsop, and placed him, though a slave, on a lasting pedestal; to show that the way to honour lies open indifferently to all.”

THE reception, manner of attendance, undisturbed freedom and quiet which I meet with here in the country, has confirmed me in the opinion I always had, that the general corruption of manners in servants is owing to the conduct of masters. The aspect of every one in the family carries so much satisfaction, that it appears he knows the happy lot which has befallen him in being a member of it. There is one particular which I have seldom seen



but at Sir ——'s; it is usual in all other places, that servants fly from the parts of the house through which their master is passing; on the contrary, here they industriously place themselves in his way; and it is on both sides, as it were, understood as a visit when the servants appear without calling. This proceeds from the humane and equal temper of the man of the house, who also perfectly well knows how to enjoy a great estate with such economy as ever to be much beforehand. This makes his own mind untroubled, and, consequently, unapt to vent peevish expressions, or give passionate or inconsistent orders to those about him. Thus respect and love go together; and a certain cheerfulness in the performance of their duty is the particular distinction of the lower part of this family. When a servant is called before his master, he does not come with an expectation to hear himself rated for some trivial fault, threatened to be stripped, nor used with any other unbecoming language, which mean masters often give to worthy servants; but it is often to know what road he took that he came so readily back according to order; whether he passed by such a ground; if the old man who rents it is in good health; or whether he gave Sir ——'s love to him, or the like.

A man who preserves a respect founded on his benevolence to his dependants, lives rather like a prince than a master in his family; his orders are received as favours rather than duties; and the distinction of approaching him is part of the reward for executing what is commanded by him.

There is another circumstance in which my friend excels in his management, which is the manner of rewarding his servants. He has ever been of opinion that giving his cast-off clothes to be worn by valets has a very ill effect upon little minds, and creates a silly sense of equality between the parties in persons affected only with outward things

I have heard him often pleasant on this occasion, and describe a young gentleman abusing his man in that coat which, a month or two before, was the most pleasing distinction he was conscious of in himself. He would turn his discourse still more pleasantly upon the bounties of the ladies in this kind; and I have heard him say he knew a fine woman who distributed rewards and punishments in giving becoming or unbecoming dresses to her maids.

But my good friend is above these little instances of good-will in bestowing only trifles on his servants; a good servant to him is sure of having it in his choice very soon of being no servant at all. As I before observed, he is so good a husband, and knows so thoroughly that the skill of the purse is the cardinal virtue of this life; I say, he knows so well that frugality is the support of generosity, that he can often spare a large fine when a tenement falls, and give that settlement to a good servant who has a mind to go into the world, or make a stranger pay the fine to that servant, for his more comfortable maintenance, if he stays in his service.

A man of honour and generosity considers it would be miserable to himself to have no will but that of another, though it were of the best person breathing, and for that reason goes on as fast as he is able to put his servants into independent livelihoos. The greatest part of Sir ——'s estate is tenanted by persons who have served himself or his ancestors. It was to me extremely pleasant to observe the visitations from several parts to welcome his arrival into the country: and all the difference that I could take notice of between the late servants who came to see him and those who stayed in the family was, that these latter were looked upon as finer gentlemen and better courtiers.

This manumission, and placing them in a way of livelihood, I look upon as only what is due to a

good servant; which encouragement will make his successor be as diligent, as humble, and as ready as he was. There is something wonderful in the narrowness of those minds which can be pleased, and be barren of bounty to those who please them.

One might, on this occasion, recount the sense that great persons in all ages have had of the merit of their dependants, and the heroic services which men have done their masters in the extremity of their fortunes: and shown to their undone patrons that fortune was all the difference between them; but as I design this my speculation only as a gentle admonition to thankless masters, I shall not go out of the occurrences of common life, but assert it as a general observation, that I never saw, but in Sir ——'s family and one or two more, good servants treated as they ought to be. Sir ——'s kindness extends to their children's children, and this very morning he sent his coachman's grandson to 'prentice. I shall conclude this essay with an account of a picture in his gallery, where there are many which will deserve my future observation.

At the very upper end of this handsome structure I saw the portraiture of two young men standing in a river, the one naked, the other in a livery. The person supported seemed half dead, but still so much alive as to show in his face exquisite joy and love towards the other. I thought the fainting figure resembled my friend Sir ——; and looking at the butler, who stood by me, for an account of it, he informed me that the person in the livery was a servant of Sir ——'s, who stood on the shore while his master was swimming, and observing him taken with some sudden illness and sink under water, jumped in and saved him. He told me Sir —— took off the dress he was in as soon as he came home, and by a great bounty at that time, followed by his favour ever since, had made him master of that pretty seat which we saw at a distance as we

came to this house. I remembered, indeed, Sir ——— said there lived a very worthy gentleman, to whom he was highly obliged, without mentioning anything farther. Upon my looking a little dissatisfied at some part of the picture, my attendant informed me that it was against Sir ———'s will, and at the earnest request of the gentleman himself, that he was drawn in the habit in which he had saved his master.

R.

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## THE TOMBS OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

*"Pallida mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas  
Regumque turres, O beate Sexti,  
Vitæ summa brevis spem nos vetat inchoare longam,  
Jam te premit nœ, fabulæque manes,  
Et domus exilis Plutonia."*

HOR.

*"With equal foot, rich friend, impartial fate  
Knocks at the cottage and the palace gate :  
Life's span forbids thee to extend thy cares,  
And stretch thy hopes beyond thy destined years :  
Night will soon seize, and you must quickly go  
To storied ghosts, and Pluto's house below."*

*"Ire tanem restat, Numa qua devenit, et Ancus."*

HOR.

*"With Ancus and with Numa, kings of Rome,  
We must descend into the silent tomb."*

My friend Sir Roger told me t'other night, that he should be glad to go and see the tombs of Westminster Abbey with me, not having visited them since he had read history. I could not at first imagine how this came into the knight's head, till I recollected that he had been very busy all last summer upon Baker's Chronicle, which he has quoted several times in his disputes with Sir Andrew Free-

port since his last coming to town. Accordingly, I promised to call upon him the next morning, that we might go together to the Abbey.

I found the knight under his butler's hands, who always shaves him. He was no sooner dressed, than he bid one of his servants, who stood behind him, to call a hackney-coach, and take care it was an elderly man that drove it.

His man returned soon, telling him he had called a coach. Upon our going to it, after having cast his eye upon the wheels, he asked the coachman if his axle-tree was good; upon the fellow's telling him he would warrant it, the knight turned to me, told me he looked like an honest man, and went in without farther ceremony. Nothing material happened in our journey till we were set down at the west end of the Abbey.

As we went up the body of the church, the knight pointed at the trophies upon one of the new monuments, and cried out, A brave man, I warrant him! Passing afterward by Sir Cloudesly Shovel, he flung his hand that way, and cried, Sir Cloudesly Shovel! a very gallant man! As we stood before Busby's tomb, the knight uttered himself again after the same manner, Dr. Busby! a great man! he whipped my grandfather; a very great man! I should have gone to him myself if I had not been a block-head; a very great man!

We were immediately conducted into the little chapel on the right hand. Sir Roger, planting himself at our historian's elbow, was very attentive to everything he said, particularly to the account he gave us of the lord who cut off the King of Morocco's head. Among several other figures, he was well pleased to see the statesman Cecil upon his knees; and, concluding them all to be great men, was conducted to the figure which represents that martyr to good housewifery who died by the prick of a needle. Upon our interpreter's telling us that



she was a maid of honour to Queen Elizabeth, the knight was very inquisitive into her name and family; and after having regarded her finger for some time, I wonder, says he, that Sir Richard Baker has said nothing of her in his Chronicle.

We were then conveyed to the two coronation chairs, where my old friend, after having heard that the stone underneath the most ancient of them, which was brought from Scotland, was called Jacob's Pillar, sat himself down in the chair; and, looking like the figure of an old Gothic king, asked our interpreter what authority they had to say that Jacob ever had been in Scotland. The fellow, instead of returning him an answer, told him that he hoped his honour would pay his forfeit. I could observe Sir Roger a little ruffled upon being thus trepanned; but, our guide not insisting upon his demand, the knight soon recovered his good-humour.

Sir Roger, in the next place, laid his hand upon Edward the Third's sword, and, leaning upon the pommel of it, gave us the whole history of the Black Prince; concluding, that in Sir Richard Baker's opinion, Edward the Third was one of the greatest princes that ever sat upon the English throne.

We were then shown Edward the Confessor's tomb; upon which Sir Roger acquainted us that he was the first who touched for the evil; and afterward Henry the Fourth's, upon which he shook his head, and told us there was fine reading in the casualties of that reign.

Our conductor then pointed to that monument where there is the figure of one of our English kings without a head; and upon giving us to know that the head, which was of beaten silver, had been stolen away several years since—"Some whig, I'll warrant you," says Sir Roger; "you ought to lock up your kings better; they will carry off the body too, if you don't take care."



The glorious names of Henry the Fifth and Queen Elizabeth gave the knight great opportunities of shining, and of doing justice to Sir Richard Baker, who, as our knight observed with some surprise, had a great many kings in him whose monuments he had not seen in the Abbey.

For my own part, I could not but be pleased to see the knight show such an honest passion for the glory of his country, and such a respectful gratitude to the memory of its princes.

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I parted with my friend, and passed the whole afternoon in the churchyard, the cloisters, and the church, amusing myself with the tombstones and inscriptions that I met with in those several regions of the dead. Most of them recorded nothing else of the buried person but that he was born upon one day and died upon another : the whole history of his life being comprehended in those two circumstances, that are common to all mankind. I could not but look upon these registers of existence, whether of brass or marble, as a kind of satire upon the departed persons ; who had left no other memorial of them but that they were born and that they died. They put me in mind of several persons mentioned in the battles of heroic poems, who have sounding names given them for no other reason but that they may be killed, and are celebrated for nothing but being knocked on the head.

“ Γλαυκον τε Μεδοντα τε, Θερσιλοκοντε.”

HOM.

“ Glaucumque, Medontaque, Thersilocomque.”

VIRG.

The life of these men is finely described in Holy Writ by *the path of an arrow*, which is immediately closed up and lost.

Upon my going into the church, I entertained myself with the digging of a grave ; and saw in

every shovelful of it that was thrown up the fragment of a bone or scull, intermixed with a kind of fresh mouldering earth, that some time or other had a place in the composition of a human body. Upon this, I began to consider with myself what innumerable multitudes of people lay confused together under the pavement of that ancient cathedral; how men and women, friends and enemies, priests and soldiers, monks and prebendaries, were crumbled among one another, and blended together in the same common mass; how beauty, strength, and youth, with old age, weakness, and deformity, lay undistinguished in the same promiscuous heap of matter.

After having thus surveyed this great magazine of mortality, as it were, in the lump, I examined it more particularly by the accounts which I found on several of the monuments which are raised in every quarter of that ancient fabric. Some of them were covered with such extravagant epitaphs, that, if it were possible for the dead person to be acquainted with them, he would blush at the praises which his friends have bestowed upon him. There are others so excessively modest, that they deliver the character of the person departed in Greek or Hebrew, and by that means are not understood once in a twelve-month. In the poetical quarter, I found there were poets who had no monuments, and monuments which had no poets. I observed, indeed, that the present war had filled the church with many of these uninhabited monuments, which had been erected to the memory of persons whose bodies were perhaps buried in the plains of Blenheim, or in the bosom of the ocean.

I could not but be very much delighted with several modern epitaphs, which are written with great elegance of expression and justness of thought, and therefore do honour to the living as well as to the dead. As a foreigner is very apt to conceive an idea

of the ignorance or politeness of a nation from the turn of their public monuments and inscriptions, they should be submitted to the perusal of men of learning and genius before they are put in execution. Sir Cloudesly Shovel's monument has very often given me great offence: instead of the brave, rough English admiral, which was the distinguishing character of that plain, gallant man, he is represented on his tomb by the figure of a beau, dressed in a long periwig, and reposing himself upon velvet cushions under a canopy of state. The inscription is answerable to the monument; for, instead of celebrating the many remarkable actions he had performed in the service of his country, it acquaints us only with the manner of his death, in which it was impossible for him to reap any honour. The Dutch, whom we are apt to despise for want of genius, show an infinitely greater taste of antiquity and politeness in their buildings and works of this nature than what we meet with in those of our own country. The monuments of their admirals, which have been erected at the public expense, represent them like themselves; and are adorned with rostral crowns and naval ornaments, with beautiful festoons of seaweed, shells, and coral.

The contemplations of this nature are apt to raise dark and dismal thoughts in timorous minds and gloomy imaginations, but, for my own part, though I am always serious, I do not know what it is to be melancholy, and can therefore take a view of nature in her deep and solemn scenes, with the same pleasure as in her most gay and delightful ones. By this means I can improve myself with those objects which others consider with terror. When I look upon the tombs of the great, every emotion of envy dies in me; when I read the epitaphs of the beautiful, every inordinate desire goes out; when I meet with the grief of parents upon a tombstone, my heart melts with compassion; when I see the tomb

of the parents themselves, I consider the vanity of grieving for those whom we must quickly follow; when I see kings lying by those who deposed them, when I consider rival wits placed side by side, or the holy men that divided the world with their contests and disputes, I reflect with sorrow and astonishment on the little competitions, factions, and debates of mankind. When I read the several dates of the tombs, of some that died yesterday, and some six hundred years ago, I consider that great day when we shall all of us be contemporaries, and make our appearance together. C.

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## THE TRANSFORMATION OF FIDELIO INTO A LOOKING-GLASS.

“Per ambages et ministeria dorum  
Præcipitandus est liber spiritus.”

PETRON.

“By fable’s aid ungovern’d fancy soars,  
And claims the ministry of heavenly powers.”

I WAS lately at a teatable where some young ladies entertained the company with a relation of a coquette in the neighbourhood, who had been discovered practising before her glass. To turn the discourse, which, from being witty, grew to be malicious, the matron of the family took occasion, from the subject, to wish that there were to be found among men such faithful monitors to dress the mind by as we consult to adorn the body. She added, that if a sincere friend were miraculously changed into a looking-glass, she should not be ashamed to ask its advice very often. This whimsical thought worked so much upon my fancy the whole evening, that it produced a very odd dream.

Methought that, as I stood before my glass, the image of a youth, of an open and ingenuous aspect, appeared in it, who, with a small shrill voice, spoke in the following manner :

“The looking-glass you see was heretofore a man, even I, the unfortunate Fidelio. I had two brothers, whose deformity in shape was made out by the clearness of their understanding : it must be owned, however, that (as it generally happens) they had each a perverseness of humour suitable to their distortion of body. The eldest, whose belly sunk in monstrously, was a great coward ; and though his splenetic, contracted temper made him take fire immediately, he made objects that beset him appear greater than they were. The second, whose breast swelled into a bold relieve, on the contrary, took great pleasure in lessening everything, and was perfectly the reverse of his brother. These oddnesses pleased company once or twice, but disgusted when often seen ; for which reason the young gentlemen were sent from court to study mathematics at the university.

“I need not acquaint you that I was very well made, and reckoned a bright, polite gentleman. I was the confident and darling of all the fair ; and if the old and ugly spoke ill of me, all the world knew it was because I scorned to flatter them. No ball, no assembly was attended till I had been consulted. Flavia coloured her hair before me, Celia showed me her teeth, Panthea heaved her bosom, Cleora brandished her diamonds ; I have seen Cloe’s foot, and tied artificially the garters of Rhodope.

“’Tis a general maxim, that those who dote upon themselves can have no violent affection for another ; but, on the contrary, I found that the women’s passion for me rose in proportion to the love they bore to themselves. This was verified in my amour with Narcissa, who was so constant to me, that it was pleasantly said, had I been little enough, she would



have hung me at her girdle. The most dangerous rival I had was a gay, empty fellow, who, by the strength of a long intercourse with Narcissa, joined to his natural endowments, had formed himself into a perfect resemblance with her. I had been discarded had she not observed that he frequently asked my opinion about matters of the last consequence: this made me still more considerable in her eye.

“Though I was eternally caressed by the ladies, such was their opinion of my honour that I was never envied by the men. A jealous lover of Narcissa one day thought he had caught her in an amorous conversation; for, though he was at such a distance that he could hear nothing, he imagined strange things from her airs and gestures. Sometimes, with a serene look, she stepped back in a listening posture, and brightened into an innocent smile. Quickly after she swelled into an air of majesty and disdain, then kept her eyes half shut after a languishing manner, then covered her blushes with her hand, breathed a sigh, and seemed ready to sink down. In rushed the furious lover; but how great was his surprise to see no one there but the innocent Fidelio, with his back against the wall between two windows!

“It were endless to recount all my adventures. Let me hasten to that which cost me my life, and Narcissa her happiness.

“She had the misfortune to have the smallpox, upon which I was expressly forbid her sight, it being apprehended that it would increase her distemper, and that I should infallibly catch it at the first look. As soon as she was suffered to leave her bed, she stole out of her chamber and found me all alone in an adjoining apartment. She ran with transport to her darling, and without mixture of fear lest I should dislike her. But oh me! what was her fury when she heard me say I was afraid and shocked at so loathsome a spectacle. She stepped back, swol-



len with rage, to see if I had the insolence to repeat it. I did, with this addition, that her ill-timed passion had increased her ugliness. Enraged, inflamed, distracted, she snatched a bodkin, and with all her force stabbed me to the heart. Dying, I preserved my sincerity, and expressed the truth, though in broken words; and by reproachful grimaces to the last I mimicked the deformity of my murderess.

"Cupid, who always attends the fair, and pitied the fate of so useful a servant as I was, obtained of the Destinies that my body should be made incorruptible, and retain the qualities my mind had possessed. I immediately lost the figure of a man, and became smooth, polished, and bright, and to this day am the first favourite of the ladies." T.

## MARRIAGE EITHER INSIPID, VEXATIOUS, OR HAPPY.

\* Cui in manu sit quem esse dementem velit,  
Quem sapere, quem sanari, quem in marbum injici,  
Quem contra amari, quem accersiri, quem expeti?"

CÆCIL.

"Who has it in her power to make any man mad or in his senses; sick or in health; and who can choose the object of her affection at pleasure?"

THE marriage life is always an insipid, a vexatious, or a happy condition. The first is, when two people of no genius or taste for themselves meet together, upon such a settlement as has been thought reasonable by parents and conveyancers from an exact valuation of the land and cash of both parties: in this case the young lady's person is no more regarded than the house and improvements in purchase of an estate; but she goes with her for-

tune rather than her fortune goes with her. These make up the crowd or vulgar of the rich, and fill up the lumber of human race without beneficence towards those below them or respect towards those above them; and lead a despicable, independent, and useless life, without sense of the laws of kindness, good-nature, mutual offices, and the elegant satisfaction which flows from reason and virtue.

The vexatious life arises from a conjunction of two people of quick taste and resentment, put together for reasons well known to their friends, in which especial care is taken to avoid what they think the chief of evils, poverty, and ensure to them riches, with every evil besides. These good people live in a constant constraint before company, and too great familiarity alone; when they are within observation, they fret at each other's carriage and behaviour; when alone, they revile each other's person and conduct: in company, they are in a purgatory; when only together, in a hell.

The happy marriage is where two persons meet, and voluntarily make choice of each other, without principally regarding or neglecting the circumstances of fortune or beauty. These may still love in spite of adversity or sickness; the former we may in some measure defend ourselves from, the other, is the portion of our very make. T.

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## FEMALE GAYETY.

“Concordia discors.”

LUCAN.

“Harmonious discord.”

WOMEN, in their nature, are much more gay and joyous than men; whether it be that their blood is

more refined, their fibres more delicate, and their animal spirits more light and volatile; or whether, as some have imagined, there may not be a kind of sex in the very soul, I shall not pretend to determine. As vivacity is the gift of women, gravity is that of men. They should each of them, therefore, keep a watch upon the particular bias which nature has fixed in their minds, that it may not draw too much, and lead them out of the paths of reason. This will certainly happen if the one in every word and action affects the character of being rigid and severe, and the other of being brisk and airy. Men should beware of being captivated by a kind of savage philosophy, women by a thoughtless gallantry. Where these precautions are not observed, the man often degenerates into a cynic, the woman into a coquette; the man grows sullen and morose, the woman impertinent and fantastical.

By what I have said, we may conclude men and women are made as counterparts to one another, that the pains and anxieties of the husband might be relieved by the sprightliness and good-humour of the wife. When these are rightly tempered, care and cheerfulness go hand and hand; and the family, like a ship that is duly trimmed, wants neither sail nor ballast.

Natural historians observe, that only the male birds have voices; that their songs begin a little before breeding-time, and end a little after: that while the hen is covering her eggs, the male generally takes his stand upon a neighbouring bough within her hearing, and by that means amuses and diverts her with his songs during the whole time of her sitting.

This contract among birds lasts no longer than till a brood of young ones arises from it; so that in the feathered kind, the cares and fatigues of the married state, if I may so call it, lie principally upon the female. On the contrary, as in our species the

man and the woman are joined together for life, and as the main burden rests upon the former, nature has given all the little arts of soothing and blandishment to the female, that she may cheer and animate her companion in a constant and assiduous application to the making a provision for his family, and the educating of their common children. This, however, is not to be taken so strictly as if the same duties were not often reciprocal, and incumbent on both parties; but only to set forth what seems to have been the general intention of nature in the different inclinations and endowments which are bestowed on the different sexes.

But whatever was the reason that man and woman were made with this variety of temper, if we observe the conduct of the fair sex, we find that they choose rather to associate themselves with a person who resembles them in that light and volatile humour which is natural to them, than to such as are qualified to moderate and counterbalance it. It has been an old complaint, that the coxcomb carries it with them before the man of sense. When we see a fellow loud and talkative, full of insipid life and laughter, we may venture to pronounce him a female favourite: noise and flutter are such accomplishments as they cannot withstand. To be short, the passion of an ordinary woman for a man is nothing else but self-love diverted upon another object: she would have the lover a woman in everything but the sex. I do not know a finer piece of satire on this part of womankind than those lines of Mr. Dryden.

“Our thoughtless sex is caught by outward form  
And empty noise, and loves itself in man.”

This is a source of infinite calamities to the sex, as it frequently joins them to men, who, in their own thoughts, are as fine creatures as themselves: or, if they chance to be good-humoured, serve only

to dissipate their fortunes, inflame their follies, and aggravate their indiscretions.

The same female levity is no less fatal to them after marriage than before; it represents to their imaginations the faithful, prudent husband as an honest, tractable, and domestic animal, and turns their thoughts upon the fine gay gentleman that laughs, sings, and dresses so much more agreeably.

As this irregular vivacity of temper leads astray the hearts of ordinary women in the choice of their lovers and the treatment of their husbands, it operates with the same pernicious influence towards their children, who are taught to accomplish themselves in all those sublime perfections that appear captivating in the eye of their mother. She admires in her son what she loved in her gallant: and by that means contributes all that she can to perpetuate herself in a worthless progeny.

The younger Faustina was a lively instance of this sort of women. Notwithstanding she was married to Marcus Aurelius, one of the greatest, wisest, and best of the Roman emperors, she thought a common gladiator much the prettier gentleman; and had taken such care to accomplish her son Commodus according to her own notions of a fine man, that, when he ascended the throne of his father, he became the most foolish and abandoned tyrant that was ever placed at the head of the Roman empire, signaling himself in nothing but the fighting of prizes and knocking out men's brains. As he had no taste of true glory, we see him in several medals and statues, which are still extant of him, equipped like a Hercules, with a club and a lion's skin.

I have been led into this speculation by the characters I have heard of a country gentleman and his lady, who do not live many miles from Sir Roger. The wife is an old coquette, that is always hankering after the diversions of the town; the husband a

morose rustic, that frowns and frets at the name of it. The wife is overrun with affectation; the husband sunk into brutality; the lady cannot bear the noise of the larks and nightingales, hates your tedious summer days, and is sick at the sight of shady woods and purling streams; the husband wonders how any one can be pleased with the fooleries of plays and operas, and rails from morning to night at essenced fops and tawdry courtiers. The children are educated in these different notions of their parents. The sons follow the father about his grounds, while the daughters read volumes of love-letters and romances to their mother. By this means it comes to pass, that the girls look upon their father as a clown, and the boys think their mother no better than she should be.

How different are the lives of Aristus and Aspasia? The innocent vivacity of the one is tempered and composed by the cheerful gravity of the other. The wife grows wise by the discourses of the husband, and the husband good-humoured by the conversations of the wife. Aristus would not be so amiable were it not for his Aspasia, nor Aspasia so much esteemed were it not for her Aristus. Their virtues are blended in their children, and diffuse through the whole family a perpetual spirit of benevolence, complacency, and satisfaction. C.



## EULOGY ON THE BRITISH CONSTITUTION.

“Ω φιγυατη γη μητερ, ως σεμνον σφοδρ’ ει  
Τοις νυν εχουσι κτημα ;”

MENAND.

“ Dear native land, how do the good and wise  
Thy happy clime and countless blessings prize !”

I LOOK upon it as a peculiar happiness, that, were I to choose of what religion I would be and under what government I would live, I should most certainly give the preference to that form of religion and government which is established in my own country. In this point I think I am determined by reason and conviction ; but if I shall be told that I am actuated by prejudice, I am sure it is an honest prejudice ; it is a prejudice that arises from the love of my country, and, therefore, such a one as I will always indulge. I design this as an essay upon the civil part of our constitution, having often entertained myself with reflections on this subject which I have not met with in other writers.

That form of government appears to me the most reasonable which is most conformable to the equality that we find in human nature, provided it be consistent with public peace and tranquillity. This is what may properly be called Liberty, which exempts one man from subjection to another so far as the order and economy of government will permit.

Liberty should reach every individual of a people, as they all share one common nature ; if it only spreads among particular branches, there had better be none at all, since such a liberty only aggravates the misfortune of those who are deprived of it, by setting before them a disagreeable subject of comparison.

This liberty is best preserved where the legislative power is lodged in several persons, especially if those persons are of different ranks and interests ; for where they are of the same rank, and, consequently, have an interest to manage peculiar to that rank, it differs but little from a despotical government in a single person. But the greatest security a people can have for their liberty is when the legislative power is in the hands of persons so happily distinguished that, by providing for the particular interests of their several ranks, they are providing for the whole body of the people ; or, in other words, when there is no part of the people that has not a common interest with, at least, one part of the legislature.

If there be but one body of legislators, it is no better than a tyranny ; if there are only two, there will want a casting voice, and one of them must at length be swallowed up by disputes and contentions that will necessarily arise between them. Four would have the same inconvenience as two, and a greater number would cause too much confusion. I could never read a passage in Polybius, and another in Cicero, to this purpose, without a secret pleasure in applying it to the British constitution, which it suits much better than the Roman. But these great authors give the pre-eminence to a mixed government, consisting of three branches, the regal, the noble, and the popular. They had doubtless in their thoughts the constitution of the Roman commonwealth, in which the consul represented the king, the senate the nobles, and the tribunes the people. This division of the three powers in the Roman constitution was by no means so distinct and natural as it is in the English form of government. Among several objections that might be made to it, I think the chief are those that affect the consular power, which had only the ornaments without the force of the regal authority.

Their number had not a casting voice in it; for which reason, if one did not chance to be employed abroad while the other sat at home, the public business was sometimes at a stand, while the consuls pulled two different ways in it. Besides, I do not find that the consuls had ever a negative voice in the passing of a law or decree of senate, so that, indeed, they were rather the chief body of the nobility or the first ministers of state, than a distinct branch of the sovereignty, in which none can be looked upon as a part who are not a part of the legislature. Had the consuls been invested with the regal authority to as great a degree as our monarchs, there would never have been any occasions for a dictatorship, which had in it the power of all the three orders, and ended in the subversion of the whole constitution.

Such a history as that of Suetonius, which gives us a succession of absolute princes, is to me an unanswerable argument against despotic power. Where the prince is a man of wisdom and virtue, it is indeed happy for his people that he is absolute; but since, in the common run of mankind, for one that is wise and good you find ten of a contrary character, it is very dangerous for a nation to stand to its chance, or to have its public happiness or misery depend on the virtues or vices of a single person. Look into the history I have mentioned, or into any series of absolute princes, how many tyrants must you read through before you come to an emperor that is supportable. But this is not all; an honest private man often grows cruel and abandoned when converted into an absolute prince. Give a man power of doing what he pleases with impunity, you extinguish his fear, and, consequently, overturn in him one of the greatest pillars of morality. This, too, we find confirmed by matter of fact. How many hopeful heirs apparent to great empires, when in the possession of them, have be-

come such monsters of lust and cruelty as are a reproach to human nature !

Some tell us we ought to make our government on earth like that in heaven, which, say they, is altogether monarchical and unlimited. Was man like his Creator in goodness and justice, I should be for following this great model ; but where goodness and justice are not essential to the ruler, I would by no means put myself into his hands to be disposed of according to his particular will and pleasure.

It is odd to consider the connexion between despotic government and barbarity, and how the making of one person more than man makes the rest less. About nine parts of the world in ten are in the lowest state of slavery, and, consequently, sunk in the most gross and brutal ignorance. European slavery is indeed a state of liberty if compared with that which prevails in the other three divisions of the world ; and therefore it is no wonder that those who grovel under it have many tracks of light among them of which the others are wholly destitute.

Riches and plenty are the natural fruits of liberty ; and where these abound, learning and all the liberal arts will immediately lift up their heads and flourish. As a man must have no slavish fears and apprehensions hanging upon his mind, who will indulge the flights of fancy or speculation, and push his researches into all the abstruse corners of truth, so it is necessary for him to have about him a competency of all the conveniences of life.

The first thing every one looks after is to provide himself with necessaries. This point will engross our thoughts till it be satisfied. If this is taken care of to our hands, we look out for pleasures and amusements ; and among a great number of idle people there will be many whose pleasures will lie in reading and contemplation. These are the two great sources of knowledge ; and, as men grow wise, they naturally love to communicate their discover-

ies, and others, seeing the happiness of such a learned life, and improving by their conversation, emulate, imitate, and surpass one another, till a nation is filled with races of wise and understanding persons. Ease and plenty are therefore the great cherishers of knowledge; and as most of the despotic governments of the world have neither of them, they are naturally overrun with ignorance and barbarity. In Europe indeed, notwithstanding several of its princes are absolute, there are men famous for knowledge and learning; but the reason is because the subjects are many of them rich and wealthy, the prince not thinking fit to exert himself in his full tyranny like the princes of the eastern nations, lest the subjects should be invited to new-mould their constitution, having so many prospects of liberty within their view. But, in all despotic governments, though a particular prince may favour arts and letters, there is a natural degeneracy of mankind, as you may observe, from Augustus's reign, how the Romans lost themselves by degrees till they fell to an equality with the most barbarous nations that surrounded them. Look upon Greece under its free states, and you would think its inhabitants lived in different climates and under different heavens from those at present; so different are the geniuses which are formed under Turkish slavery and Grecian liberty.

Besides poverty and want, there are other reasons that debase the minds of men who live under slavery, though I look on this as the principal. This natural tendency of despotic power to ignorance and barbarity, though not insisted upon by others, is, I think, an unanswerable argument against that form of government, as it shows how repugnant it is to the good of mankind and the perfection of human nature, which ought to be the great ends of all civil institutions.



## , PIN MONEY.

"*Prodiga non sentit pereuntem fœmina censum:  
At velut exhausta redivivus pullulet arca  
Nummus, & e pleno semper tollatur acervo,  
Non unquam reputat, quanti sibi gaudia constant.*  
JUV.

"But woman kind, that never knows a mean,  
Down to the dregs their sinking fortunes drain,  
Hourly they give, and spend, and waste, and wear,  
And think no pleasure can be bought too dear."  
DRYDEN.

As there is no man living who is a more profess-  
ed advocate for the fair sex than myself, so there  
is none that would be more unwilling to invade any  
of their ancient rights and privileges; but, as the  
doctrine of pin money is of a very late date, un-  
known to our great-grandmothers, and not yet re-  
ceived by many of our modern ladies, I think it is  
for the interest of both sexes to keep it from spread-  
ing.

The supplying a man's wife with pin money is  
furnishing her with arms against himself, and, in a  
manner, becoming accessory to his own dishonour.  
We may, indeed, generally observe, that, in propor-  
tion as a woman is more or less beautiful and her  
husband advanced in years, she stands in need of a  
greater or less number of pins, and, upon a treaty  
of marriage, rises or falls in her demands accord-  
ingly. It must likewise be owned that high quality  
in a mistress does very much inflame this article in  
the marriage reckoning.

But where the age and circumstances of both par-  
ties are pretty much upon a level, I cannot but think  
the insisting upon pin money is very extraordinary;



and yet we find several matches broken off upon this very head. What would a foreigner, or one who is a stranger to this practice, think of a lover that forsakes his mistress because he is not willing to keep her in pins; but what would he think of the mistress should he be informed that she asks five or six hundred pounds a year for this use? Should a man unacquainted with our customs be told the sums which are allowed in Great Britain under the title of pin money, what a prodigious consumption of pins would he think there was in this island!

I am not ignorant that the British ladies allege they comprehend under this general term several other conveniences of life; I could therefore wish, for the honour of my countrywomen, that they had rather called it needle money, which might have implied something of good-housewifery, and not have given the malicious world occasion to think that dress and trifle have always the uppermost place in a woman's thoughts.

I know several of my fair readers urge, in defence of this practice, that it is but a necessary provision they make for themselves, in case their husband proves a churl or a miser; so that they consider this allowance as a kind of alimony, which they may lay their claim to without actually separating from their husbands. But with submission, I think a woman who will give up herself to a man in marriage, where there is the least room for such an apprehension, and trust her person to one whom she will not rely on for the common necessities of life, may very properly be accused (in the phrase of a homely proverb) of being "penny wise and pound foolish."

It is observed of over-cautious generals, that they never engage in a battle without securing a retreat, in case the event should not answer their expectations; on the other hand, the greatest conquerors have burned their ships, or broke down the bridges

behind them, as being determined either to succeed or die in the engagement. In the same manner I should very much suspect a woman who takes such precautions for her retreat, and contrives methods how she may live happily, without the affection of one to whom she joins herself for life. Separate purses between man and wife are, in my opinion, as unnatural as separate beds. A marriage cannot be happy where the pleasures, inclinations, and interests of both parties are not the same. There is no greater incitement to love in the mind of man than the sense of a person's depending upon him for her ease and happiness; as a woman uses all her endeavours to please the person whom she looks upon as her honour, her comfort, and her support.

For this reason I am not very much surprised at the behaviour of a rough country squire, who, being not a little shocked at the proceeding of a young widow that would not recede from her demands of pin money, was so enraged at her mercenary temper, that he told her in great wrath, "As much as she thought him her slave, he would show all the world he did not care a pin for her." Upon which he flew out of the room and never saw her more.

Socrates, in Plato's *Alcibiades*, says, he was informed by one who had travelled through Persia, that as he passed over a great tract of land, and inquired what the name of the place was, they told him it was the Queen's Girdle: to which he adds, that another wide field which lay by it was called the Queen's Veil; and that, in the same manner, there was a large portion of ground set aside for every part of her majesty's dress. These lands might not be improperly called the Queen of Persia's pin money.

L.

## SURPRISING STORY-TELLERS.

“ Ultra  
Finem tendere opus.”  
HOR.

“ To launch beyond all bounds.”

SURPRISE is so much the life of stories, that every one aims at it who endeavours to please by telling them. Smooth delivery, an elegant choice of words, and a sweet arrangement, are all beautifying graces, but not the particulars in this point of conversation which either long command the attention, or strike with the violence of a sudden passion, or occasion the burst of laughter which accompanies humour. I have sometimes fancied that the mind is in this case like a traveller who sees a fine seat in haste; he acknowledges the delightfulness of a walk set with regularity, but would be uneasy if he were obliged to pace it over, when the first view had let him into all its beauties from one end to the other.

However, a knowledge of the success which stories will have when they are attended with a turn of surprise, as it has happily made the characters of some, so has it also been the ruin of the characters of others. There is a set of men who outrage truth, instead of affecting us with a manner in telling it; who overleap the line of probability, that they may be seen to move out of the common road, and endeavour only to make their hearers stare by imposing upon them with a kind of nonsense against the philosophy of nature, or such a heap of wonders told upon their own knowledge as it is not likely one man should ever have met with.

I have been led to this observation by a company into which I fell accidentally. The subject of Antipathies was a proper field wherein such false surprisers might expatiate, and there were those present who appeared very fond to show it in its full extent of traditional history. Some of them, in a learned manner, offered to our consideration the miraculous powers which the effluvia of cheese have over bodies whose pores are disposed to receive them in a noxious manner; others gave an account of such who could indeed bear the sight of cheese, but not the taste; for which they brought a reason from the milk of their nurses. Others again discoursed, without endeavouring at reasons, concerning an unconquerable aversion which some stomachs have against a joint of meat when it is whole, and the eager inclination they have for it when, by its being cut up, the shape which affected them is altered. From hence they passed to eels, then to parsnips, and so from one aversion to another, till we had worked up ourselves to such a pitch of complaisance, that, when the dinner was to come in, we inquired the name of every dish, and hoped it would be no offence to any in company, before it was admitted. When we had sat down, this civility among us turned the discourse from eatables to other sorts of aversions; and the eternal cat, which plagues every conversation of this nature, began then to engross the subject. One had sweated at the sight of it; another had smelled it out as it lay concealed in a very distant cupboard; and he who crowned the whole set of these stories, reckoned up the number of times in which it had occasioned him to swoon away. At last, says he, that you may all be satisfied of my invincible aversion to a cat, I shall give an unanswerable instance: as I was going through a street of London, where I never had been till then, I felt a general damp and faintness all over me, which I could

not tell how to account for, till I chanced to cast my eyes upward, and found that I was passing under a signpost on which the picture of a cat was hung.

The extravagance of this turn in the way of surprise gave a stop to the talk we had been carrying on; some were silent because they doubted, and others because they were conquered in their own way; so that the gentleman had opportunity to press the belief of it upon us, and let us see that he was rather exposing himself than ridiculing others.

I must freely own, that I did not all this while disbelieve everything that was said; but yet I thought some in the company had been endeavouring who should pitch the bar farthest; that it had for some time been a measuring cast, and at last my friend of the cat and signpost had thrown beyond them all.

I then considered the manner in which this story had been received, and the possibility that it might have passed for a jest upon others, if he had not laboured against himself. From hence, thought I, there are two ways which the well-bred world generally takes to contradict such a practice, when they do not think fit to contradict it flatly.

The first of these is a general silence, which I would not advise any one to interpret in his own behalf. It is often the effect of prudence in avoiding a quarrel, when they see another drive so fast that there is no stopping him without being run against; and but very seldom the effect of weakness in believing suddenly. The generality of mankind are not so grossly ignorant as some overbearing spirits would persuade themselves; and if the authority of a character or a caution against danger made us suppress our opinions, yet neither of these are of force enough to suppress our thoughts of them. If a man who has endeavoured to amuse his company with improbabilities could



but look into their minds, he would find that they imagine he lightly esteems of their sense when he thinks to impose upon them, and that he is less esteemed by them for his attempt in doing so. His endeavour to glory at their expense becomes a ground of quarrel, and the scorn and indifference with which they entertain it begins the immediate punishment: and, indeed (if we should even go no farther), silence, or a negligent indifference, has a deeper way of wounding than opposition, because opposition proceeds from an anger that has a sort of generous sentiment for the adversary mingling along with it, while it shows that there is some esteem in your mind for him; in short, that you think him worth while to contest with: but silence, or a negligent indifference, proceeds from anger, mixed with a scorn that shows another he is thought by you too contemptible to be regarded.

The other method which the world has taken for correcting this practice of false surprise, is to overshoot such talkers in their own bow, or to raise the story with farther degrees of impossibility, and set up for a voucher to them in such a manner as must let them see they stand detected. Thus I have heard a discourse was once managed upon the effects of fear. One of the company had given an account how it had turned his friend's hair gray in a night, while the terrors of a shipwreck encompassed him. Another, taking the hint from hence, began, upon his own knowledge, to enlarge his instances of the like nature to such a number that it was not probable he could ever have met with them; and as he still grounded those upon different causes, for the sake of variety, it might seem at last, from his share of the conversation, almost impossible that any one who can feel the passion of fear should all his life escape so common an effect of it. By this time some of the company grew negligent, or desirous to contradict him; but one rebuked the rest



with an appearance of severity, and with the known old story in his head, assured them they need not scruple to believe that the fear of anything can make a man's hair gray, since he knew one whose periwig had suffered so by it. Thus he stopped the talk and made them easy. Thus is the same method taken to bring us to shame which we fondly take to increase our character. It is, indeed, a kind of mimicry, by which another puts on our air of conversation to show us to ourselves : he seems to look ridiculous before you, that you may remember how near a resemblance you bear to him, or that you may know that he will not lie under the imputation of believing you. Then it is that you are struck dumb immediately with a conscientious shame for what you have been saying. Then it is that you are inwardly grieved at the sentiments which you cannot but perceive others entertain concerning you. In short, you are against yourself; the laugh of the company runs against you; the censuring world is obliged to you for that triumph which you have allowed them at your own expense; and truth, which you have injured, has a near way of being revenged on you, when, by the bare repetition of your story, you become a frequent diversion for the public.

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### THOUGHTS IN SICKNESS.

"*Afflata est numine quando,  
Jam propria Dei.*"

VIRG.

"When all the god came rushing on her soul."

DRYDEN.

AMONG all the reflections which usually rise in the mind of a sick man, who has time and inclination

to consider his approaching end, there is none more natural than that of his going to appear naked and unbodied before him who made him. When a man considers that, as soon as the vital union is dissolved, he shall see that Supreme Being whom he now contemplates at a distance, and only in his works; or, to speak more philosophically, when by some faculty in the soul he shall apprehend the Divine Being, and be more sensible of his presence than we are now of the presence of any object which the eye beholds, a man must be lost in carelessness and stupidity who is not alarmed at such a thought. Dr. Sherlock, in his excellent Treatise upon Death, has represented, in very strong and lively colours, the state of the soul in its first separation from the body, with regard to that invisible world which everywhere surrounds us, though we are not able to discover it through this grosser world of matter, which is accommodated to our senses in this life. His words are as follows :

“That death, which is our leaving this world, is nothing else but our putting off these bodies, teaches us that it is not only our union to these bodies which intercepts the sight of the other world : the other world is not at such a distance from us as we may imagine : the throne of God, indeed, is at a great remove from this earth, above the third Heavens, where he displays his glory to those blessed spirits which encompass his throne ; but, as soon we step out of these bodies, we step into the other world ; which is not so properly another world (for there is the same heaven and earth still), as a new state of life. To live in these bodies is to live in this world ; to live out of them is to remove into the next : for while our souls are confined to these bodies, and can look only through these material casements, nothing but what is material can affect us ; nay, nothing but what is so gross that it can reflect light, and convey the shapes and colours of things with

it to the eye: so that, though within this visible world there be a more glorious scene of things than what appears to us, we perceive nothing at all of it, for this veil of flesh parts the visible and invisible world: but when we put off these bodies, there are new and surprising wonders present themselves to our views: when these material spectacles are taken off, the soul, with its own naked eyes, sees what was invisible before: and then we are in the other world, when we can see it and converse with it. Thus St. Paul tells us, that 'when we are at home in the body, we are absent from the Lord; but when we are absent from the body, we are present with the Lord.'—2 *Cor.* v., 6, 8. And, methinks, this is enough to cure us of our fondness for these bodies, unless we think it more desirable to be confined to a prison, and to look through a grate all our lives, which gives us but a very narrow prospect, and that none of the best either, than to be set at liberty to view all the glories of the world. What would we give now for the least glimpse of that invisible world, which the first step we take out of these bodies will present us with? There are such things as 'eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive.' Death opens our eyes, enlarges our prospect, presents us with a new and more glorious world, which we can never see while we are shut up in flesh; which should make us as willing to part with this veil as to take the film off our eyes which hinders our sight.

"As a thinking man cannot but be very much affected with the idea of his appearing in the presence of that Being 'whom none can see and live,' he must be much more affected when he considers that this Being, whom he appears before, will examine all the actions of his past life, and reward or punish him accordingly. I must confess that I think there is no scheme of religion, besides that of Chris-

tianity, which can possibly support the most virtuous person under this thought. Let a man's innocence be what it will, let his virtues rise to the highest pitch of perfection attainable in this life, there will be still in him so many secret sins, so many human frailties, so many offences of ignorance, passion, and prejudice, so many unguarded words and thoughts, and, in short, so many defects in his best actions, that, without the advantages of such an expiation and atonement as Christianity has revealed to us, it is impossible that he should be cleared before his Sovereign Judge, or that he should be able to 'stand in his sight.' Our holy religion suggests to us the only means whereby our guilt may be taken away and our imperfect obedience accepted."

It is this series of thought that I have endeavoured to express in the following hymn, which I have composed during this my sickness :

When, rising from the bed of death,  
O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear,  
I see my Maker face to face,  
Oh how shall I appear !

If yet, while pardon may be found,  
And mercy may be sought,  
My heart with inward horror shrinks,  
And trembles at the thought ;

When thou, oh Lord, shalt stand disclosed  
In Majesty severe,  
And sit in judgment on my soul,  
Oh how shall I appear !

But thou hast told the troubled mind,  
Who does her sins lament,  
The timely tribute of her tears  
Shall endless wo prevent.

Then see the sorrow of my heart,  
Ere yet it be too late ;  
And hear my Saviour's dying groans,  
To give those sorrows weight

For never shall my soul despair  
 Her pardon to procure,  
 Who knows thy only son has died  
 To make her pardon sure.

There is a noble hymn in French, which Monsieur Bayle has celebrated for a very fine one, and which the famous author of the *Art of Speaking* calls an admirable one, that turns upon a thought of the same nature. If I could have done it justice in English, I would have sent it to you translated; it was written by Monsieur des Barreaux, who had been one of the greatest wits and libertines in France, but in his last years was as remarkable a penitent.

“Grand Dieu, tes jugemens sont remplis d’équité;  
 Toujours tu prens plaisir a nous être propice.  
 Mais j’ai tant fait de mal, que jamais ta bonte  
 Ne me pardonnera, sans choquer ta justice.  
 Oui, mon Dieu, la grandeur de mon impiété  
 Ne laisse a ton pouvoir que le choix du supplice.  
 Ton intérêt s’oppose a ma félicité;  
 Et ta clemence même attend que je périsse.  
 Contente ton desir, puis qu’il t’est glorieux;  
 Offense toi des pleurs qui coulent de mes yeux;  
 Tonne, frappe, il est tems, rends moi guerre pour guerre:  
 J’adore en périssant la raison qui t’aigris  
 Mais dessus quel endroit tombera ton tonnerre,  
 Qui ne soit tout couvert du sang de Jesus Christ.”

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## SOCRATES TO HIS JUDGES.

“Nemo vir magnus sine aliquo afflatu divino unquam fuit.”  
 TULL.

“All great men are in some degree inspired.”

WE know the highest pleasure our minds are capable of enjoying with composure, when we read

sublime thoughts communicated to us by men of great genius and eloquence. Such is the entertainment we meet with in the philosophic part of Cicero's writings. Truth and good sense have there so charming a dress, that they could hardly be more agreeably represented with the addition of poetical fiction and the power of numbers. This ancient author has fallen into my hands within these few days, and left upon me strong impressions. If I had a mind to it, I could not at present talk of anything else ; therefore I shall translate a passage of Cicero for the speculation of this day. He tells us, that Plato reports Socrates, upon receiving his sentence, to have spoken to his judges in the following manner :

“ I have great hopes, oh my judges, that it is infinitely to my advantage that I am sent to death : for it must of necessity be, that one of these two things must be the consequence—death must take away all these senses, or convey me to another life. If all sense is to be taken away, and death is no more than that profound sleep without dreams in which we are sometimes buried, oh Heavens, how desirable it is to die ! how many days do we know in life preferable to such a state ? But if it be true that death is but a passage to places which they who lived before us do now inhabit, how much still happier is it to go from those who call themselves judges, to appear before those that really are such ; before Minos, Rhadamanthus, Æcus, and Triptolemus, and to meet men who have lived with justice and truth ? Is this, do you think, no happy journey ? Do you think it nothing to speak with Orpheus, Musæus, Homer, and Hesiod ? I would, indeed, suffer many deaths to enjoy these things. With what particular delight should I talk to Palamedes, Ajax, and others, who, like me, have suffered by the iniquity of their judges ! I should examine the wisdom of that great prince who carried such mighty forces against Troy ;



and argue with Ulysses and Sisyphus upon difficult points, as I have in conversation here, without being in danger of being condemned. But let not those among you who have pronounced me an innocent man be afraid of death. No harm can arrive at a good man, whether dead or living; his affairs are always under the direction of the gods; nor will I believe the fate which is allotted to me myself this day to have arrived by chance; nor have I ought to say either against my judges or accusers, but that they thought they did me an injury. But I detain you too long: it is time that I retire to death, and you to your affairs of life; which of us has the better is known to the gods, but to no mortal man."

The divine Socrates is here represented in a figure worthy his great wisdom and philosophy; worthy the greatest mere man that ever breathed. Oh how glorious is the old age of that great man, who has spent his time in such contemplations as have made this being, what only it should be, an education for Heaven!

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## EULOGY ON MODESTY.

"Quanto quisque sibi plura negaverit.  
A Diis plura feret."

HOR.

"They that do much themselves deny,  
Receive more blessings from the sky."

CEERCH.

THERE is a call upon mankind to value and esteem those who set a moderate price upon their own merit; and self-denial is frequently attended with unexpected blessings, which, in the end, abundantly recompense such losses as the modest seem to suffer

in the ordinary occurrences of life. The curious tell us, a determination in our favour or to our disadvantage is made upon our first appearance, even before they know anything of our characters, but from the intimations men gather from our aspect. A man, they say, wears the picture of his mind in his countenance; and one man's eyes are spectacles to his who looks at him to read his heart. But, though that way of raising an opinion of those we behold in public is very fallacious, certain it is that those who, by their words and actions, take as much upon themselves as they can but barely demand in the strict scrutiny of their deserts, will find their account lessen every day. A modest man preserves his character, as a frugal man does his fortune; if either of them live to the height of either, one will find losses, the other errors, which he has not stock by him to make up. It were, therefore, a just rule to keep your desires, your words, and actions within the regard you observe your friends have for you; and never, if it were in a man's power, to take as much as he possibly might, either in preferment or reputation. My walks have lately been among the mercantile part of the world; and one gets praises naturally from those with whom one converses: I say, then, he that in his air, his treatment of others, or an habitual arrogance to himself, gives himself credit for the least article of more wit, wisdom, goodness, or valour than he can possibly produce if he is called upon, will find the world break in upon him, and consider him as one who has cheated them of all the esteem they had before allowed him. This brings a commission of bankruptcy upon him; and he that might have gone on to his life's end in a prosperous way by aiming at no more than he should, is no longer proprietor of what he really had before, but his pretensions fare as all things do which are torn instead of being divided.

There is no one living would deny Cinna the ap  
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plause of an agreeable and facetious wit, or could possibly pretend that there is not something inimitably unforced and diverting in his manner of delivering all his sentiments in his conversation, if he were able to conceal the strong desire of applause which he betrays in every syllable he utters. But they who converse with him see that all the civilities they could do to him, or the kind things they could say to him, would fall short of what he expects; and therefore, instead of showing him the esteem they have for his merit, their reflections turn only upon that they observe he has of it himself.

If you go among the women, and behold Gloriana trip into a room with that theatrical ostentation of her charms, Mirtilla with that soft regularity in her motion, Chloe with such an indifferent familiarity, Corinna with such a fond approach, and Roxana with such a demand of respect in the great gravity of her entrance, you find all the sex, who understand themselves and act naturally, wait only for their absence to tell you that all these ladies would impose themselves upon you, and each of them carry in their behaviour a consciousness of so much more than they should pretend to, that they lose what would otherwise be given them.

I remember, the last time I saw Macbeth, I was wonderfully taken with the skill of the poet in making the murderer form fears to himself from the moderation of the prince whose life he was going to take away. He says of the king, "He bore his faculties so meekly," and justly inferred from thence that all divine and human power would join to avenge his death, who had made such an abstinent use of dominion. All that is in a man's power to do to advance his own pomp and glory, and forbears, is so much laid up against the day of distress; and pity will always be his portion in adversity who acted with gentleness in prosperity.

The great officer who foregoes the advantages he

might take to himself, and renounces all prudential regards to his own person in danger, has so far the merit of a volunteer, and all his honours and glories are unenvied for sharing the common fate with the same frankness as they do who have no such endearing circumstances to part with. But, if there were no such considerations as the good effect which self-denial has upon the sense of other men towards us, it is of all qualities the most desirable for the agreeable disposition in which it places our own minds. I cannot tell what better to say of it than that it is the very contrary of ambition, and that modesty allays all those passions and inquietudes to which that vice exposes us. He that is moderate in his wishes from reason and choice, and not resigned from sourness, distaste, or disappointment, doubles all the pleasures of his life. The air, the season, a sunshiny day, or a fair prospect, are instances of happiness, and that which he enjoys in common with all the world (by his exemption from the enchantments by which all the world are bewitched) are to him uncommon benefits and new acquisitions. Health is not eaten up with care, nor pleasure interrupted by envy. It is not to him of any consequence what this man is famed for, or for what the other is preferred. He knows there is in such a place an uninterrupted walk; he can meet in such a company an agreeable conversation; he has no emulation; he is no man's rival, but every man's well-wisher; can look at a prosperous man with a pleasure in reflecting that he hopes he is as happy as himself; and has his mind and his fortune, as far as prudence will allow, open to the unhappy and to the stranger.

Luceius has learning, wit, humour, eloquence, but no ambitious prospects to pursue with these advantages; therefore, to the ordinary world he is perhaps thought to want spirit, but known among his friends to have a mind of the most consummate

greatness. He wants no man's admiration, is in no need of pomp. His clothes please him if they are fashionable and warm; his companions are agreeable if they are civil and well-natured. There is with him no occasion for superfluity at meals, for jollity in company, in a word, for anything extraordinary to administer delight to him. Want of prejudice and command of appetite are the companions which make his journey of life so easy, that he in all places meets with more wit, more good cheer, and more good-humour than is necessary to make him enjoy himself with pleasure and satisfaction.

T.

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## A BEAU'S HEAD ANATOMIZED.

"*Tribus Anticyris caput insanabile.*"

Juv.

"A head no hellebore can cure."

I WAS yesterday engaged in an assembly of virtuosos, where one of them produced many curious observations which he had lately made in the anatomy of a human body. Another of the company communicated to us several wonderful discoveries which he had also made on the same subject by the help of very fine glasses. This gave birth to a great variety of uncommon remarks, and furnished discourse for the remaining part of the day.

The different opinions which were started on this occasion presented to my imagination so many new ideas, that, by mixing with those which were already there, they employed my fancy all the last night, and composed a very wild, extravagant dream.

I was invited, methought, to the dissection of a

beau's head, which was laid on a table before us. An imaginary operator opened it with a great deal of nicety, which, upon a cursory and superficial view, appeared like the head of another man; but, upon applying our glasses to it, we made a very odd discovery, namely, that what we looked upon as brains were not such in reality, but a heap of strange materials wound up in that shape and texture, and packed together with wonderful art in the several cavities of the scull. For, as Homer tells us that the blood of the gods is not real blood, but only something like it, so we found that the brain of a beau is not real brain, but only something like it.

The pineal gland, which many of our modern philosophers suppose to be the seat of the soul, smelled very strong of essence and orange-flower water, and was encompassed with a kind of horny substance, cut into a thousand little faces or mirrors, which were imperceptible to the naked eye, inso-much that the soul, if there had been any here, must have been always taken up in contemplating her own beauties.

We observed a large antrum or cavity in the sin-ciput that was filled with ribands, lace, and embroidery, wrought together in a most curious piece of network, the parts of which were likewise imperceptible to the naked eye. Another of these antrums or cavities was stuffed with invisible billet-doux, love-letters, pricked dances, and other trumpery of the same nature. In another we found a kind of powder, which set the whole company a sneezing, and by the scent discovered itself to be right Spanish. The several other cells were stored with commodities of the same kind, of which it would be tedious to give the reader an exact inventory.

There was a large cavity on each side of the head which I must not omit. That on the right side was filled with fictions, flatteries, and falsehoods, vows,



promises, and protestations; that on the left with oaths and imprecations. There issued out a duct from each of these cells, which ran into the root of the tongue, where both joined together, and passed forward in one common duct to the tip of it. We discovered several little roads or canals running from the ear into the brain, and took particular care to trace them out through their several passages. One of them extended itself to a bundle of sonnets and little musical instruments. Others ended in several bladders, which were filled either with wind or froth. But the large canal entered into a great cavity of the scull, from whence there went another canal into the tongue. This great cavity was filled with a kind of spongy substance, which the French anatomists call *galimatias*, and the English *nonsense*.

The skins of the forehead were extremely tough and thick, and, what very much surprised us, had not in them any single bloodvessel that we were able to discover, either with or without our glasses; from whence we concluded that the party, when alive, must have been entirely deprived of the faculty of blushing.

The *os cribriforme* was exceedingly stuffed, and in some places damaged with snuff. We could not but take notice in particular of that small muscle, which is not often discovered in dissections, and draws the nose upward when it expresses the contempt which the owner of it has upon seeing anything he does not like, or hearing anything he does not understand. I need not tell my learned reader this is that muscle which performs that motion so often mentioned by the Latin poets, when they talk of a man's cocking his nose, or playing the rhinoceros.

We did not find anything very remarkable in the eye, saving only that the *musculi amatorii*, or, as we may translate it into English, the *ogling muscles*, were very much worn and decayed with use; whereas, on the contrary, the elevator, or the muscle which

turns the eye towards Heaven, did not appear to have been used at all.

I have only mentioned in this dissection such new discoveries as we were able to make, and have not taken any notice of those parts which are to be met with in common heads. As for the scull, the face, and, indeed, the whole outward shape and figure of the head, we could not discover any difference from what we observe in the heads of other men. We were informed that the person to whom this head belonged had passed for a man above five-and-thirty years; during which time he ate and drank like other people, dressed well, talked loud, laughed frequently, and, on particular occasions, had acquitted himself tolerably at a ball or an assembly; to which one of the company added, that a certain knot of ladies took him for a wit. He was cut off in the flower of his age by the blow of a paring-shovel, having been surprised by an eminent citizen as he was tendering some civilities to his wife.

When we had thoroughly examined this head, with all its apartments and its several kinds of furniture, we put up the brain, such as it was, into its proper place, and laid it aside under a broad piece of scarlet cloth, in order to be prepared and kept in a great repository of dissections; our operator telling us that the preparation would not be so difficult as that of another brain, for that he had observed several of the little pipes and tubes which ran through the brain were already filled with a kind of mercurial substance, which we looked upon to be true quicksilver.

L.

## IDLENESS.

"*Libertas ; quæ sera tamen respexit inertem.*"

VIRG.

"Freedom, which came at length, though slow to come."

DRYDEN.

IDLENESS is so general a distemper, that I cannot but imagine a speculation on this subject will be of universal use. There is hardly any one person without some alloy of it; and thousands besides myself spend more time in an idle uncertainty which to begin first of two affairs, than would have been sufficient to have ended them both. The occasion of this seems to be the want of some necessary employment to put the spirits in motion and awaken them out of their lethargy. If I had less leisure, I should have more; for I should then find my time distinguished into portions, some for business, and others for the indulging of pleasures: but now one face of indolence overspreads the whole, and I have no landmark to direct myself by. Were one's time a little straitened by business, like water enclosed in its banks, it would have some determined course; but, unless it be put into some channel, it has no current, but becomes a deluge, without either use or motion.

When Scanderbeg, prince of Epirus, was dead, the Turks, who had but too often felt the force of his arm in the battles he had won from them, imagined that, by wearing a piece of his bones near their heart, they should be animated with a vigour and force like to that which inspired him when living. As I am like to be but of little use while I live, I am resolved to do what good I can after my decease; and have accordingly ordered my bones

to be disposed of in this manner for the good of my countrymen who are troubled with too exorbitant a degree of fire. All fox-hunters, upon wearing me, would in a short time be brought to endure their beds in a morning, and, perhaps, even quit them with regret at ten; instead of hurrying away to tease a poor animal, and run away from their own thoughts, a chair or a chariot would be thought the most desirable means of performing a remove from one place to another. I should be a cure for the unnatural desire of John Trott for dancing, and a specific to lessen the inclination Mrs. Fidget has to motion, and cause her always to give her approbation to the present place she is in. In fine, no Egyptian mummy was ever half so useful in physic as I should be to these feverish constitutions, to repress the violent sallies of youth, and give each action its proper weight and repose.

I can stifle any violent inclination, and oppose a torrent of anger or the solicitations of revenge with success. But indolence is a stream which flows slowly on, but yet undermines the foundation of every virtue. A vice of a more lively nature were a more desirable tyrant than this rust of the mind, which gives a tincture of its nature to every action of one's life. It were as little hazard to be lost in a storm as to lie thus perpetually becalmed: and it is to no purpose to have within one the seeds of a thousand good qualities, if we want the vigour and resolution necessary for the exerting them. Death brings all persons back to an equality; and this image of it, this slumber of the mind, leaves no difference between the greatest genius and the meanest understanding; a faculty of doing things remarkably praiseworthy thus concealed, is of no more use to the owner than a heap of gold to the man who dares not use it.

To-morrow is still the fatal time when all is to be rectified; to-morrow comes, it goes, and still I please

myself with the shadow, while I lose the reality ; unmindful that the present time alone is ours, the future is yet unborn, and the past is dead, and can only live (as parents in their children) in the actions it had produced.

The time we live ought not to be computed by the number of years, but by the use that has been made of it : thus it is not the extent of ground, but the yearly rent which gives the value to the estate. Wretched and thoughtless creatures, in the only place where covetousness were virtue, we turn prodigals ! nothing lies upon our hands with such uneasiness, nor has there been so many devices for any one thing, as to make it slide away imperceptibly and to no purpose. A shilling shall be hoarded up with care, while that which is above the price of an estate is flung away with disregard and contempt. There is nothing nowadays so much avoided as a solicitous improvement of every part of time ; 'tis a report must be shunned as one tenders the name of a wit and a fine genius, and as one fears the character of a fine plodder : but, notwithstanding this, the greatest wits any age has produced thought far otherwise : for who can think either Socrates or Demosthenes lost any reputation by their continual pains both in overcoming the defects and improving the gifts of nature. All are acquainted with the labour and assiduity with which Tully acquired his eloquence. Seneca, in his letters to Lucilius, assures him there was not a day in which he did not write something, or read and epitomise some good author ; and I remember Pliny, in one of his letters, where he gives an account of the various methods he used to fill up every vacancy of time after several employments which he enumerates ; sometimes, says he, I hunt ; but even then I carry with me a pocket-book, that, while my servants are busy in disposing of the nets and other matters, I may be employed in something that may

be useful to me in my studies, and that, if I miss my game, I may at least bring home some of my thoughts with me, and not have the mortification of having caught nothing all day.

I am afraid it is no ordinary persuasion that will be of service to cure mankind of that malady of idleness. For there is no hopes of amendment where men are pleased with their ruin, and while they think laziness is a desirable character: whether it be that they like the state itself, or that they think it gives them a new lustre when they do exert themselves, seemingly to be able to do that without labour or application which others attain to but with the greatest diligence.

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## COMFORTS OF THE BELIEF IN A PROVIDENCE.

*"Si fractus illabatur orbis  
Impavidum ferient ruinæ."*

HOR.

"Should the whole frame of nature round him break,  
In ruin and confusion hurl'd,  
He, unconcern'd, would hear the mighty crack,  
And stand secure amid a falling world."

MAN, considered in himself, is a very helpless and a very wretched being. He is subject every moment to the greatest calamities and misfortunes. He is beset with dangers on all hands, and may become unhappy by numberless casualties which he could not foresee, nor have prevented had he foreseen them.

It is our comfort, while we are obnoxious to so many accidents, that we are under the care of one who directs contingencies, and has in his hands the



management of everything that is capable of annoying or offending us ; who knows the assistance we stand in need of, and is always ready to bestow it on those who ask it of him.

The natural homage which such a creature bears to so infinitely wise and good a Being, is a firm reliance on him for the blessings and conveniences of life, and an habitual trust in him for deliverance out of all such dangers and difficulties as may befall us.

The man who always lives in this disposition of mind has not the same dark and melancholy views of human nature as he who considers himself abstractedly from this relation to the Supreme Being. At the same time that he reflects upon his own weakness and imperfection, he comforts himself with the contemplation of those divine attributes which are employed for his safety and his welfare. He finds his want of foresight made up by the omniscience of Him who is his support. He is not sensible of his own want of strength when he knows that his helper is Almighty. In short, the person who has a firm trust on the Supreme Being is powerful in his power, wise by his wisdom, happy by his happiness. He reaps the benefit of every divine attribute, and loses his own insufficiency in the fulness of infinite perfection.

To make our lives more easy to us, we are commanded to put our trust in him who is thus able to relieve and succour us ; the divine goodness having made such a reliance a duty, notwithstanding we should have been miserable had it been forbidden us.

Among several motives which might be made use of to recommend this duty to us, I shall only take notice of those that follow.

The first and strongest is, that we are promised he will not fail those who put their trust in him.

But, without considering the supernatural blessing

which accompanies this duty, we may observe that it has a natural tendency to its own reward, or, in other words, that this firm trust and confidence in the great Disposer of all things contributes very much to the getting clear of any affliction, or to the bearing it manfully. A person who believes he has his succour at hand, and that he acts in the sight of his friend, often exerts himself beyond his abilities, and does wonders that are not to be matched by one who is not animated with such a confidence of success. I could produce instances from history of generals who, out of a belief that they were under the protection of some invisible assistant, did not only encourage their soldiers to do their utmost, but have acted themselves beyond what they could have done had they not been inspired by such a belief. I might, in the same manner, show how such a trust in the assistance of an Almighty Being naturally produces patience, hope, cheerfulness, and all other dispositions of mind that alleviate those calamities which we are not able to remove.

The practice of this virtue administers great comfort to the mind of man in times of poverty and affliction, but most of all in the hour of death. When the soul is hovering in the last moments of its separation, when it is just entering on another state of existence, to converse with scenes, and objects, and companions that are altogether new, what can support her under such tremblings of thought, such fear, such anxiety, such apprehensions, but the casting of all her cares upon Him who first gave her being, who has conducted her through one stage of it, and will be always with her, to guide and comfort her in her progress through eternity?

David has very beautifully represented this steady reliance on God Almighty in his twenty-third psalm, which is a kind of pastoral hymn, and filled with those allusions which are usual in that kind of writing. As the poetry is very exquisite, I shall pre-

sent my readers with the following translation of it:

"The Lord my pasture shall prepare,  
And feed me with a shepherd's care :  
His presence shall my wants supply,  
And guard me with a watchful eye :  
My noonday walks he shall attend,  
And all my midnight hours defend.

"When in the sultry glebe I faint,  
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,  
To fertile vales and dewy meads,  
My weary wand'ring steps he leads ;  
Where peaceful rivers soft and slow,  
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

"Though in the paths of death I tread,  
With gloomy horrors overspread,  
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,  
For thou, oh Lord, art with me still :  
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,  
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

"Though in a bare and rugged way,  
Through devious lonely wilds I stray,  
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile :  
The barren wilderness shall smile  
With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,  
And streams shall murmur all around."

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## VERNAL DELIGHTS.

"Nescio qua præer solitum dulcedine læti."

VIRG.

"Unusual sweetness purer joys inspires."

In the opening of the spring, when all nature begins to recover herself, the same animal pleasure which makes the birds sing and the whole brute creation rejoice, rises very sensibly in the heart of

man. I know none of the poets who have observed so well as Milton those secret overflowings of gladness which diffuse themselves through the mind of the beholder upon surveying the gay scenes of nature : he has touched upon it twice or thrice in his *Paradise Lost*, and describes it very beautifully under the name of vernal delight, in that passage where he represents the devil himself as almost sensible to it.

“ Blossoms and fruits at once of golden hue  
 Appear'd, with gay enamell'd colours mix'd :  
 On which the sun more glad impress'd his beams  
 Than in fair evening cloud, or humid bow,  
 When God has shower'd the earth : so lovely seem'd  
 That landscape : and of pure now purer air  
 Meets his approach, and to the heart inspires  
 Vernal delight, and joy able to drive  
 All sadness but despair,” &c.

Many authors have written on the vanity of the creature, and represented the barrenness of everything in this world, and its incapacity of producing any solid or substantial happiness. As discourses of this nature are very useful to the sensual and voluptuous ; those speculations which show the bright side of things, and lay forth those innocent entertainments which are to be met with among the several objects that encompass us, are no less beneficial to men of dark and melancholy tempers. It is for this reason that I will endeavour to recommend a cheerfulness of mind, and to inculcate it, not only from the consideration of ourselves, and of that Being on whom we depend, nor from the general survey of that universe in which we are placed at present, but from reflections on the particular season in which this paper is written.\* The creation is a perpetual feast to the mind of a good man ; everything he sees cheers and delights him ; Providence has imprinted so many smiles on nature,

\* The Spring.

that is impossible for a mind which is not sunk in more gross and sensual delights to take a survey of them without several secret sensations of pleasure. The psalmist has, in several of his divine poems, celebrated those beautiful and agreeable scenes which make the heart glad, and produce in it that vernal delight which I have before taken notice of.

Natural philosophy quickens this taste of the creation, and renders it not only pleasing to the imagination, but to the understanding. It does not rest in the murmur of brooks and the melody of birds, in the shade of groves and woods, or in the embroidery of fields and meadows, but considers the several ends of Providence which are served by them, and the wonders of Divine Wisdom which appear in them. It heightens the pleasures of the eye, and raises such a rational admiration in the soul as is little inferior to devotion.

It is not in the power of every one to offer up this kind of worship to the Great Author of nature, and to indulge these more refined meditations of the heart, which are doubtless highly acceptable in his sight; I shall therefore conclude this short essay on that pleasure which the mind naturally conceives from the present season of the year, by the recommending of a practice for which every one has sufficient abilities.

I would have my readers endeavour to moralize this natural pleasure of the soul, and to improve this vernal delight, as Milton calls it, into a Christian virtue. When we find ourselves inspired with this pleasing instinct, this secret satisfaction and complacency arising from the beauties of the creation, let us consider to whom we stand indebted for all these entertainments of sense, and who it is that thus opens its hands and fills the world with good. The apostle instructs us to take advantage of our present temper of mind, to graft upon it such a religious exercise as is particularly conformable to it,

by that precept which advises those who are sad to pray, and those who are merry to sing psalms. The cheerfulness of heart which springs up in us from the survey of nature's works, is an admirable preparation for gratitude. The mind has gone a great way towards praise and thanksgiving that is filled with such a secret gladness: a grateful reflection on the Supreme Cause who produces it, sanctifies it in the soul and gives it a proper value. Such an habitual disposition of mind consecrates every field and wood, turns an ordinary walk into a morning or evening sacrifice, and will improve those transient gleams of joy, which naturally brighten up and refresh the soul on such occasions, into an inviolable and perpetual state of bliss and happiness.

L.

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## IMPROVEMENT OF CHURCH MUSIC.

*“Οι δε πανημεριοι μολπη ιλασκοντο,  
Καλον αιδοντες Παιθονα κυροι 'Αχαιων,  
Μελποντες εκαεργον' ο δε φρενα τερπετ' ακηνη.”*

HOM.

*“With hymn divine the joyous banquet ends,  
The Pæans lengthen'd till the sun descends.  
The Greeks restored the grateful notes prolong;  
Apollo listens, and approves the song.”*

POPE.

I COULD heartily wish there were the same application and endeavours to cultivate and improve our church music as have been lately bestowed on that of the stage. Our composers have one very great incitement to it: they are sure to meet with excellent words, and, at the same time, a wonderful variety of them. There is no passion that is not finely expressed in those parts of the inspired wri-



tings which are proper for divine songs and anthems.

There is a certain coldness and indifference in the phrases of our European languages when they are compared with the Oriental forms of speech; and it happens very luckily that the Hebrew idioms run into the English tongue with a particular grace and beauty. Our language has received innumerable elegances and improvements from the infusion of Hebraisms which are derived to it out of the poetical passages in Holy Writ. They give a force and energy to our expressions, warm and animate our language, and convey our thoughts in more ardent and intense phrases, than any that are to be met with in our own tongue. There is something so pathetic in this kind of diction, that it often sets the mind in a flame, and makes our hearts burn within us. How cold and dead does a prayer appear, that is composed in the most elegant and polite forms of speech which are natural to our tongue, when it is not heightened by that solemnity of phrase which may be drawn from the Sacred Writings. It has been said by some of the ancients, that if the gods were to talk with men, they would certainly speak in Plato's style; but I think we may say, with justice, that, when mortals converse with their Creator, they cannot do it in so proper a style as in that of the Holy Scriptures.

If any one would judge of the beauties of poetry that are to be met with in the Divine Writings, and examine how kindly the Hebrew manners of speech mix and incorporate with the English language, after having perused the Book of Psalms, let him read a literal translation of Horace or Pindar. He will find in these last two such an absurdity and confusion of style, with such a comparative poverty of imagination, as will make him very sensible of what I have been here advancing.

Since we have, therefore, such a treasury of

words, so beautiful in themselves, and so proper for the airs of music, I cannot but wonder that persons of distinction should give so little attention and encouragement to that kind of music, which would have its foundation in reason, and which would improve our virtue in proportion as it raised our delight. The passions that are excited by ordinary compositions generally flow from such silly and absurd occasions, that a man is ashamed to reflect upon them seriously: but the fear, the love, the sorrow, the indignation that are awakened in the mind by hymns and anthems, make the heart better, and proceed from such causes as are altogether reasonable and praiseworthy. Pleasure and duty go hand in hand, and the greater our satisfaction is, the greater is our religion.

Music, among those who were styled the chosen people, was a religious art. The songs of Sion, which we have reason to believe were in high repute among the courts of the Eastern monarchs, were nothing else but psalms and pieces of poetry that adored or celebrated the Supreme Being. The greatest conqueror in this holy nation, after the manner of the old Grecian lyrics, did not only compose the words of his divine odes, but generally set them to music himself: after which, his works, though they were consecrated to the tabernacle, became the national entertainment, as well as the devotion of the people.

The first original of the drama was a religious worship, consisting only of a chorus which was nothing else but a hymn to a deity. As luxury and voluptuousness prevailed over innocence and religion, this form of worship degenerated into tragedies; in which, however, the chorus so far remembered its first office, as to brand everything that was vicious, and recommend everything that was laudable; to intercede with Heaven for the innocent, and to implore its vengeance on the criminal.

Homer and Hesiod intimate to us how this art should be applied, when they represent the Muses as surrounding Jupiter, and warbling their hymns about his throne. I might show, from innumerable passages in ancient writers, not only that vocal and instrumental music were made use of in their religious worship, but that their most favourite diversions were filled with songs and hymns to their respective deities. Had we frequent entertainments of this nature among us, they would not a little purify and exalt our passions, give our thoughts a proper turn, and cherish those divine impulses in the soul, which every one feels that has not stifled them by sensual and immoderate pleasures.

Music, when thus applied, raises noble hints in the mind of the hearer, and fills it with great conceptions. It strengthens devotion, and advances praise into rapture. It lengthens out every act of worship, and produces more lasting and permanent impressions in the mind than those which accompany any transient form of words that are uttered in the ordinary method of religious worship.

O.

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## OMNIPRESENCE OF GOD.

“*Deum namque ire per omnes  
Terrasque, tractusque maris, cœlumque profundum.*”  
VIRG.

“For God the whole created mass inspires;  
Through heaven, and earth, and ocean depths he throws  
His influence round, and kindles as he goes.”  
DRYDEN.

I WAS yesterday, about sunset, walking in the open fields till the night insensibly fell upon me. I at first amused myself with all the richness and vari-

ety of colours which appeared in the western parts of heaven : in proportion as they faded away and went out, several stars and planets appeared one after another, till the whole firmament was in a glow. The blueness of the ether was exceedingly lightened and enlivened by the rays of all those luminaries that passed through it. The galaxy appeared in its most beautiful white. To complete the scene, the full moon rose at length in that clouded majesty which Milton takes notice of, and opened to the eye a new picture of nature, which was more finely shaded, and disposed among softer lights, than that which the sun had before discovered to us.

As I was surveying the moon walking in her brightness, and taking her progress among the constellations, a thought rose in me which I believe very often perplexes and disturbs men of serious, contemplative natures. David himself fell into it in that reflection, "When I consider the heavens the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars which thou hast ordained; what is man that thou art mindful of him, and the son of man that thou regardest him!" In the same manner, when I considered that infinite host of stars, or, to speak more philosophically, of suns, which were then shining upon me; with those innumerable sets of planets or worlds which were moving round their respective suns; when I still enlarged the idea, and supposed another Heaven of suns and worlds rising still above this which we discovered, and these still enlightened by a superior firmament of luminaries, which are planted at so great a distance that they may appear to the inhabitants of the former as the stars do to us; in short, while I pursued this thought, I could not but reflect on that little insignificant figure which I myself bore amid the immensity of God's works.

Were the sun which enlightens this part of the creation, with all the host of planetary worlds that

move about him, utterly extinguished and annihilated, they would not be missed more than a grain of sand upon the seashore. The space they possess is so exceedingly little in comparison of the whole, that it would scarce make a blank in the creation. The chasm would be imperceptible to an eye that could take in the whole compass of nature, and pass from one end of the creation to the other; as it is possible there may be such a sense in ourselves hereafter, or in creatures which are at present more exalted than ourselves. We see many stars by the help of glasses which we do not discover with our naked eyes; and the finer our telescopes are, the more still are our discoveries. Huygenius carries this thought so far, that he does not think it impossible there may be stars whose light is not yet travelled down to us since their first creation. There is no question but the universe has bounds set to it; but when we consider that it is the work of infinite power, prompted by infinite goodness, with an infinite space to exert itself in, how can our imagination set any bounds to it?

To return, therefore, to my first thought, I could not but look upon myself with secret horror, as a being that was not worth the smallest regard of one who had so great a work under his care and superintendence. I was afraid of being overlooked amid the immensity of nature, and lost among that infinite variety of creatures which in all probability swarms through all these immeasurable regions of matter.

In order to recover myself from this mortifying thought, I considered that it took its rise from those narrow conceptions which we are apt to entertain of the divine nature. We ourselves cannot attend to many different objects at the same time. If we are careful to inspect some things, we must, of course, neglect others. This imperfection, which we observe in ourselves, is an imperfection that



cleaves in some degree to creatures of the highest capacities, as they are creatures, that is, beings of finite and limited natures. The presence of every created being is confined to a certain measure of space, and, consequently, his observation is stinted to a certain number of objects. The sphere in which we move, and act, and understand, is of a wider circumference to one creature than another, according as we rise above one another in the scale of existence. But the widest of these our spheres has its circumference. When, therefore, we reflect on the divine nature, we are so used and accustomed to this imperfection in ourselves, that we cannot forbear in some measure ascribing it to him in whom there is no shadow of imperfection. Our reason, indeed, assures us that his attributes are infinite, but the poorness of our conceptions is such that it cannot forbear setting bounds to everything it contemplates, until our reason comes again to our succour, and throws down all those little prejudices which rise in us unawares, and are natural to the mind of man.

We shall, therefore, utterly extinguish this melancholy thought of our being overlooked by our Maker in the multiplicity of his works, and the infinity of those objects among which he seems to be incessantly employed, if we consider, in the first place, that he is omnipresent; and, in the second, that he is omniscient.

If we consider him in his omnipresence: his being passes through, actuates, and supports the whole frame of nature. His creation, and every part of it, is full of him. There is nothing he has made that is either so distant, so little, or so inconsiderable, which he does not essentially inhabit. His substance is within the substance of every being, whether material or immaterial, and as intimately present to it as that being is to itself. It would be an imperfection in him were he able to remove out



of one place into another, or to withdraw himself from anything he has created, or from any part of that space which is diffused and spread abroad to infinity. In short, to speak of him in the language of the old philosopher, he is a being whose centre is everywhere and his circumference nowhere.

In the second place, he is omniscient as well as omnipresent. His omniscience, indeed, necessarily and naturally flows from his omnipresence; he cannot but be conscious of every motion that arises in the whole material world, which he thus essentially pervades, and of every thought that is stirring in the intellectual world, to every part of which he is thus intimately united. Several moralists have considered the creation as the temple of God, which he has built with his own hands, and which is filled with his presence. Others have considered infinite space as the receptacle, or, rather, the habitation of the Almighty: but the noblest and most exalted way of considering this infinite space is that of Sir Isaac Newton, who calls it the Sensorium of the Godhead. Brutes and men have their sensoriola or little sensoriums, by which they apprehend the presence and perceive the actions of a few objects that lie contiguous to them. Their knowledge and observation turn within a very narrow circle. But as God Almighty cannot but perceive and know everything in which he resides, infinite space gives room for infinite knowledge, and is, as it were, an organ to omniscience.

Were the soul separate from the body, and with one glance of thought should start beyond the bounds of the creation, should it for millions of years continue its progress through infinite space with the same activity, it would still find itself within the embrace of its Creator, and encompassed round with the immensity of the Godhead. While we are in the body, he is not less present with us because he is concealed from us. "Oh that I knew

where I might find him!" says Job; "Behold, I go forward, but he is not there; and backward, but I cannot perceive him: on the left hand, where he does work, but I cannot behold him: he hideth himself on the right hand that I cannot see him." In short, reason as well as revelation assures us that he cannot be absent from us, notwithstanding he is undiscovered by us.

In this consideration of God Almighty's omnipresence and omniscience, every uncomfortable thought vanishes. He cannot but regard everything that has being, especially such of his creatures who fear they are not regarded by him. He is privy to all their thoughts, and to that anxiety of heart in particular which is apt to trouble them on this occasion; for, as it is impossible he should overlook any of his creatures, so we may be confident that he regards, with an eye of mercy, those who endeavour to recommend themselves to his notice, and in an unfeigned humility of heart think themselves unworthy that he should be mindful of them.

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I have considered the ubiquity of the Godhead, and, at the same time, shown that, as he is present to everything, he cannot but be attentive to everything, and privy to all the modes and parts of its existence: or, in other words, that the omniscience and omnipresence are coexistent, and run together through the whole infinitude of space. This consideration might furnish us with many incentives to devotion and motives to morality; but, as this subject has been handled by several excellent writers, I shall consider it in a light wherein I have not seen it placed by others.

First, How disconsolate is the condition of an intellectual being who is thus present with his Maker, but at the same time receives no extraordinary benefits or advantage from this his presence!

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Secondly, How deplorable is the condition of an intellectual being who feels no other effects from this his presence but such as proceed from Divine wrath and indignation!

Thirdly, How happy is the condition of that intellectual being who is sensible of his Maker's presence from the secret effect of his mercy and loving-kindness!

First, How disconsolate is the condition of an intellectual being who is thus present with his Maker, but, at the same time, receives no extraordinary benefit or advantage from this his presence! Every particle of matter is actuated by this Almighty Being which passes through it. The heavens and the earth, the stars and planets, move and gravitate by virtue of this great principle within them. All the dead parts of nature are invigorated by the presence of their Creator, and made capable of exerting their respective qualities. The several instincts in the brute creation do likewise operate and work towards the several ends which are agreeable to them, by this divine energy. Man only, who does not co-operate with this holy spirit, and is inattentive to his presence, receives none of those advantages from it which are perfective of his nature and necessary to his well-being. The divinity is with him, and in him, and everywhere about him, but of no advantage to him. It is the same thing to a man without religion as if there were no God in the world. It is indeed impossible for an infinite being to remove himself from any of his creatures; but though he cannot withdraw his essence from us, which would argue an imperfection in him, he can withdraw from us all the joys and consolations of it. His presence may perhaps be necessary to support us in our existence; but he may leave this our existence to itself with regard to its happiness or misery. For in this sense he may cast us away from his presence, and take

his holy Spirit from us. This single consideration one would think sufficient to make us open our hearts to all those infusions of joy and gladness which are so near at hand, and ready to be poured in upon us; especially when we consider, secondly, the deplorable condition of an intellectual being who feels no other effects from his Maker's presence but such as proceed from divine wrath and indignation.

We may assure ourselves that the great Author of nature will not always be as one who is indifferent to any of his creatures. Those who will not feel him in his love, will be sure at length to feel him in his displeasure. And how dreadful is the condition of that creature who is only sensible of the being of his Creator by what he suffers from him! He is essentially present in hell as in heaven; but the inhabitants of the former behold him only in his wrath, and shrink within the flames to conceal themselves from him. It is not in the power of imagination to conceive the fearful effects of omnipotence incensed.

But I shall only consider the wretchedness of an intellectual being, who in this life lies under the displeasure of Him that at all times and in all places is intimately united with him. He is able to disquiet the soul, and vex it in all its faculties. He can hinder any of the greatest comforts of life from refreshing us, and give an edge to every one of its slightest calamities. Who then can bear the thought of being an outcast from his presence, that is, from the comforts of it, or of feeling it only in its terrors! How pathetic is that expostulation of Job, when for the trial of his patience he was made to look upon himself in this deplorable condition! "Why hast thou set me as a mark against thee, so that I am become a burden to myself?" But, thirdly, how happy is the condition of that intellectual being who is sensible of his Maker's presence from

the secret effects of his mercy and loving kindness!

The blessed in heaven behold him face to face, that is, are as sensible of his presence as we are of the presence of any person whom we look upon with our eyes. There is doubtless a faculty in spirits by which they apprehend one another, as our senses do material objects; and there is no question but our souls, when they are disimbodyed or placed in glorious bodies, will, by this faculty, in whatever part of space they reside, be always sensible of the divine presence. We, who have this veil of flesh standing between us and the world of spirits, must be content to know that the spirit of God is present with us by the effects which he produceth in us. Our outward senses are too gross to apprehend him; we may, however, taste and see how gracious he is, by his influence upon our minds, by those virtuous thoughts which he awakens in us, by those secret comforts and refreshments which he conveys into our souls, and by those ravishing joys and inward satisfactions which are perpetually springing up and diffusing themselves among all the thoughts of good men. He is lodged in our very essence, and is as a soul within the soul, to irradiate its understanding, rectify its will, purify its passions, and enliven all the powers of man. How happy, therefore, is an intellectual being, who, by prayer and meditation, by virtue and good works, opens this communication between God and his own soul! Though the whole creation frowns upon him, he has his light and support within him, that are able to cheer his mind and bear him up in the midst of all those horrors which encompass him. He knows that his Helper is at hand, and is always nearer to him than anything else can be which is capable of annoying or terrifying him. In the midst of calumny or contempt, he attends to that Being who whispers better things within his soul,



and whom he looks upon as his defender, his glory, and the lifter-up of his head. In his deepest solitude and retirement, he knows that he is in company with the greatest of Beings; and perceives within himself such real sensations of his presence, as are more delightful than anything that can be met with in the conversation of his creatures. Even in the hour of death, he considers the pains of his dissolution to be nothing else but the breaking down of that partition which stands between his soul and the sight of that Being who is always present with him, and is about to manifest itself to him in fullness of joy.

If we would be thus happy and thus sensible of our Maker's presence from the secret effects of his mercy and goodness, we must keep such a watch over all our thoughts, that, in the language of the Scripture, his soul may have pleasure in us. We must take care not to grieve his holy Spirit, and endeavour to make the meditations of our hearts always acceptable in his sight, that he may delight thus to reside and dwell in us. The light of nature could direct Seneca to this doctrine, in a very remarkable passage among his epistles: *Sacer inest in nobis spiritus bonorum malorumque custos, et observator, et quemadmodum nos illum tractamus, ita et ille nos.* "There is a holy spirit residing in us, who watches and observes both good and evil men, and will treat us after the same manner that we treat him." I shall employ those more emphatical words in divine revelation: "If a man loves me, he will keep my words; and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him."

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The doctrine of the omnipresence of the Divine Being is so agreeable to reason, that we meet with it in the writings of the enlightened heathens, as I might show at large were it not already done by



other hands. But, though the Deity be thus essentially present through all the immensity of space, there is one part of it in which he discovers himself in a most transcendent and visible glory. This is the place which is marked out in Scripture under the different appellations of "Paradise, the third heaven, the throne of God, and the habitation of his glory." It is here where the glorified body of our Saviour resides, and where all the celestial hierarchies and the innumerable hosts of angels are represented as perpetually surrounding the seat of God with hallelujahs and hymns of praise. This is that presence of God which some of the divines call his glorious, and others his majestic presence. He is, indeed, as essentially present in all other places as in this; but it is here where he resides in a sensible magnificence, and in the midst of all those splendours which can affect the imagination of created beings.

It is very remarkable, that this opinion of God Almighty's presence in Heaven, whether discovered by the light of nature, or by general tradition from our first parents, prevails among all the nations of the world, whatsoever different notions they entertain of the Godhead. If you look into Homer, the most ancient of the Greek writers, you see the supreme power seated in the heavens and encompassed with inferior deities, among whom the Muses are represented as singing incessantly about his throne. Who does not here see the main strokes and outlines of this great truth we are speaking of? The same doctrine is shadowed out in many other heathen authors, though, at the same time, like several other revealed truths, dashed and adulterated with a mixture of fables and human inventions. But to pass over the notions of the Greeks and Romans, those more enlightened parts of the pagan world, we find there is scarce a people among the late-discovered nations who are not trained up in an

opinion that heaven is the habitation of the divinity whom they worship.

As in Solomon's temple there was the *Sanctum Sanctorum*, in which a visible glory appeared among the figures of the cherubims, and into which none but the high-priest himself was permitted to enter, after having made an atonement for the sins of the people ; so, if we consider the whole creation as one great temple, there is in it this holy of holies, into which the high-priest of our salvation entered, and took his place among angels and archangels, after having made a propitiation for the sins of mankind.

With how much skill must the throne of God be erected ! With what glorious design is that habitation beautified, which is contrived and built by him who inspired Hiram with wisdom ? How great must be the majesty of that place where the whole art of creation has been employed, and where God has chosen to show himself in the most magnificent manner ? What must be the architecture of infinite power under the direction of infinite wisdom ? A spirit cannot but be transported after an ineffable manner with the sight of those objects which were made to affect him by that Being who knows the inward frame of the soul, and how to please and ravish it in all its most secret powers and faculties. It is to this majestic presence of God we may apply these beautiful expressions in holy writ : " Behold even to the moon, and it shineth not ; yea, the stars are not pure in his sight." The light of the sun, and all the glories of the world in which we live, are but as weak and sickly glimmerings, or, rather, darkness itself, in comparison of those splendours which encompass the throne of God.

As the glory of this palace is transcendent beyond imagination, so probably is the extent of it. There is light behind light, and glory within glory. How far that space may reach, in which God thus appears in perfect majesty, we cannot possibly conceive.

Though it is not infinite, it may be indefinite : and though not so immeasurable in itself, it may be so with regard to any created eye or imagination. If he has made these lower regions of matter so inconceivably wide and magnificent for the habitation of mortal and perishable beings, how great may we suppose the courts of his house to be, where he makes his residence in a more especial manner, and displays himself in the fulness of his glory, among an innumerable company of angels and spirits of just men made perfect ?

| This is certain, that our imaginations cannot be raised too high when we think on a place where omnipotence and omniscience have so signally exerted themselves, because that they are able to produce a scene infinitely more great and glorious than what we are able to imagine. It is not impossible but, at the consummation of all things, these outward apartments of nature, which are now suited to those beings who inhabit them, may be taken in and added to that glorious place of which I am here speaking, and by that means made a proper habitation for beings who are exempt from mortality and cleared of their imperfections ; for so the scripture seems to intimate when it speaks of new heavens and of a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness.

I have only considered this glorious place with regard to the sight and imagination, though it is highly probable that our other senses may here likewise enjoy their highest gratifications. There is nothing which more ravishes and transports the soul than harmony ; and we have great reason to believe, from the descriptions of this place in holy scripture, that this is one of the entertainments of it. And if the soul of man can be so wonderfully affected with those strains of music which human art is capable of producing, how much more will it be raised and elevated by those in which is exerted the whole power of harmony ! The senses are fac-

ulties of the human soul, though they cannot be employed, during this our vital union, without proper instruments in the body. Why, therefore, should we exclude the satisfaction of these faculties, which we find by experience are inlets of great pleasure to the soul, from among those entertainments which are to make up our happiness hereafter? Why should we suppose that our hearing and seeing will not be gratified with those objects which are most agreeable to them, and which they cannot meet with in these lower regions of nature; objects "which neither eye hath seen nor ear heard, nor can it enter into the heart of man to conceive? I knew a man in Christ," says St. Paul, speaking of himself, "above fourteen years ago (whether in the body I cannot tell, or whether out of the body I cannot tell: God knoweth), such a one caught up to the third heaven. And I knew such a man (whether in the body or out of the body, I cannot tell: God knoweth), how that he was caught up into Paradise, and heard unspeakable words which it is not possible for a man to utter." By this is meant that what he heard was so infinitely different from anything which he had heard in this world, that it was impossible to express it in such words as might convey a notion of it to his hearers.

It is very natural for us to take delight in inquiries concerning any foreign country, where we are, some time or other, to make our abode; and as we all hope to be admitted into this glorious place, it is both a laudable and a useful curiosity to get what information we can of it, while we make use of revelation for our guide. When these everlasting doors shall be open to us, we may be sure that the pleasures and beauties of this place will infinitely transcend our present hopes and expectations, and that the glorious appearance of the throne of God will rise infinitely beyond whatever we are able to conceive of it. We might here entertain ourselves

with many other speculations on this subject from those several hints which we find of it in the holy scriptures, as whether there may not be different mansions and apartments of glory to beings of different natures ; whether, as they excel one another in perfection, they are not admitted nearer to the throne of the Almighty, and enjoy greater manifestations of his presence ; whether there are not solemn times and occasions, when all the multitude of heaven celebrate the presence of their Maker in more extraordinary forms of praise and adoration, as Adam, though he had continued in a state of innocence, would, in the opinion of our divines, have kept holy the Sabbath-day in a more particular manner than any other of the seven. These, and the like speculations, we may very innocently indulge, so long as we make use of them to inspire us with a desire of becoming inhabitants of this delightful place.

I have treated on the most serious subject that can employ the mind of man, the omnipresence of the Deity ; a subject which, if possible, should never depart from our meditations. We have considered the Divine Being as he inhabits infinitude, as he dwells among his works, as he is present to the mind of man, and as he discovers himself in a more glorious manner among the regions of the blessed. Such a consideration should be kept awake in us at all times and in all places, and possess our minds with a perpetual awe and reverence. It should be interwoven with all our thoughts and perceptions, and become one with the consciousness of our own being. It is not to be reflected on in the coldness of philosophy, but ought to sink us into the lowest prostration before Him who is so astonishingly great, wonderful, and holy.



## A G E.

OF all the impertinent wishes which we hear expressed in conversation, there is not one more unworthy a gentleman or a man of liberal education than that of wishing one's self younger. It is a certain sign of a foolish or a dissolute mind, if we want our youth again only for the strength of bones and sinews which we once were masters of; it is as absurd in an old man to wish for the strength of a youth, as it would be in a young man to wish for the strength of a bull or a horse. These wishes are both equally out of nature, which should direct in all things that are not contradictory to justice, law, and reason.

*Age* in a virtuous person of either sex carries in it an authority which makes it preferable to all the pleasures of youth; if to be saluted, attended, or consulted with deference are instances of pleasure, they are such as never fail a virtuous old age. In the enumeration of the imperfections and advantages of the younger and later years of man, they are so near in their condition, that methinks it should be incredible we see so little commerce of kindness between them. If we consider youth and age with *Tully*, regarding the affinity to death, youth has many more chances to be nearer it than age; what youth can say more than an old man, "He shall live till night?" Youth catches distempers more easily, its sickness is more violent, and its recovery more doubtful. The youth, indeed, hopes for many more days; so cannot the old man. The youth's hopes are ill grounded; for what is more foolish than to place any confidence upon an uncertainty? But the old man has not room so much as for



hope ; he is still happier than the youth ; he has already enjoyed what the other does but hope for : one wishes to live long, the other has lived long. But, alas ! is there anything in human life, the duration of which can be called long ? There is nothing, which must end, to be valued for its continuance. If hours, days, months, and years pass away, it is no matter what hour, what day, what month, or what year we die. The applause of a good actor is due to him at whatever scene of the play he makes his *exit*. It is thus in the life of a man of sense ; a short life is sufficient to manifest himself a man of honour and virtue ; when he has ceased to be such, he has lived too long ; and while he is such, it is of no consequence to him how long he shall be so, provided he is so to his life's end.

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### AMUSEMENT OF LIFE.

WE all of us complain of the shortness of time, saith Seneca, and yet have much more than we know what to do with. Our lives, says he, are spent either in doing nothing at all, or in doing nothing to the purpose, or in doing nothing that we ought to do. We are always complaining that our days are few, and acting as if there could be no end of them.

That noble philosopher has described our inconsistency with ourselves in this particular, by all those various turns of expression and thought which are peculiar to his writings. I often consider mankind as wholly inconsistent with itself, in a point that bears some affinity to the former : Though we seem grieved at the shortness of life in general, we are wishing every period of it at an end. The mi-

nor longs to be at age, then a man of business, then to make up an estate, then to arrive at honours, then to retire. Thus, though our whole life is allowed by every one to be short, the several divisions of it appear to be long and tedious. We are for lengthening our span in general, but would contract the parts of which it is composed. The usurer would be very well satisfied to have all the time annihilated that lies between the present moment and next quarter-day. The politician would be contented to lose three years in his life, could he place things in the posture which he fancies they will stand in after such a revolution of time. The lover would be glad to strike out of his existence all the moments that are to pass away before the happy meeting. Thus, as fast as our time runs, we should be very glad, in most parts of our lives, that it run much faster than it does. Several hours of the day hang upon our hands; nay, we wish away whole years, and travel through time as through a country filled with many wild and empty wastes, which we would fain hurry over, that we may arrive at those several little settlements or imaginary points of rest which are dispersed up and down in it.

If we divide the life of most men into twenty parts, we shall find that at least nineteen of them are mere gaps and chasms, which are neither filled with pleasure nor business. I do not, however, include in this calculation the life of those men who are in a perpetual hurry of affairs, but of those only who are not always engaged in scenes of action: and I hope I shall not do an unacceptable piece of service to those persons, if I point out to them certain methods of filling up their empty spaces of life. The methods I shall propose to them are as follow:

The first is the exercise of virtue, in the most general acceptation of the word. That particular scheme which comprehends the social virtues may give employment to the most industrious temper,

and find a man more business than the most active station of life. To advise the ignorant, relieve the needy, comfort the afflicted, are duties that fall in our way almost every day of our lives. A man has frequent opportunities of mitigating the fierceness of a party, of doing justice to the character of a deserving man, of softening the envious, quieting the angry, and rectifying the prejudiced; which are all of them employments suited to a reasonable nature, and bring great satisfaction to the person who can busy himself in them with discretion.

There is another kind of virtue, that may find employment for those retired hours in which we are altogether left to ourselves, and destitute of company and conversation; I mean that intercourse and communion which every reasonable creature ought to entertain with the Supreme Being. The man who lives under an habitual sense of the divine presence, keeps up a perpetual cheerfulness of temper, and enjoys every moment the satisfaction of thinking himself in the company of his dearest and his best of friends. The time never lies heavy upon him: it is impossible for him to be alone. His thoughts and passions are the most busied at such hours, when those of other men are the most inactive. He no sooner steps out of the world but his heart burns with devotion, swells with hope, and triumphs in the consciousness of that presence which everywhere surrounds him; or, on the contrary, pours out its fears, its sorrows, its apprehensions, to the great Supporter of its existence.

I have here only considered the necessity of a man's being virtuous, that he may have something to do; but if we consider farther that the exercise of virtue is not only an amusement for the time it lasts, but that its influence extends to those parts of our existence which lies beyond the grave, and that our whole eternity is to take its colour from those hours which we here employ in virtue or in

vice, the argument redoubles upon us for putting in practice this method of passing away time.

When a man has but a little stock to improve, and has opportunities of turning it all to good account, what shall we think of him if he suffers nineteen parts of it to lie dead, and, perhaps, employs even the twentieth to his ruin or disadvantage? But, because the mind cannot be always in its fervour, nor strained up to a pitch of virtue, it is necessary to find out proper employments for it in its relaxations.

The next method that I would propose to fill up our time should be useful and innocent diversions. I must confess, I think it is below reasonable creatures to be altogether conversant in such diversions as are merely innocent, and have nothing else to recommend them but that there is no hurt in them. Whether any kind of gaming has even thus much to say for itself, I shall not determine; but I think it is very wonderful to see persons of the least sense passing away a dozen hours together in shuffling and dividing a pack of cards, with no other conversation but what is made up of a few game-phrases, and no other ideas but those of red or black spots ranged together in different figures. Would not a man of sense laugh to hear any one of this species complain that life is short?

The *stage* might be made a perpetual source of the most noble and useful entertainment, were it under proper regulations. But the mind never unbends itself so agreeably as in the conversation of a well-chosen friend. There is, indeed, no blessing of life that is any way comparable to the enjoyment of a discreet and virtuous friend. It eases and unloads the mind, clears and improves the understanding, engenders thoughts and knowledge, and animates virtue and good resolutions, soothes and allays the passions, and finds employment for most of the vacant hours of life.

Next to such an intimacy with a particular person, one would endeavour after a more general conversation with such as are able to entertain and improve those with whom they converse, which are qualifications which seldom go asunder.

There are many other useful amusements of life which one would endeavour to multiply, that one might on all occasions have recourse to something, rather than suffer the mind to lie idle, or run adrift with any passion that chances to rise in it.

A man who has a taste for music, painting, or architecture, is like one who has another sense when compared with such as have no relish for those arts. The florist, the planter, the husbandman, the gardener, when they are only accomplishments to the man of fortune, are great reliefs to a country life, and many ways useful to those who are possessed of them.

But of all the diversions of life, there is none so proper to fill up its empty spaces as the reading of useful and entertaining authors : but this I shall only mention because it in some measure interferes with the third method, which I shall propose in another paper, for the employment of our dead, inactive hours, and which I shall mention, in general, to be the pursuit of knowledge.

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## ANXIETIES.

It must be owned that fear is a very powerful passion, since it is esteemed one of the greatest virtues to subdue it. It being implanted in us for our preservation, it is no wonder it sticks close to us as long as we have anything we are willing to preserve ; but as life and all its enjoyments would be scarce worth



the keeping if we were under a perpetual dread of losing them, it is the business of religion and philosophy to free us from all unnecessary anxieties, and direct our fear to its proper object.

If we consider the painfulness of this passion, and the violent effects it produces, we shall see how dangerous it is to give way to it upon slight occasions. Some have frightened themselves into madness, others have given up their lives to these apprehensions. The story of a man who grew gray in the space of one night's anxiety is very famous.

“O nox ! quam longa es, quæ facis una fenem ?”

A tedious night indeed, that makes a young man old.

These apprehensions, if they proceed from a consciousness of guilt, are the sad warnings of reason, and may excite our pity, but admit of no remedy. When the hand of the Almighty is visibly lifted against the impious, the heart of mortal man cannot withstand him. We have this passion sublimely represented in the punishment of the *Egyptians*, tormented with the plague of darkness, in the *Apocryphal* book of *Wisdom* ascribed to *Solomon*. “For when unrighteous men thought to oppress the holy nation, they being shut up in their houses, prisoners of darkness, and, fettered with the bonds of a long night, lay there exiled from the eternal Providence. For while they supposed to lie hid in their secret sins, they were scattered under a dark veil of forgetfulness, being horribly astonished and troubled with strange apparitions : for wickedness, condemned by her own witness, is very timorous, and, being oppressed with conscience, always forecasteth grievous things : for fear is nothing else but a betraying of the succours which reason offereth : for the whole world shined with clear light, and none were hindered in their labour. Over them only was spread a heavy light, an image of that darkness which should afterward receive them ; but



yet were they unto themselves more grievous than the darkness."

To fear so justly grounded no remedy can be proposed; but a man (who hath no great guilt hanging upon his mind, who walks in the plain path of justice and integrity, and yet, either by natural complexion, or confirmed prejudices, or neglect of serious reflection, suffers himself to be moved by this abject and unmanly passion) would do well to consider that there is nothing which deserves his fear but that beneficent Being who is his friend, his protector, his father. Were this one thought strongly fixed in the mind, what calamity would be dreadful? What load can infamy lay upon us, when we are sure of the approbation of him who will repay the disgrace of a moment with the glory of eternity? What sharpness is there in pain and diseases, when they only hasten us on to pleasures that will never fade? What sting is in death, when we are assured that it is only the beginning of life? A man who lives so as not to fear to die, is inconsistent with himself if he delivers himself up to any incidental anxiety.

The intrepidity of a just and good man is so nobly set forth by *Horace*, that it cannot be too often repeated.

"The man resolved and steady to his trust,  
Inflexible to ill, and obstinately just,  
May the rude rabble's insolence despise,  
Their senseless clamours and tumultuous cries;  
The tyrant's fierceness he beguiles,  
And the stern brow and the harsh voice defies,  
And with superior greatness smiles.

"Not the rough whirlwind, that deforms  
Adria's black gulf, and vexes it with storms,  
The stubborn virtue of his soul can move;  
Not the red arm of angry Jove,  
That flings the thunder from the sky,  
And gives it rage to roar, and strength to fly.

“Should the whole frame of nature round him break,  
In ruin and confusion hurl’d,  
He unconcern’d would hear the mighty crack,  
And stand secure amid the falling world.”

The vanity of fear may be yet farther illustrated if we reflect,

*First*, What we fear may not come to pass. No human scheme can be so accurately projected but some little circumstance intervening may spoil it. He who directs the heart of man at his pleasure, and understands the thoughts long before, may, by ten thousand accidents, or an immediate change in the inclinations of men, disconcert the most subtle projects, and turn it to the benefit of his own servants.

In the next place we should consider, though the evil we imagine should come to pass, it may be much more supportable than it seemed to be. As there is no prosperous state of life without its calamities, so there is no adversity without its benefits. Ask the great and powerful if they do not feel the pangs of envy and ambition. Inquire of the poor and needy if they have not tasted the sweets of quiet and contentment. Even under the pains of body, the infidelity of friends, or the misconstructions put upon our laudable actions, our minds (when for some time accustomed to these pressures) are sensible of secret flowings of comfort, the present reward of a pious resignation. The evils of this life appear like rocks and precipices, rugged and barren at a distance; but, at our nearer approach, we find little fruitful spots and refreshing springs mixed with the harshness and deformities of nature.

In the last place, we may comfort ourselves with this consideration, that, as the thing feared may not reach us, so we may not reach what we fear. Our lives may not extend to that dreadful point which we have in view. He who knows all our failings, and will not suffer us to be tempted beyond our strength,

is often pleased, in his tender severity, to separate the soul from its body and miseries together.

If we look forward to him for help, we shall never be in danger of falling down these precipices which our imagination is apt to create. Like those who walk upon a line, if we keep our eye fixed upon one point, we may step forward securely ; whereas an imprudent or cowardly glance on either side will infallibly destroy us.

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### ARGUMENTS.

Avoid disputes as much as possible, in order to appear easy and well bred in conversation. You may assure yourself it requires more wit, as well as more good-humour, to improve rather than contradict the notions of another ; but if you are at any time obliged to enter on an argument, give your reasons with the utmost coolness and modesty, two things which scarce ever fail of making an impression upon the hearers. Besides, if you are neither dogmatical, nor show either by your words or actions that you are full of yourself, all will more heartily rejoice at your victory ; nay, should you be pinched in your argument, you may make your retreat with a very good grace : you were never positive, and are now glad to be better informed. This has made some approve of the Socratical way of reasoning, where, while you scarce affirm anything, you can hardly be caught in an absurdity ; and though possibly you are endeavouring to bring over another to your opinion, which is firmly fixed, you seem only to desire information from him.

In order to keep that temper which is so difficult, and yet so necessary to observe, you may please to

consider that nothing can be more unjust or ridiculous than to be angry with another because he is not of your opinion. The interests, education, and means by which men attain their knowledge, are so very different that it is impossible they should all think alike; and he has at least as much reason to be angry with you as you with him. Sometimes, to keep yourself cool, it may be of service to ask yourself fairly what might have been your opinion had you all the biases of education or interest your adversary may possibly have. But if you contend for the honour of victory alone, you may lay down this as an infallible maxim, that you cannot make a more false step, or give your antagonists a greater advantage over you, than by falling into a passion.

When an argument is over, how many weighty reasons does a man recollect which his heat and violence made him utterly forget?

It is yet more absurd to be angry with a man because he does not apprehend the force of your reasons, or gives weak ones of his own. If you argue for reputation, this makes your victory the easier; he is certainly, in all respects, an object of your pity rather than anger; and if he cannot comprehend what you do, you ought to thank nature for her favours, who has given you so much the clearer understanding.

You may please to add this consideration, that among your equals no one values your anger, which only preys upon its master; and perhaps you may find it not very consistent either with prudence or your ease, to punish yourself whenever you meet with a fool or a knave.

Lastly, if you propose to yourself the true end of argument, which is information, it may be a seasonable check to your passion; for if you search purely after truth, it will be almost indifferent to you where you find it. I cannot in this place omit an

observation which I have often made, namely, that nothing procures a man more esteem and less envy from the whole company, than if he chooses the part of moderator, without engaging directly on either side in the dispute. This gives him the character of impartial, furnishes him with an opportunity of sifting things to the bottom, showing his judgment, and of sometimes making handsome compliments to each of the contending parties.

I shall close this subject with giving you one caution: when you have gained a victory, do not push it too far; it is sufficient to let the company and your adversary see it is in your power, but that you are too generous to make use of it.

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## BANKRUPTCY.

Orway, in his Tragedy of *Venice Preserved*, has described the misery of a man, whose effects are in the hands of the law, with great spirit. The bitterness of being the scorn and laughter of base minds, the anguish of being insulted by men hardened beyond the sense of shame and pity, and the injury of a man's fortune being wasted under pretence of justice, are excellently aggravated in the following speech of *Pierre to Jaffier*:

“I pass'd this very moment by thy doors,  
And found them guarded by a troop of villains;  
The sons of public rapine were destroying.  
They told me, by the sentence of the law,  
They had commission to seize all thy fortune.  
Nay, more, Priuli's cruel hand had sign'd it.  
Here stood a ruffian with a horrid face,  
Lording it o'er a pile of massy plate,  
Tumbled into a heap for public sale.  
There was another making villanous jests  
At thy undoing: He had ta'en possession

Of all thy ancient, most domestic ornaments,  
Rich hangings intermix'd and wrought with gold ;  
The very bed, which on thy wedding-night  
Received thee to the arms of Belvidera,  
The scene of all thy joys, were violated  
By the coarse hands of filthy dungeon villains,  
And thrown among the common lumber."

Nothing, indeed, can be more unhappy than the condition of bankruptcy. The calamity which happens to us by ill-fortune or by the injury of others, has in it some consolation; but what arises from our own misbehaviour or error is the state of the most exquisite sorrow. When a man considers not only an ample fortune, but even the very necessities of life, his pretence to food itself, at the mercy of his creditors, he cannot but look upon himself in the state of the dead, with his case thus much worse, that the last office is performed by his adversaries instead of his friends. From this hour the cruel world does not only take possession of his whole fortune, but even of everything else which had no relation to it. All his indifferent actions have new interpretations put upon them; and those whom he has favoured in his former life, discharged themselves of their obligation to him by joining in the reproaches of his enemies. It is almost incredible that it should be so, but it is too often seen that there is a pride mixed with the impatience of the creditor; and there are those who would rather recover their own by the downfall of a prosperous man, than be discharged to the common satisfaction of themselves and their creditors. The wretched man who was lately master of abundance, is now under the direction of others; and the wisdom, economy, good sense, and skill in human life before, by reason of his present misfortune, are of no use to him in the disposition of anything. The incapacity of an infant or a lunatic is designed for his provision and accommodation; but



that of a bankrupt, without any mitigation in respect of the accidents by which it arrived, is calculated for his utter ruin, except there be a remainder ample enough, after the discharge of his creditors, to bear also the expense of rewarding those by whose means the effect of all his labour was transferred from him. The man is to look on and see others give directions upon what terms and conditions his goods are to be purchased ; and all this done, not with an air of trustees to dispose of his effects, but destroyers to divide and tear them to pieces.

There is something sacred in misery to great and good minds ; for this reason, all wise lawgivers have been extremely tender how they let loose even the man who has right on his side, to act with any mixture of resentment against the defendant. Virtuous and modest men, though they be used with some artifice, and have it in their power to avenge themselves, are slow in the application of their power, and are ever constrained to go into righteous measures ; they are careful to demonstrate themselves not only injured, but also that to bear it longer would be a means to make the offender injure others, before they proceed. Such men clap their hands upon their hearts, and consider what it is to have at their mercy the life of a citizen. Such would have it to say to their own souls, if possible, that they were merciful when they could have destroyed, rather than, when it was in their power to have spared a man, they destroyed. This is due to the common calamity of human life ; due, in some measure, to our very enemies. They who scruple doing the least injury are cautious of exacting the utmost justice. Let any one who is conversant in the variety of human life reflect upon it, and he will find the man who wants mercy has a taste of no enjoyment of any kind. There is a natural disrelish of everything which is good in his very nature, and

he is born an enemy to the world. He is ever extremely partial to himself in all his actions, and has no sense of iniquity but from the punishment which shall attend it. The law of the land is his gospel, and all his cases of conscience are determined by an attorney. Such men know not what it is to gladden the heart of a miserable fellow-man; that riches are the instruments of serving the purposes of Heaven or hell, according to the disposition of the possessor. The wealthy can torment or gratify all whom they have in their power, and choose to do one or other as they are afflicted with love or hatred to mankind. As for such who are insensible of the concerns of others, but merely as they affect themselves, those men are to be valued only for their mortality; and as we hope better things from their heirs, I could not but read with great delight a letter from an eminent citizen who has failed, to one who was intimate with him in his better fortune, and able, by his countenance, to retrieve his lost condition.

SIR,—It is in vain to multiply words and make apologies for what is never to be defended by the best advocate in the world, the guilt of being unfortunate. All that a man in my condition can do or say, will be received with prejudice by the generality of mankind, but, I hope, not with you. You have been a great instrument in helping me to get what I have lost, and I know (for that reason, as well as kindness for me) you cannot but be in pain to see me undone. To show you I am not a man incapable of bearing calamity, I will, though a poor man, lay aside the distinction between us, and talk with the frankness we did when we were nearer to an equality. As all I do will be received with prejudice, all you do will be looked on with partiality. What I desire of you is, that you, who are courted by all, would smile upon me, who am shunned by all. Let

that grace and favour which your fortune throws upon you be turned to make up the coldness and indifference that is used towards me. All good and generous men will have an eye of kindness for me for my own sake, and the rest of the world will regard me for yours. There is a happy contagion in riches, as well as a destructive one in poverty: the rich can make rich, without parting with any of their store; and the conversation of the poor makes men poor, though they borrow nothing of them. How this is to be accounted for, I know not; but men's estimation follows us according to the company we keep. If you are what you were to me, you can go a great way towards my recovery; if you are not, my good fortune, if ever it returns, will return by slower approaches.

I am, sir, &c.

This was answered with a condescension that did not, by long, impertinent professions of kindness, insult his distress, but was as follows:

DEAR TOM,

I am very glad to hear that you have heart enough to begin the world a second time. I assure you I do not think your numerous family at all diminished (in the gifts of nature, for which I have ever so much admired them) by what has lately happened to you. I shall not only countenance your affairs with my appearance for you, but shall accommodate you with a considerable sum, at common interest, for three years. You know I could make more of it; but I have so great a love for you, that I can waive opportunities of gain to help you; for I do not care whether they say of me, after I am dead, that I had a hundred or fifty thousand pounds more than I wanted when I was living.

Your obliged, &c.



